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THE

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M.DCC.LXXVI.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY BOYLE, Efq;

S I R,

AS the profeft Defign of this Work is to entertain its Readers in general, without giving offence to any particular Perfon, it would be difficult to find out fo proper a Patron for it as Yourfelf, there being none whofe merit is more univerfally acknowledged by all parties, and who has made himfelf more Friends and fewer Enemies. Your great Abilities, and unqueftioned Integrity, in thofe high Employments which You have paffed through, would not have been able to have raifed You this general Approbation, had they not been accompanied with that Moderation in an high Fortune, and that Affability of manners, which are fo confpicuous through all parts of your life. Your Averfion to any oftentatious arts of

of ſetting to ſhow thoſe great ſervices which You have done the public, has not likewiſe a little contributed to that univerſal acknowledgment which is paid you by your Country.

THE Conſideration of this part of your Character, is that which hinders me from enlarging on thoſe extraordinary Talents, which have given you ſo great a figure in the *Britiſh* Senate, as well as on that Elegance and Politeneſs which appear in Your more retired Converſation. I ſhould be unpardonable, if, after what I have ſaid, I ſhould longer detain You with an Addreſs of this nature: I cannot, however, conclude it without owning thoſe great Obligations which You have laid upon,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient,

humble Servant,

The SPECTATOR.

THE

SPECTATOR.

No. 170. *Friday, September* 14, 1711.

In amore hæc omnia insunt vitia: injuriæ,
Suspiciones, inimicitiæ, induciæ, &
Bellum, pax rursum—— Ter. Eun. Act. 1. Sc. 1.

All these inconveniences are incident to love: Reproaches, Jealousies, Quarrels, Reconcilements, War, and then Peace.

UPON looking over the letters of my female correspondents, I find several from women complaining of jealous husbands, and at the same time protesting their own innocence; and desiring my advice on this occasion. I shall therefore take this subject into my consideration; and the more willingly, because I find that the Marquis of *Hallifax*, who, in his *Advice to a Daughter*, has instructed a wife how to behave herself towards a false, an intemperate, a choleric, a sullen, a covetous or a silly husband, has not spoken one word of a jealous husband.

JEALOUSY is that pain which a man feels from the apprehension that he is not equally beloved by the person whom he entirely loves. Now because our inward passions and inclinations can never make themselves visible, it is impossible for a jealous man to be throughly cured of his suspicions. His thoughts hang at best in a state of doubtfulness and uncertain-

ty; and are never capable of receiving any ſatisfaction on the advantageous ſide; ſo that his inquiries are moſt ſuccesſful when they diſcover nothing: His pleaſure ariſes from his diſappointments, and his life is ſpent in purſuit of a ſecret that deſtroys his happineſs if he chance to find it.

AN ardent love is always a ſtrong ingredient in this paſſion; for the ſame affection which ſtirs up the jealous man's deſires, and gives the party beloved ſo beautiful a figure in his imagination, makes him believe ſhe kindles the ſame paſſion in others, and appears as amiable to all beholders. And as jealouſy thus ariſes from an extraordinary love, it is of ſo delicate a nature, that it ſcorns to take up with any thing leſs than an equal return of love. Not the warmeſt expreſſions of affection, the ſofteſt and moſt tender hypocriſy, are able to give any ſatisfaction, where we are not perſuaded that the affection is real and the ſatisfaction mutual. For the jealous man wiſhes himſelf a kind of deity to the perſon he loves: He would be the only pleaſure of her ſenſes, the employment of her thoughts; and is angry at every thing ſhe admires, or takes delight in, beſides himſelf.

PHÆDRIA's requeſt to his miſtreſs, upon his leaving her for three days, is inimitably beautiful and natural.

Cum milite iſto præſens, abſens ut ſies:
Dies noctesque me ames; me deſideres:
Me ſomnies: me expectes: de me cogites:
Me ſperes: me te oblectes: mecum tota ſis:
Meus fac ſis poſtremo animus, quando ego ſum tuus.

Ter. Eun. Act. 1. Sc. 2.

"When you are in company with that ſoldier, be-
"have as if you were abſent: but continue to love
"me by day and by night: want me; dream of me;
"expect me; think of me; wiſh for me; delight

"in

" in me: be wholly with me: in ſhort, be my very " ſoul, as I am yours.

THE jealous man's diſeaſe is of ſo malignant a nature, that it converts all it takes into its own nouriſhment. A cool behaviour ſets him on the rack, and is interpreted as an inſtance of averſion or indifference; a fond one raiſes his ſuſpicions, and looks too much like diſſimulation and artifice. If the perſon he loves be chearful, her thoughts muſt be employed on another; and if ſad, ſhe is certainly thinking on himſelf. In ſhort, there is no word or geſture ſo inſignificant, but it gives him new hints, feeds his ſuſpicions, and furniſhes him with freſh matters of diſcovery: So that if we conſider the effects of this paſſion, one would rather think it proceeded from an inveterate hatred, than an exceſſive love: for none can certainly meet with more diſquietude and uneaſineſs than a ſuſpected wife, if we except the jealous huſband.

BUT the great unhappineſs of this paſſion is, that it naturally tends to alienate the affection which it is ſo ſolicitous to engroſs: and that for theſe two reaſons, becauſe it lays too great a conſtraint on the words and actions of the ſuſpected perſon, and at the ſame time ſhews you have no honourable opinion of her; both of which are ſtrong motives to averſion.

NOR is this the worſt effect of jealouſy; for it often draws after it a more fatal train of conſequences, and makes the perſon you ſuſpect, guilty of the very crimes you are ſo much afraid of. It is very natural for ſuch who are treated ill and upbraided falſly, to find out an intimate friend that will hear their complaints, condole their ſufferings, and endeavour to ſooth and aſſwage their ſecret reſentments. Beſides, jealouſy puts a woman often in mind of an ill thing that ſhe would not otherwiſe perhaps have thought of, and fills her imagination with ſuch an unlucky idea, as in time grows familiar, excites deſire, and

loſes all the ſhame and horror which might at firſt attend it. Nor is it a wonder if ſhe who ſuffers wrongfully in a man's opinion of her, and has therefore nothing to forfeit in his eſteem, reſolves to give him reaſon for his ſuſpicions, and to enjoy the pleaſure of the crime, ſince ſhe muſt undergo the ignominy. Such probably were the conſiderations that directed the wiſe Man in his advice to huſbands; *be not jealous over the wife of thy boſom, and teach her not an evil leſſon againſt thyſelf.* Ecclus.

AND here, among the other torments which this paſſion produces, we may uſually obſerve that none are greater mourners than jealous men, when the perſon who provoked their jealouſy is taken from them. Then it is that their love breaks out furiouſly, and throws off all the mixtures of ſuſpicion which choked and ſmothered it before. The beautiful parts of the character riſe uppermoſt in the jealous huſband's memory, and upbraid him with the ill uſage of ſo divine a creature as was once in his poſſeſſion; whilſt all the little imperfections, that were before ſo uneaſy to him, wear off from his remembrance, and ſhew themſelves no more.

WE may ſee by what has been ſaid, that jealouſy takes the deepeſt root in men of amorous diſpoſitions; and of theſe we may find three kinds who are moſt over-run with it.

THE firſt are thoſe who are conſcious to themſelves of an infirmity, whether it be weakneſs, old age, deformity, ignorance, or the like. Theſe men are ſo well acquainted with the unamiable part of themſelves, that they have not the confidence to think they are really beloved; and are ſo diſtruſtful of their own merits, that all fondneſs towards them puts them out of countenance, and looks like a jeſt upon their perſons. They grow ſuſpicious on their firſt looking in a glaſs, and are ſtung with jealouſy at the ſight of a wrinkle. A handſome fellow immediately a-

larms

larms them, and every thing that looks young or gay turns their thoughts upon their wives.

A Second sort of men, who are most liable to this passion, are those of cunning, wary, and distrustful tempers. It is a fault very justly found in histories composed by politicians, that they leave nothing to chance or humour, but are still for deriving every action from some plot and contrivance, for drawing up a perpetual scheme of causes and events, and preserving a constant correspondence between the camp and the council-table. And thus it happens in the affairs of love with men of too refined thought. They put a construction on a look, and find out a design in a smile; they give new senses and significations to words and actions; and are ever tormenting themselves with fancies of their own raising. They generally act in a disguise themselves, and therefore mistake all outward shows and appearances for hypocrisy in others; so that I believe no men see less of the truth and reality of things, than these great refiners upon incidents, who are so wonderfully subtle and overwise in their conceptions.

NOW what these men fancy they know of women by reflection, your lewd and vicious men believe they have learned by experience. They have seen the poor husband so misled by tricks and artifices, and in the midst of his inquiries so lost and bewilder'd in a crooked intrigue, that they still suspect an under-plot in every female action; and especially where they see any resemblance in the behaviour of two persons, are apt to fancy it proceeds from the same design in both. These men therefore bear hard upon the suspected party, pursue her close through all her turnings and windings, and are too well acquainted with the chace, to be flung off by any false steps or doubles: Besides, their acquaintance and conversation has lain wholly among the vicious part of womankind, and therefore it is no wonder they censure all alike, and look upon the whole sex as a species of impostors. But if, not-

withſtanding their private experience, they can get over theſe prejudices, and entertain a favourable opinion of ſome *women*; yet their own looſe deſires will ſtir up new ſuſpicions from another ſide, and make them believe all *men* ſubject to the ſame inclinations with themſelves.

WHETHER theſe or other motives are moſt predominant, we learn from the modern hiſtories of *America*, as well as from our own experience in this part of the world, that jealouſy is no Northern paſſion, but rages moſt in thoſe nations that lie neareſt the influence of the ſun. It is a misfortune for a woman to be born between the tropics; for there lie the hotteſt regions of jealouſy, which as you come northward cools all along with the climate, till you ſcarce meet with any thing like it in the Polar Circle. Our own nation is very temperately ſituated in this reſpect; and if we meet with ſome few diſordered with the violence of this paſſion, they are not the proper growth of our country, but are many degrees nearer the ſun in their conſtitutions than in their climate.

AFTER this frightful account of jealouſy, and the perſons who are moſt ſubject to it, it will be but fair to ſhew by what means the paſſion may be beſt allay'd, and thoſe who are poſſeſſed with it ſet at eaſe. Other faults indeed are not under the wife's juriſdiction, and ſhould, if poſſible, eſcape her obſervation: But jealouſy calls upon her particularly for its cure, and deſerves all her art and application in the attempt; Beſides, ſhe has this for her encouragement, that her endeavours will be always pleaſing, and that ſhe will ſtill find the affection of her huſband riſing towards her in proportion as his doubts and ſuſpicions vaniſh; for, as we have ſeen all along, there is ſo great a mixture of love in jealouſy as is well worth the ſeparating. But this ſhall be the ſubject of another paper. L

No. 171. *Saturday, September* 15.

Credula res amor eſt——— Ovid. Met. l. 7. v. 826.

The man who loves, is eaſy of Belief.

HAVING in my yeſterday's paper diſcovered the nature of jealouſy, and pointed out the perſons who are moſt ſubject to it, I muſt here apply myſelf to my fair correſpondents, who deſire to live well with a jealous huſband, and to eaſe his mind of its unjuſt ſuſpicions.

THE firſt rule I ſhall propoſe to be obſerved is, that you never ſeem to diſlike in another what the jealous man is himſelf guilty of, or to admire any thing in which he himſelf does not excel. A jealous man is very quick in his applications, he knows how to find a double edge in an invective, and to draw a ſatire on himſelf out of a panegyric on another. He does not trouble himſelf to conſider the perſon, but to direct the character; and is ſecretly pleaſed or con founded as he finds more or leſs of himſelf in it. The commendation of any thing in another ſtirs up his jealouſy, as it ſhews you have a value for others beſides himſelf; but the commendation of that, which he himſelf wants, inflames him more, as it ſhews that in ſome reſpects you prefer others before him. Jealouſy is admirably deſcribed in this view by *Horace* in his ode to *Lydia*.

Quum tu, Lydia, Telephi
Cervicem roſeam, & cerea Telephi
Laudas brachia, væ meum
Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur:
Tunc nec mens mihi, nec color
Certa ſede manet; humor & in genas

Furtim

Furtim labitur, arguens
Quam lentis penitus macerer ignibus.
Od. 13. l. 1.

When *Telephus* his youthful charms,
His rofy neck and winding arms,
With endlefs rapture you recite,
And in the pleafing name delight;
My heart, inflam'd by jealous heats,
With numberlefs refentments beats;
From my pale cheek the colour flies,
And all the man within me dies:
By turns my hidden grief appears
In rifing fighs and falling tears,
That fhew too well the warm defires,
The filent, flow, confuming fires,
Which on my inmoft vitals prey,
And melt my very foul away.

THE jealous man is not indeed angry if you diflike another: but if you find thofe faults which are to be found in his own character, you difcover not only your diflike of another, but of himfelf. In fhort he is fo defirous of engroffing all your love, that he is grieved at the want of any charm, which he believes has power to raife it; and if he finds by your cenfures on others, that he is not fo agreeable in your opinion as he might be, he naturally concludes you could love him better if he had other qualifications, and that by confequence your affection does not rife fo high as he thinks it ought. If therefore his temper be grave or fullen, you muft not be too much pleafed with a jeft, or tranfported with any thing that is gay and diverting. If his beauty be none of the beft, you muft be a profeffed admirer of prudence, or any other quality he is mafter of, or at leaft vain enough to think he is.

IN the next place, you muft be fure to be free and open in your converfation with him, and to let in light upon your actions, to unravel all your defigns, and

and discover every secret however trifling or indifferent. A jealous husband has a particular aversion to winks and whispers, and if he does not see to the bottom of every thing, will be sure to go beyond it in his fears and suspicions. He will always expect to be your chief confident, and where he finds himself kept out of a secret, will believe there is more in it than there should be. And here it is of great concern, that you preserve the character of your sincerity uniform and of a piece: For if he once finds a false gloss put upon any single action, he quickly suspects all the rest; his working imagination immediately takes a false hint, and runs off with it into several remote consequences, till he has proved very ingenious in working out his own misery.

IF both these methods fail, the best way will be to let him see you are much cast down and afflicted for the ill opinion he entertains of you, and the disquietudes he himself suffers for your sake. There are many who take a kind of barbarous pleasure in the jealousy of those who love them, that insult over an aking heart, and triumph in their charms which are able to excite so much uneasiness.

Ardeat ipsa licet, tormentis gaudet amantis
Juv. Sat. 6. v. 208.

Tho' equal pains her peace of mind destroy,
A lover's torments give her spiteful joy.

But these often carry the humour so far, till their affected coldness and indifference quite kills all the fondness of a lover, and are then sure to meet in their turn with all the contempt and scorn that is due to so insolent a behaviour. On the contrary, it is very probable a melancholy, dejected, carriage, the usual effects of injured innocence, may soften the jealous husband into pity, make him sensible of the wrong he does you, and work out of his mind all those fears and suspicions that make you both unhappy. At least it

it will have this good effect, that he will keep his jealousy to himself, and repine in private, either because he is sensible it is a weakness, and will therefore hide it from your knowledge, or because he will be apt to fear some ill effect it may produce, in cooling your love towards him, or diverting it to another.

THERE is still another secret that can never fail, if you can once get it believ'd, and which is often practis'd by women of greater cunning than virtue: This is to change sides for a while with the jealous man, and to turn his own passion upon himself; to take some occasion of growing jealous of him, and to follow the example he himself hath set you. This counterfeited jealousy will bring him a great deal of pleasure, if he thinks it real; for he knows experimentally how much love goes along with this passion, and will besides feel something like the satisfaction of a revenge, in seeing you undergo all his own tortures. But this, indeed, is an artifice so difficult, and at the same time so disingenuous, that it ought never to be put in practice, but by such as have skill enough to cover the deceit, and innocence to render it excusable.

I SHALL conclude this essay with the story of *Herod* and *Mariamne*, as I have collected it out of *Josephus*; which may serve almost as an example to whatever can be said on this subject.

MARIAMNE had all the charms that beauty, birth, wit and youth could give a woman, and *Herod* all the love that such charms are able to raise in a warm and amorous disposition. In the midst of this his fondness for *Mariamne*, he put her brother to death, as he did her father not many years after. The barbarity of the action was represented to *Mark Antony*, who immediately summoned *Herod* into *Egypt*, to answer for the crime that was there laid to his charge. *Herod* attributed the summons to *Antony*'s desire of *Mariamne*, whom therefore, before his departure, he gave into the custody of his uncle

Joseph,

Joseph, with private orders to put her to death, if any ſuch violence was offered to himſelf. This *Joseph* was much delighted with *Mariamne*'s converſation, and endeavoured, with all his art and rhetoric, to ſet out the exceſs of *Herod*'s paſſion for her; but when he ſtill found her cold and incredulous, he inconſiderately told her, as a certain inſtance of her Lord's affection, the private orders he had left behind him, which plainly ſhewed, according to *Joseph*'s interpretation, that he could neither live nor die without her. This barbarous inſtance of a wild unreaſonable paſſion quite put out, for a time, thoſe little remains of affection ſhe ſtill had for her Lord: Her thoughts were ſo wholly taken up with the cruelty of his orders, that ſhe could not conſider the kindneſs that produced them, and therefore repreſented him in her imagination, rather under the frightful idea of a murderer than a lover. *Herod* was at length acquitted and diſmiſſed by *Mark Antony*, when his ſoul was all in flames for his *Mariamne*; but before their meeting, he was not a little alarm'd at the report he had heard of his uncle's converſation and familiarity with her in his abſence. This therefore was the firſt diſcourſe he entertained her with, in which ſhe found it no eaſy matter to quiet his ſuſpicions. But at laſt he appeared ſo well ſatisfied of her innocence, that from reproaches and wranglings he fell to tears and embraces. Both of them wept very tenderly at their reconciliation, and *Herod* poured out his whole ſoul to her in the warmeſt proteſtations of love and conſtancy; when amidſt all his ſighs and languiſhings ſhe aſked him, whether the private orders he left with his uncle *Joseph* were an inſtance of ſuch an inflamed affection. The jealous king was immediately rouſed at ſo unexpected a queſtion, and concluded his uncle muſt have been too familiar with her, before he would have diſcovered ſuch a ſecret. In ſhort, he put his uncle to death, and very difficultly prevailed upon himſelf to ſpare *Mariamne*.

AFTER

AFTER this he was forced on a second journey into *Egypt*, when he committed his Lady to the care of *Sohemus*, with the same private orders he had before given his uncle, if any mischief befel himself. In the mean while *Marianne* so won upon *Sohemus* by her presents and obliging conversation, that she drew all the secrets from him, with which *Herod* had intrusted him; so that after his return, when he flew to her with all the transports of joy and love, she received him coldly with sighs and tears, and all the marks of indifference and aversion. This reception so stirred up his indignation, that he had certainly slain her with his own hands, had not he feared he himself should have become the greater sufferer by it. It was not long after this, when he had another violent return of love upon him; *Marianne* was therefore sent for to him, whom he endeavoured to soften and reconcile with all possible conjugal caresses and endearments; but she declined his embraces, and answered all his fondness with bitter invectives for the death of her father and her brother. This behaviour so incensed *Herod*, that he very hardly refrained from striking her; when in the heat of their quarrel there came in a witness, suborn'd by some of *Marianne*'s enemies, who accused her to the King of a design to poison him. *Herod* was now prepared to hear any thing in her prejudice, and immediately ordered her servant to be stretched upon the rack; who in the extremity of his tortures confest, that his mistress's aversion to the King arose from something *Sohemus* had told her; but as for any design of poisoning, he utterly disowned the least knowledge of it. This confession quickly proved fatal to *Sohemus*, who now lay under the same suspicions and sentence that *Joseph* had before him on the like occasion. Nor would *Herod* rest here; but accused her with great vehemence of a design upon his life, and by his authority with the judges had her publicly condemned and executed. *Herod* soon after her death grew melancholy

lancholy and dejected, retiring from the public administration of affairs into a solitary forest, and there abandoning himself to all the black considerations, which naturally arise from a passion made up of love, remorse, pity, and despair. He used to rave for his *Mariamne*, and to call upon her in his distracted fits; and in all probability would soon have followed her, had not his thoughts been seasonably called off from so sad an object by public storms, which at that time very nearly threatned him. L.

No. 172. *Monday, September* 17.

Non solum Scientia, quæ est remota a Justitia, Calliditas potius quam Sapientia est appellanda; verum etiam animus paratus ad periculum, si sua cupiditate, non utilitate communi, impellitur, Audaciæ potius nomen habeat, quam Fortitudinis—— Plato apud Tull.

As Knowledge, without Justice, ought to be called Cunning, rather than Wisdom; so a mind prepared to meet danger, if excited by its own eagerness, and not the public good, deserves the name of Audacity, rather than of Courage.

THERE can be no greater injury to human society, than that good talents among men should be held honourable to those who are endowed with them, without any regard how they are applied. The gifts of nature and accomplishments of art are valuable, but as they are exerted in the interests of virtue, or governed by the rules of honour. We ought to abstract our minds from the observation of an excellence in those we converse with, till we have taken some notice, or received some good information of the disposition of their minds; otherwise the beauty of their persons, or the charms of their wit, may make us fond of those whom our reason and judgment will tell us we ought to abhor.

WHEN we suffer ourselves to be thus carried away

way by mere beauty, or mere wit, *Omniamante*, with all her vice, will bear away as much of our good-will as the moſt innocent virgin or diſcreet matron; and there cannot be a more abject ſlavery in this world, than to dote upon what we think we ought to condemn; yet this muſt be our condition in all the parts of life, if we ſuffer ourſelves to appprove any thing but what tends to the promotion of what is good and honourable. If we would take true pains with ourſelves to conſider all things by the light of reaſon and juſtice, though a man were in the height of youth and amorous inclinations, he would look upon a coquette with the ſame contempt or indifference as he would upon a coxcomb: the wanton carriage in a woman would diſappoint her of the admiration which ſhe aims at; and the vain dreſs or diſcourſe of a man would deſtroy the comelineſs of his ſhape, or goodneſs of his underſtanding. I ſay the goodneſs of his underſtanding, for it is no leſs common to ſee men of ſenſe commence coxcombs, than beautiful women become immodeſt. When this happens in either, the favour we are naturally inclined to give to the good qualities they have from nature ſhould abate in proportion. But however juſt it is to meaſure the value of men by the application of their talents, and not by the eminence of thoſe qualities abſtracted from their uſe; I ſay, however juſt ſuch a way of judging is, in all ages as well as this, the contrary has prevailed upon the generality of mankind. How many lewd devices have been preſerved from one age to another which had periſhed as ſoon as they were made, if painters and ſculptors had been eſteemed as much for the purpoſe as the execution of their deſigns? Modeſt and well-governed imaginations have by this means loſt the repreſentations of ten-thouſand charming portraitures, filled with images of innate truth, generous zeal, courageous faith, and tender humanity; inſtead of which, ſatyrs, furies, and monſters are recommended by thoſe arts to a ſhameful eternity.

THE unjuſt application of laudable talents, is tolerated, in the general opinion of men, not only in ſuch caſes as are here mentioned, but alſo in matters which concern ordinary life. If a lawyer were to be eſteemed only as he uſes his parts in contending for juſtice, and were immediately deſpicable when he appeared in a cauſe which he could not but know was an unjuſt one, how honourable would his character be? And how honourable is it in ſuch among us, who follow the profeſſion no otherwiſe, than as labouring to protect the injured, to ſubdue the oppreſſor, to impriſon the carelefs debtor, and do right to the painful artificer; But many of this excellent character are overlooked by the greater number; who affect covering a weak place in a Client's title, diverting the courſe of an inquiry, or finding a ſkilful refuge to palliate a falſhood; Yet it is ſtill called eloquence in the latter, tho' thus unjuſtly employed: But reſolution in an aſſaſſin is according to reaſon quite as laudable, as knowledge and wiſdom exerciſed in the defence of an ill cauſe.

WERE the intention ſtedfaſtly conſidered, as the meaſure of approbation, all falſhood would ſoon be out of countenance: and an addreſs in oppoſing upon mankind, would be as contemptible in one ſtate of life as another. A couple of courtiers making profeſſions of eſteem, would make the ſame figure after breach of promiſe, as two Knights of the poſt convicted of perjury. But converſation is fallen ſo low in point of morality, that as they ſay in a bargain, *Let the buyer look to it;* ſo in friendſhip, he is the man in danger who is moſt apt to believe: He is the more likely to ſuffer in the commerce who begins with the obligation of being the more ready to enter into it.

BUT thoſe men only are truly great, who place their ambition rather in acquiring to themſelves the conſcience of worthy enterpriſes, than in the proſpect of glory which attends them. Theſe exalted ſpirits

 would

would rather be secretly the Authors of events which are serviceable to mankind, than without being such, to have the public fame of it. Where therefore an eminent merit is robbed by artifice or detraction, it does but increase by such endeavours of its enemies: The impotent pains which are taken to sully it, or diffuse it among a croud to the injury of a single person, will naturally produce the contrary effect; the fire will blaze out, and burn up all that attempt to smother what they cannot extinguish.

THERE is but one thing necessary to keep the possession of true glory, which is, to hear the opposers of it with patience, and preserve the virtue by which it was acquired. When a man is thoroughly persuaded that he ought neither to admire, wish for, or pursue any thing but what is exactly his duty, it is not in the power of seasons, persons or accidents, to diminish his value. He only is a great man who can neglect the applause of the multitude, and enjoy himself independent of its favour. This is indeed an arduous task; but it should comfort a glorious spirit that it is the highest step to which human nature can arrive. Triumph, applause, acclamation, are dear to the mind of man; but it is still a more exquisite delight to say to yourself, you have done well, than to hear the whole human race pronounce you glorious, except you yourself can join with them in your own reflections. A mind thus equal and uniform may be deserted by little fashionable admirers and followers, but will ever be had in reverence by souls like itself. The branches of the oak endure all the seasons of the year, though its leaves fall off in autumn; and these too will be restor'd with the returning spring.

T.

Tuesday,

No. 173. *Tueſday, September* 18.

——Remove fer[illegible] monſtra, tuæque
Saxificos vultu[illegible] quæcunque ea, tolle Meduſa.
Ovid Met. l. 5. v. 216.

Remove that horrid monſter, and take hence
Meduſa's *petrifying countenance.*

IN a late paper I mention'd the project of an ingenious Author for the erecting of ſeveral handicraft prizes to be contended for by our *Britiſh* Artiſans, and the influence they might have towards the improvement of our ſeveral manufactures. I have ſince that been very much ſurpriſed by the following Advertiſement which I find in the *Poſt-Boy* of the 11th inſtant, and again repeated the *Poſt-Boy* of the 15th.

ON the 9th of October next will be run for upon Coleſhill-health in Warwickſhire, a plate of ſix Guineas value, three heats, by any horſe, mare, or gelding that hath not won above the value of five pounds, the winning horſe to be ſold for ten pounds to carry ten ſtone weight, if fourteen hands high; if above or under, to carry or be allowed weight for inches, and to be entered Friday the 5th at the Swan in Coleſhill, before ſix in the evening. Alſo a plate of leſs value to be run for by aſſes. The ſame day a gold ring to be grinn'd for by men.

THE firſt of theſe diverſions that is to be exhibited by the ten pound race-horſes, may probably have its uſe; but the two laſt, in which the aſſes and men are concerned, ſeem to me altogether extraordinary and unaccountable. Why they ſhould keep running-aſſes at *Coleſhill*, or how making mouths turns to account in *Warwickſhire*, more than in any other parts of *England*, I cannot comprehend. I have looked

looked over all the Olympic games, and do not find any thing in them like an aſs-race, or a match at grinning, However it be, I am informed that ſeveral aſſes are now kept in body-clothes, and ſweated every morning upon the Heath, and that all the country-fellows within ten-miles of the *Swan*, grinn an hour or two in their glaſſes every morning, in order to qualify themſelves for the 9th of *October*. The prize, which is propoſed to be grinn'd for, has raiſed ſuch an ambition among the common-people of out-grinning one another, that many very diſcerning perſons are afraid it ſhould ſpoil moſt of the faces in the County; and that a *Warwickſhire* man will be known by his grinn, as Roman-Catholicks imagine a *Kentiſh* man is by his tail. The gold ring, which is made the prize of deformity, is juſt the reverſe of the golden apple that was formerly made the prize of beauty, and ſhould carry for its Poſey the old motto inverted.

Detur tetriori

Or to accommodate it to the capacity of the combatants,

The frightfull'ſt grinner
Be the winner.

IN the mean-while I would adviſe a *Dutch* painter to be preſent at this great controverſy of faces, in order to make a collection of the moſt remarkable grinns that ſhall be there exhibited.

I MUST not here omit an account which I lately received of one of theſe grinning-matches from a gentleman, who, upon reading the above mentioned advertiſement, entertained a coffee-houſe with the following narrative. Upon the taking of *Namure*, amidſt other public rejoicings made on that occaſion, there was a gold ring given by a Whig juſtice of peace to be grinn'd for. The firſt competitor that entered the liſts was a black ſwarthy *Frenchman*, who accidentally

dentally paſſed that way, and being a man naturally of a wither'd look, and hard features, promiſed himſelf good ſucceſs. He was placed upon a table in the great point of view, and looking upon the company like *Milton's* death,

Grinn'd horribly a ghaſtly ſmile——

HIS muſcles were ſo drawn together on each ſide of his face, that he ſhewed twenty teeth at a grinn, and put the country in ſome pain, leſt a foreigner ſhould carry away the honour of the day; but upon a farther trial they found he was maſter only of the merry grinn.

THE next that mounted the table was a malecontent in thoſe days, and a great maſter in the whole art of grinning, but particularly excelled in the angry grinn. He did his part ſo well, that he is ſaid to have made half a dozen women miſcarry; but the juſtice being appriſed by one who ſtood near him, that the fellow who grinn'd in his face was a *Jacobite*, and being unwilling that a diſaffected perſon ſhould win the gold ring, and be looked upon as the beſt grinner in the country, he ordered the oaths to be tendered unto him upon his quitting the table, which the grinner refuſing, he was ſet aſide as an unqualified perſon. There were ſeveral other grotesque figures that preſented themſelves, which it would be too tedious to deſcribe. I muſt not however omit a ploughman, who lived in the farther part of the country, and being very lucky in a pair of long lanthorn-jaws, wrung his face into ſuch an hideous grimace, that every feature of it appeared under a different diſtortion. The whole company ſtood aſtoniſhed at ſuch a complicated grinn, and were ready to aſſign the prize to him, had it not been proved by one of his antagoniſts, that he had practiſed with verjuice for ſome days before, and had a crab found upon him at the very time of grinning; upon which the beſt judges of grinning declared it as their opinion, that he was

not

not to be looked upon as a fair grinner, and therefore ordered him to be ſet aſide as a cheat.

THE prize, it ſeems, fell at length upon a cobler, *Giles Gorgon* by name, who produced ſeveral new grinns of his own invention, having been uſed to cut faces for many years together over his laſt. At the very firſt grinn he caſt every human feature out of his countenance, at the ſecond he became the face of a ſpout, at the third a baboon, at the fourth the head of a baſs-viol, and at the fifth a pair of nut-crackers. The whole aſſembly wondered at his accompliſhments, and beſtowed the ring on him unanimouſly; but what he eſteemed more than all the reſt, a country wench, whom he had wooed in vain for above five years before, was ſo charmed with his grinns, and the applauſes which he received on all ſides, that ſhe married him the week following, and to this day wears the prize upon her finger, the cobler having made uſe of it as his wedding ring.

THIS paper might perhaps ſeem very impertinent, if it grew ſerious in the concluſion. I would nevertheleſs leave it to the conſideration of thoſe who are the patrons of this monſtrous trial of ſkill, whether or no they are not guilty, in ſome meaſure of an affront to their ſpecies, in treating after this manner the *human face divine*, and turning that part of us, which has ſo great an image impreſſed upon it, into the image of a monkey; whether the raiſing ſuch ſilly competitions among the ignorant, propoſing prizes for ſuch uſeleſs accompliſhments, filling the common peoples heads with ſuch ſenſeleſs ambitions, and inſpiring them with ſuch abſurd ideas of ſuperiority and preeminence, has not in it ſomething immoral as well as ridiculous. L.

Wedneſday,

No. 174. *Wednesday, September* 19.

Hæc memini & victum frustra contendere Thyrsin
Virg. Ecl. 7. v. 69.

These rhymes I did to memory commend,
When vanquish'd Thyrsis *did in vain contend.* DRYDEN.

THERE is scarce any thing more common than animosities between parties that cannot subsist but by their agreement: This was well represented in the sedition of the members of the human body in the old *Roman* fable. It is often the case of lesser confederate states against a superior power, which are hardly held together, though their unanimity is necessary for their common safety: And this is always the case of the landed and trading interest of *Great Britain*: the trader is fed by the product of the land, and the landed man cannot be clothed but by the skill of the trader; and yet those interests are ever jarring.

WE had last winter an instance of this at our club, in Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY and Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, between whom there is generally a constant, though friendly, opposition of opinions. It happened that one of the company, in an historical discourse, was observing, that *Carthaginian* faith was a proverbial phrase to intimate breach of leagues. Sir ROGER said it could hardly be otherwise: That the *Carthaginians* were the greatest traders in the world; and as gain is the chief end of such a people, they never pursue any other: The means to it are never regarded; they will, if it comes easily, get money honestly; but if not, they will not scruple to attain it by fraud or cozenage: And indeed what is the whole business of the trader's accompt, but to over-reach him who trusts to his memory? But were that

that not so, what can there great and noble be expected from him whose attention is for ever fixed upon balancing his books, and watching over his expences? And at best, let frugality and parsimony be the virtues of the merchant, how much is his punctual dealing below a gentleman's charity to the poor, or hospitality among his neighbours?

CAPTAIN SENTRY observed Sir ANDREW very diligent in hearing Sir ROGER, and had a mind to turn the discourse, by taking notice in general, from the highest to the lowest parts of human society, there was a secret, tho' unjust way among men, of indulging the seeds of ill-nature and envy, by comparing their own state of life to that of another, and grudging the approach of their neighbour to their own happiness; and on the other side, he, who is the less at his ease, repines at the other, who, he thinks, has unjustly the advantage over him. Thus the civil and military lists look upon each other with much ill-nature; the soldier repines at the Courtier's power, and the Courtier rallies the soldier's honour; or, to come to lower instances, the private men in the horse and foot of an army, the carmen and coachmen in the city streets, mutually look upon each other with ill-will, when they are in competition for quarters or the way, in their respective motions.

IT is very well, good Captain, interrupted Sir ANDREW: You may attempt to turn the discourse if you think fit; but I must however have a word or two with Sir ROGER, who, I see, thinks he has paid me off, and been very severe upon the merchant. I shall not, continued he, at this time remind Sir ROGER of the great and noble monuments of charity and public spirit, which have been erected by merchants, since the Reformation, but at present content myself with what he allows us, parsimony and frugality. If it were consistent with the quality of so ancient a baronet as Sir ROGER, to keep an accompt, or measure things by the most infallible way, that of

numbers,

numbers, he would prefer our parſimony to his hoſpitality. If to drink ſo many hogſheads is to be hoſpitable, we do not contend for the fame of that virtue; but it would be worth while to conſider, whether ſo many artificers at work ten days together by my appointment, or ſo many peaſants made merry on Sir ROGER's charge, are the men more obliged? I believe the families of the artificers will thank me, more than the houſhold of the peaſants ſhall Sir ROGER. Sir ROGER gives to his men, but I place mine above the neceſſity or obligation of my bounty. I am in very little pain for the *Roman* proverb upon the *Carthaginian* traders; the *Romans* were their profeſſed enemies: I am only ſorry no *Carthaginian* hiſtories have come to our hands; we might have been taught perhaps by them ſome proverbs againſt the *Roman* generoſity, in fighting for and beſtowing other people's goods. But ſince Sir ROGER has taken occaſion from an old proverb to be out of humour with merchants, it ſhould be no offence to offer one not quite ſo old in their defence. When a man happens to break in *Holland*, they ſay of him that *he has not kept true accounts*. This phraſe, perhaps, among us, would appear a ſoft or humourous way of ſpeaking, but with that exact Nation it bears the higheſt reproach; for a man to be miſtaken in the calculation of his expence, in his ability to anſwer future demands, or to be impertinently ſanguine in putting his credit to too great adventure, are all inſtances of as much infamy as with gayer nations to be failing in courage or common honeſty.

NUMBERS are ſo much the meaſure of every thing that is valuable, that it is not poſſible to demonſtrate the ſucceſs of any action, or the prudence of any undertaking without them. I ſay this in anſwer to what Sir ROGER is pleaſed to ſay, That little that is truly noble can be expected from one who is ever poring on his caſh-book, or balancing his accompts. When I have my returns from abroad, I can tell to

a ſhil-

a ſhilling, by the help of numbers, the profit or loſs by my adventure; but I ought alſo to be able to ſhew that I had reaſon for making it either from my own experience, or that of other people, or from a reaſonable preſumption that my returns will be ſufficient to anſwer my expence and hazard; and this is never to be done without the ſkill of numbers. For inſtance, if I am to trade to *Turkey*, I ought beforehand to know the demand of our manufactures there, as well as of their ſilks in *England*, and the cuſtomary prices that are given for both in each country. I ought to have a clear knowledge of theſe matters beforehand, that I may preſume upon ſufficient returns to anſwer the charge of the cargo I have fitted out, the freight and aſſurance out and home, the cuſtoms to the Queen, and the intereſt of my own money, and beſides all theſe expences a reaſonable profit to myſelf. Now what is there of ſcandal in this ſkill? What has the merchant done, that he ſhould be ſo little in the good graces of Sir ROGER? He throws down no man's incloſures, and tramples upon no man's corn; he takes nothing from the induſtrious labourer; he pays the poor man for his work; he communicates his profit with mankind; by the preparation of his cargo, and the manufacture of his returns, he furniſhes employment and ſubſiſtence to greater numbers than the richeſt nobleman; and even the nobleman is obliged to him for finding out foreign markets for the produce of his eſtate, and for making a great addition to his rents; and yet 'tis certain, that none of all theſe things could be done by him without the exerciſe of his ſkill in numbers.

THIS is the œconomy of the merchant; and the conduct of the gentleman muſt be the ſame, unleſs by ſcorning to be the ſteward, he reſolves the ſteward ſhall be the gentleman. The gentleman, no more than the merchant, is able, without the help of numbers, to account for the ſucceſs of any action,

or

or the prudence of any adventure. If, for inſtance, the chace is his whole adventure, his only returns muſt be the ſtag's horns in the great hall, and the fox's noſe upon the ſtable-door. Without doubt Sir Roger knows the full value of theſe returns; and if beforehand he had computed the charges of the chace, a gentleman of his diſcretion would certainly have hanged up all his dogs, he would never have brought back ſo many fine horſes to the kennel, he would never have gone ſo often, like a blaſt, over fields of corn. If ſuch too had been the conduct of all his Anceſtors, he might truly have boaſted at this day that the antiquity of his family had never been ſullied by a trade; a merchant had never been permitted with his whole eſtate to purchaſe a room for his picture in the gallery of the Coverleys, or to claim his deſcent from the Maid of honour. But 'tis very happy for Sir Roger that the merchant paid ſo dear for his ambition. 'Tis the misfortune of many other gentlemen to turn out of the ſeats of their Anceſtors, to make way for ſuch new maſters as have been more exact in their accompts than themſelves; and certainly he deſerves the eſtate a great deal better, who has got it by his induſtry, than he who has loſt it by his negligence. T

No. 175. *Thurſday, September* 20.

Proximus a tectis ignis defenditur ægre.
Ovid Rem. Am. v. 625.

To ſave your houſe from neighb'ring fire is hard. Tate.

I SHALL this day entertain my readers with two or three letters I have received from my correſpondents: The firſt diſcovers to me a ſpecies of females which have hitherto eſcaped my notice, and is as follows.

Mr Spectator,

'I AM a young gentleman of a competent fortune, 'and a fufficient tafte of learning, to fpend five 'or fix hours every day very agreeably among my 'books. That I might have nothing to divert me 'from my ftudies, and to avoid the noifes of coaches 'and chairmen, I have taken lodgings in a very 'narrow ftreet not far from *Whitehall*; but it is my 'misfortune to be fo pofted, that my lodgings are 'directly oppofite to thofe of a *Jezebel*. You are to 'know, Sir, that a *Jezebel* (fo call'd by the neigh-'bourhood from difplaying her pernicious charms 'at her window) appears conftantly drefs'd at her 'fafh, and has a thoufand little tricks and fooleries 'to attract the eyes of all the idle young fellows in 'the neighbourhood. I have feen more than fix per-'fons at once from their feveral windows obferving 'the *Jezebel* I am now complaining of. I at firft 'looked on her myfelf with the higheft contempt; 'could divert myfelf with her airs for half an hour, 'and afterwards take up my *Plutarch* with great 'tranquillity of mind; but was a little vexed to find 'that in lefs than a month, fhe had confiderably 'ftoln upon my time, fo that I refolved to look at 'her no more. But the *Jezebel*, who, as I fuppofe 'might think it a diminution to her honour, to have 'the number of her gazers leffen'd, refolved not to 'part with me fo, and began to play fo many new 'tricks at her window, that it was impoffible for 'me to forbear obferving her. I verily believe fhe 'put herfelf to the expence of a new wax-baby on 'purpofe to plague me; fhe ufed to dandle and play 'with this figure as impertinently as if it had been 'a real child: fometimes fhe would let fall a glove or 'a pin-cufhion in the ftreet, and fhut or open her 'cafement three or four times in a minute. When 'I had almoft wean'd myfelf from this, fhe came in 'her fhift-fleeves, and drefs'd at the window. I 'had no way left but to let down my curtains, which

I fub-

'I submitted to, though it considerably darkened 'my room, and was pleased to think that I had at 'last got the better of her; but was surprised the 'next morning to hear her talking out of her win- 'dow quite cross the street, with another woman that 'lodges over me. I am since informed, that she 'made her a visit, and got acquainted with her with- 'in three hours after the fall of my window-cur- 'tains.

'SIR, I am plagued every moment in the day, 'one way or other, in my own chambers; and the '*Jezebel* has the satisfaction to know, that tho' I am 'not looking at her, I am list'ning to her imperti- 'nent dialogues that pass over my head. I would 'immediately change my lodgings, but that I think 'it might look like a plain confession that I am con- 'quer'd; and besides this, I am told that most quar- 'ters of the town are infested with these creatures. 'If they are so, I am sure 'tis such an abuse, as a 'lover of learning and silence ought to take notice 'of.

I am, SIR,

Yours, &c.

I Am afraid by some lines in this letter, that my young student is touched with a distemper which he hardly seems to dream of, and is too far gone in it to receive advice. However, I shall animadvert in due time on the abuse which he mentions, having myself observed a nest of *Jezebels* near the *Temple*, who make it their diversion to draw up the eyes of young Templars, that at the same time they may see them stumble in an unlucky gutter which runs under the window.

Mr Spectator,

'I HAVE lately read the conclusion of you forty- 'seventh speculation upon *Butts* with great plea- 'sure, and have ever since been throughly persuaded

'that one of those gentlemen is extremely necessary 'to enliven conversation. I had an entertainment 'last week upon the Water for a lady to whom I 'make my addresses, with several of our friends of 'both sexes. To divert the company in general, 'and to shew my mistress in particular my genius 'for raillery, I took one of the most celebrated *Butts* 'in town along with me. It is with the utmost 'shame and confusion that I must acquaint you with 'the sequel of my adventure: As soon as we were 'got into the boat, I played a sentence or two at 'my *Butt* which I thought very smart, when my ill 'genius, who I verily believe inspir'd him purely 'for my destruction, suggested to him such a reply, 'as got all the laughter on his side. I was dashed 'at so unexpected a turn; which the *Butt* perceiving, 'resolved not to let me recover myself, and pursu-'ing his victory, rallied and tossed me in a most un-'merciful and barbarous manner till we came to '*Chelsea*. I had some small success while we were 'eating cheese-cakes; but coming home, he renew-'ed his attacks with his former good fortune, and 'equal diversion to the whole company. In short, 'Sir, I must ingenuously own that I was never so 'handled in all my life; and, to complete my mis-'fortune, I am since told that the *Butt*, flushed with 'his late victory, has made a visit or two to the 'dear object of my wishes, so that I am at once in 'danger of losing all my pretensions to wit, and my 'mistress into the bargain. This, Sir, is a true ac-'count of my present troubles, which you are the 'more obliged to assist me in, as you were yourself 'in a great measure the cause of them, by recom-'mending to us an instrument, and not instructing 'us at the same time how to play upon it.

I HAVE been thinking whether it might not be 'highly convenient, that all *Butts* should wear an 'inscription affixed to some part of their bodies, 'shewing on which side they are to be come at, and

that

'that if any of them are perſons of unequal tempers,
'there ſhould be ſome method taken to inform the
'world at what time it is ſafe to attack them, and
'when you had beſt to let them alone. But, ſub-
'mitting theſe matters to your more ſerious conſi-
'deration,

I am, S I R, yours &c.

I Have, indeed, ſeen and heard of ſeveral young gentlemen under the ſame misfortune with my preſent correſpondent. The beſt rule I can lay down for them to avoid the like calamities for the future, is throughly to conſider not only *Whether their companions are weak*, but *Whether themſelves are wits.*

THE following letter comes to me from *Exeter*, and being credibly informed that what it contains is matter of fact, I ſhall give it my reader as it was ſent me.

Mr Spectator, *Exeter, Sept.* 7.

'YOU were pleaſed in a late Speculation to take
'notice of the inconvenience we lie under in
'the country, in not being able to keep pace with
'the faſhion; But there is another misfortune which
'we are ſubject to, and is no leſs grievous than the
'former, which has hitherto eſcaped your obſerva-
'tion, I mean, the having things palmed upon us
'for *London* faſhions, which were never once heard
'of there.

'A Lady of this place had ſometime ſince a box
'of the neweſt ribbons ſent down by the coach:
'Whether it was her own malicious invention, or
'the wantonneſs of a *London* milliner, I am not able
'to inform you; but, among the reſt, there was
'one cherry-coloured ribbon conſiſting of about
'half a dozen yards, made up in the figure of a
'ſmall head-dreſs. The aforeſaid Lady had the aſ-
'ſurance to affirm, amidſt a circle of female inqui-
'ſitors, who were preſent at the opening of the box,

'that this was the neweſt faſhion worn at court. 'Accordingly the next *Sunday* we had ſeveral fe- 'males, who came to church with their heads dreſs'd 'wholly in ribbons, and looked like ſo many victims, 'ready to be ſacrificed. This is ſtill a reigning 'mode among us. At the ſame time we have a ſet 'of gentlemen who take the liberty to appear in all 'public places without any buttons to their coats, 'which they ſupply with ſeveral little ſilver haſps, 'tho' our freſheſt advices from *London* make no 'mention of any ſuch faſhion; and we are ſome- 'thing ſhy of affording matter to the button-makers 'for a ſecond petition.

'WHAT I would humbly propoſe to the public 'is, that there may be a ſociety erected in *London*, 'to conſiſt of the moſt ſkilful perſons of both ſexes, 'for the *inſpection of modes and faſhions*; and that 'hereafter no perſon or perſons ſhall preſume to ap- 'pear ſingularly habited in any part of the country, 'without a teſtimonial from the aforeſaid ſociety, 'that their dreſs is anſwerable to the mode at *Lon- 'don*. By this means, Sir, we ſhall know a little 'whereabout we are.

'IF you could bring this matter to bear, you 'would very much oblige great numbers of your 'country friends, and among the reſt,

Your very humble Servant,

JACK MODISH.

No. 176. *Friday, September* 21.

Parvula, pumilio, χαρίτων μία, tota merum ſal.
Lucr. l. 4. v. 1155.

A little, pretty, witty, charming ſhe!

THERE are in the following Letter matters, which I, a bachelor, cannot be ſuppoſed to be acquain- ted

ted with; therefore shall not pretend to explain upon it till farther consideration, but leave the author of the Epistle to express his condition his own way.

Mr Spectator,

'I DO not deny but you appear in many of your 'papers to understand human life pretty well; 'but there are very many things which you cannot 'possibly have a true notion of, in a single life; these 'are such as respect the married state; otherwise I 'cannot account for your having overlooked a very 'good sort of people, which are commonly called in 'scorn the *hen-peckt*. You are to understand that I 'am one of those innocent mortals who suffer deri-'sion under that word, for being governed by the 'best of wives. It would be worth your considera-'tion to enter into the nature of affection itself, and 'tell us, according to your philosophy, why it is that 'our dears should do what they will with us, shall 'be froward, ill-natured, assuming, sometimes whine, 'at others rail, then swoon away, then come to life, 'have the use of speech to the greatest fluency ima-'ginable, and then sink away again, and all because 'they fear we do not love them enough; that is, the 'poor things love us so heartily, that they cannot 'think it possible we should be able to love them in 'so great a degree, which makes them take on so. I 'say, Sir, a true good-natured man, whom rakes 'and libertines call *hen-peckt*, shall fall into all these 'different moods with his dear life, and at the same 'time see they are wholly put on; and yet not be 'hard-hearted enough to tell the dear good creature 'that she is an hypocrite.

'THIS sort of good men is very frequent in the 'populous and wealthy city of *London*, and is the 'true *hen-peckt* man; the kind creature cannot break 'through his kindnesses so far as to come to an ex-'planation with the tender soul, and therefore goes 'on to comfort her when nothing ails her, to ap-

'pease

'pease her when she is not angry, and to give her 'his cash when he knows she does not want it; ra- 'ther than be uneasy for a whole month, which is 'computed by hard-hearted men the space of time 'which a froward woman takes to come to herself, 'if you have courage to stand out.

'THERE are indeed several other species of the '*hen-peckt*, and in my opinion they are certainly the 'best subjects the Queen has; and for that reason I 'take it to be your duty to keep us above contempt.

'I do not know whether I make myself under- 'stood in the representation of an hen-peckt life, but 'I shall take leave to give you an account of myself, 'and my own spouse. You are to know that I am 'reckoned no fool, have on several occasions been tri- 'ed whether I will take ill-usage, and the event has 'been to my advantage; and yet there is not such a 'slave in *Turkey* as I am to my dear. She has a 'good share of wit, and is what you call a very pretty 'agreeable woman. I perfectly dote on her, and my 'affection to her gives me all the anxieties imagina- 'ble but that of jealousy. My being thus confident 'of her, I take, as much as I can judge of my heart, 'to be the reason, that whatever she does, tho' it be 'never so much against my inclination, there is still 'left something in her manner that is amiable. She 'will sometimes look at me with an assumed grandeur, 'and pretend to resent that I have not had respect e- 'nough for her opinion in such an instance in com- 'pany. I cannot but smile at the pretty anger she 'is in, and then she pretends she is used like a child. 'In a word, our great debate is, which has the su- 'periority in point of understanding. She is eternally 'forming an argument of debate; to which I very 'indolently answer, Thou art mighty pretty. To 'this she answers, all the world but you think I have 'as much sense as yourself. I repeat to her, indeed 'you are pretty. Upon this there is no patience; she 'will throw down any thing about her, stamp and

'pull

'pull off her head-clothes. Fy, my dear, ſay I; 'how can a woman of your ſenſe fall into ſuch an 'intemperate rage? This is an argument which ne-'ver fails. Indeed, my dear, ſays ſhe, you make 'me mad ſometimes, ſo you do, with the ſilly way 'you have of treating me like a pretty idiot. Well, 'what have I got by putting her into good-humour? 'Nothing, but that I muſt convince her of my good 'opinion by my practice; and then I am to give her 'poſſeſſion of my little ready-money, and, for a day 'and a half following, diſlike all ſhe diſlikes, and ex-'tol every thing ſhe approves. I am ſo exquiſitely 'fond of this darling, that I ſeldom ſee any of my 'friends, am uneaſy in all companies till I ſee her a-'gain; and when I come home, ſhe is in the dumps, 'becauſe ſhe ſays ſhe is ſure I came ſo ſoon only be-'cauſe I think her handſome. I dare not upon this 'occaſion laugh; but tho' I am one of the warmeſt 'churchmen in the kingdom, I am forced to rail at 'the times, becauſe ſhe is a violent whig. Upon 'this we talk politics ſo long, that ſhe is convinc'd I 'kiſs her for her wiſdom. It is a common practice 'with me to aſk her ſome queſtions concerning the 'conſtitution, which ſhe anſwers me in general out 'of *Harrington*'s *Oceana*: Then I commend her 'ſtrange memory, and her arm is immediately lock'd 'in mine. While I keep her in this temper ſhe plays 'before me, ſometimes dancing in the midſt of the 'room, ſometimes ſtriking an air at her ſpinnet, vary-'ing her poſture and her charms in ſuch a manner 'that I am in continual pleaſure: She will play the 'fool, if I allow her to be wiſe; but if ſhe ſuſpects I 'like her for her trifling, ſhe immediately grows grave.

'THESE are the toils in which I am taken, and 'I carry off my ſervitude as well as moſt men; but 'my application to you is in behalf of the *hen-peckt* 'in general, and I deſire a Diſſertation from you in 'defence of us. You have, as I am informed, very 'good authorities in our favour, and hope you will

'not omit the mention of the renowned *Socrates* and 'his philosophic resignation to his wife *Xantippe*. 'This would be a very good office to the world in 'general, for the *Hen-peckt* are powerful in their 'quality and numbers, not only in cities but in 'courts; in the latter they are ever the most obse-'quious, in the former the most wealthy of all men. 'When you have considered wedlock throughly, 'you ought to enter into the suburbs of matrimony, 'give us an account of the thraldom of kind keep-'ers, and irresolute lovers; the keepers who cannot 'quit their fair ones, tho' they see their approaching 'ruin; the lovers who dare not marry, tho' they 'know they never shall be happy without the mis-'tresses whom they cannot purchase on other terms.

'WHAT will be a great embellishment to your 'discourse, will be, that you may find instances of 'the haughty, the proud, the frolic, the stubborn, 'who are each of them in secret downright slaves to 'their wives or mistresses. I must beg of you in the 'last place to dwell upon this, that the wise and va-'liant in all ages have been *hen-peckt*; and that the 'sturdy tempers who are not slaves to affection, owe 'that exemption to their being enthralled by ambi-'tion, avarice, or some meaner passion. I have 'ten thousand thousand things more to say, but my 'wife sees me writing, and will, according to cus-'tom, be consulted, if I do not seal this imme-'diately.

Yours,

T NATHANIEL HENROOST.

Saturday,

No. 177. *Saturday, September* 22.

——*Quis enim bonus, aut face dignus*
Arcana, qualem Cereris vult esse sacerdos,
Ulla aliena sibi credat mala? Juv. Sat. 15. v. 140.

W—— an all sense of others ills escape,
Is but a brute, at best, in human shape. TATE.

IN one of my last Week's papers I treated of Good-nature, as it is the effect of constitution; I shall now speak of it as it is a moral virtue. The first may make a man easy in himself and agreeable to others, but implies no merit in him that is possessed of it. A man is no more to be praised upon this account, than because he has a regular pulse or a good digestion. This good-nature however in the constitution, which Mr *Dryden* somewhere calls a *milkiness of blood*, is an admirable groundwork for the other. In order therefore to try our good-nature, whether it arises from the body or the mind, whether it be founded in the animal or rational part of our nature; in a word, whether it be such as is intitled to any other reward, besides that secret satisfaction and contentment of mind which is essential to it, and the kind reception it procures us in the world, we must examine it by the following rules.

FIRST, Whether it acts with steadiness and uniformity in sickness and in health, in prosperity and in adversity; if otherwise, it is to be looked upon as nothing else but an irradiation of the mind from some new supply of spirits, or a more kindly circulation of the blood. Sir *Francis Bacon* mentions a cunning Solicitor, who would never ask a favour of a great man before dinner; but took care to prefer his petition at a time when the party petitioned had his mind free from care, and his appetites in good humour. Such a transient temporary good-nature as this

this, is not that *Philanthropy*, that love of mankind, which deserves the title of a moral virtue.

THE next way of a man's bringing his good-nature to the test, is, to consider whether it operates according to the rules of reason and duty: For if, notwithstanding its general benevolence to mankind, it makes no distinction between its objects, if it exerts itself promiscuously towards the deserving and undeserving, if it relieves alike the idle and the indigent, if it gives itself up to the first petititioner, and lights upon any one rather by accident than choice, it may pass for an amiable instinct, but must not assume the name of a moral virtue.

THE third trial of good-nature will be, the examining ourselves, whether or no we are able to exert it to our own disadvantage, and employ it on proper Objects, notwithstanding any little pain, want, or inconvenience which may arise to ourselves from it: In a word, whether we are willing to risk any part of our Fortune, our Reputation, or Health or Ease, for the benefit of mankind. Among all these expressions of good-nature, I shall single out that which goes under the general name of charity, as it consists in relieving the indigent: that being a trial of this kind which offers itself to us almost at all times and in every place.

I SHOULD propose it as a rule to every one who is provided with any competency of fortune more than sufficient for the necessaries of life, to lay aside a certain proportion of his income for the use of the poor. This I would look upon as an offering to him who has a right to the whole, for the use of those whom, in the passage hereafter mentioned, he has described as his own representatives upon earth. At the same time we should manage our charity with such prudence and caution, that we may not hurt our own friends or relations, whilst we are doing good to those who are strangers to us.

THIS may possibly be explained better by an example than by a rule. EUGE-

EUGENIUS is a man of an univerſal good-nature, and generous beyond the extent of his fortune; but withal ſo prudent, in the œconomy of his affairs, that what goes out in charity is made up by good management. *Eugenius* has what the world calls Two hundred pounds a year; but never values himſelf above Nineſcore, as not thinking he has a right to the tenth part, which he always appropriates to charitable uſes. To this ſum he frequently makes other voluntary additions, inſomuch that in a good year, for ſuch he accounts thoſe in which he has been able to make greater bounties than ordinary, he has given above twice that ſum to the ſickly and indigent. *Eugenius* preſcribes to himſelf many particular days of faſting and abſtinence, in order to increaſe his private bank of charity, and ſets aſide what would be the current expences of thoſe times for the uſe of the poor. He often goes afoot where his buſineſs calls him, and at the end of his walk has given a ſhilling, which in his ordinary methods of expence would have gone for coach-hire, to the firſt neceſſitous perſon that has fallen in his way. I have known him, when he has been going to a play or an opera, divert the money which was deſigned for that purpoſe, upon an object of charity whom he has met with in the ſtreet; and afterwards paſs his evening in a Coffee-houſe, or at a friend's fire-ſide, with much greater ſatisfaction to himſelf than he could have received from the moſt exquiſite entertainments of the theatre. By theſe means he is generous, without impoveriſhing himſelf, and enjoys his eſtate by making it the property of others.

THERE are few men ſo cramped in their private affairs, who may not be charitable after this manner, without any diſadvantage to themſelves, or prejudice to their families. It is but ſometimes ſacrificing a diverſion or convenience to the poor, and turning the uſual courſe of our expences into a better channel. This is, I think, not only the moſt pru-

dent and convenient, but the moſt meritorious piece of charity, which we can put in practice. By this method we in ſome meaſure ſhare the neceſſities of the poor at the ſame time that we relieve them, and make ourſelves not only their patrons but their fellow-ſufferers.

SIR *Thomas Brown*, in the laſt part of his *Religio Medici*, in which he deſcribes his charity in ſeveral heroic inſtances, and with a noble heat of ſentiments, mentions that verſe in the proverbs of *Solomon*, *He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord*: ‘ There is ‘ more Rhetoric in that one ſentence, ſays he, than in ‘ a library of ſermons; and indeed if thoſe ſentences ‘ were underſtood by the reader, with the ſame em‘ phaſis as they are delivered by the Author, we ‘ needed not thoſe volumes of inſtructions, but ‘ might be honeſt by an epitome.

THIS paſſage in Scripture is indeed wonderfully perſuaſive; but I think the ſame thought is carried much farther in the New Teſtament, where our Saviour tells us in a moſt pathetic manner, that he ſhall hereafter regard the clothing of the naked, the feeding of the hungry, and the viſiting of the impriſoned, as offices done to himſelf, and reward them accordingly. Purſuant to thoſe paſſages in holy ſcripture, I have ſomewhere met with the Epitaph of a charitable man, which has very much pleaſed me. I cannot recollect the words, but the ſenſe of it is to this purpoſe; What I ſpent I loſt; what I poſſeſſed is left to others; what I gave away remains with me.

SINCE I am thus inſenſibly engaged in ſacred writ, I cannot forbear making an extract of ſeveral paſſages which I have always read with great delight in the book of *Job*. It is the account which that Holy Man gives of his behaviour in the days of his proſperity, and, if conſidered only as a human compoſition, is a finer picture of a charitable and good-natured man than is to be met with in any other Author.

OH

OH that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me: When his candle shined upon my head, and when by his light I walked through darkness: When the Almighty was yet with me: when my Children were about me: When I washed my steps with butter, and the rock poured out rivers of oil.

When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me. Because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame: I was a father to the poor, and the cause which I knew not I searched out. Did not I weep for him that was in trouble? was not my soul grieved for the poor? Let me be weighed in an even balance, that God may know mine integrity. If I did despise the cause of my man-servant or of my maid-servant when they contended with me: What then shall I do when God riseth up? and when he visiteth, what shall I answer him? Did not he that made me in the womb, make him? and did not one fashion us in the womb? If I have withheld the poor from their desire, or have caused the eyes of the widow to fail, or have eaten my morsel myself alone, and the fatherless hath not eaten thereof: If I have seen any perish for want of clothing, or any poor without covering: If his loins have not blessed me, and if he were not warmed with the fleece of my sheep: If I have lift up my hand against the fatherless, when I saw my help in the gate; then let mine arm fall from my shoulder-blade, and mine arm be broken from the bone. If I have rejoiced at the destruction of him that hated me, or lift up myself when evil found him: (Neither have I suffered my mouth to sin, by wishing a curse to his soul) The stranger did not lodge in the street; but I opened my doors to the traveller. If my land cry against me, or that the furrows likewise thereof complain: If I have eaten the fruits thereof without money, or have caused the owners

owners thereof to lose their life. Let thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barely. L

No. 178. *Monday, September* 24.

Comis in uxorem——— Hor. Ep. 2. l. 2. v. 133.

Civil to his wife. Pope.

I Cannot defer taking notice of this letter.

Mr Spectator,

'I AM but too good a judge of your paper of the 15th instant, which is a master-piece; I mean that of jealousy: But I think it unworthy of you to speak of that torture in the breast of a man, and not to mention also the pangs of it in the heart of a woman. You have very judiciously, and with the greatest penetration imaginable, considered it as woman in the creature of whom the diffidence is raised: But not a word of a man, who is so unmerciful as to move jealousy in his wife, and not care whether she is so or not. It is possible you may not believe there are such tyrants in the world; but alas, I can tell you of a man who is ever out of humour in his wife's company, and the pleasantest man in the world every where else; the greatest sloven at home when he appears to none but his family, and most exactly well-dressed in all other places. Alas, Sir, is it of course, that to deliver one's self wholly into a man's power without possibility of appeal to any other jurisdiction but his own reflections, is so little an obligation to a gentleman, that he can be offended and fall into a rage, because my heart swells tears into my eyes when I see him in a cloudy mood? I pretend to no succour,

'and

'and hope for no relief but from himſelf; and yet 'he that has ſenſe and juſtice in every thing elſe, 'never reflects, that to come home only to ſleep off 'an intemperance, and ſpend all the time he is there 'as if it were a puniſhment, cannot but give the an-'guiſh of a jealous mind. He always leaves his 'home as if he were going to court, and returns as 'if he were entring a goal. I could add to this, 'that from his company and his uſual diſcourſe, he 'does not ſcruple being thought an abandoned man, 'as to his morals. Your own imagination will ſay 'enough to you concerning the condition of me his 'wife; and I wiſh you would be ſo good as to re-'preſent to him, for he is not ill-natured, and reads 'you much, that the moment I hear the door ſhut 'after him, I throw myſelf upon my bed, and drown 'the child he is ſo fond of with my tears, and often 'frighten it with my cries; that I curſe my being; 'that I run to my glaſs all over bathed in ſorrows, 'and help the utterance of my inward anguiſh by 'beholding the guſh of my own calamities as my 'tears fall from my eyes. This looks like an ima-'gined picture to tell you, but indeed this is one of 'my paſtimes. Hitherto I have only told you the 'general temper of my mind, but how ſhall I give 'you an account of the diſtraction of it? Could 'you but conceive how cruel I am one moment in 'my reſentment, and at the enſuing minute, when 'I place him in the condition my anger would bring 'him to, how compaſſionate; it would give you 'ſome notion how miſerable I am, and how little I 'deſerve it. When I remonſtrate with the greateſt 'gentleneſs that is poſſible againſt unhandſome ap-'pearances, and that married perſons are under 'particular rules; when he is in the beſt humour to 'receive this, I am anſwered only, that I expoſe 'my own reputation and ſenſe if I appear jealous. 'I wiſh, good Sir, you would take this into ſerious 'conſideration, and admoniſh huſbands and wives

'what terms they ought to keep towards each other. 'Your thoughts on this important ſubject will have 'the greateſt reward, that which deſcends on ſuch 'as feel the ſorrows of the afflicted. Give me leave 'to ſubſcribe myſelf,

Your unfortunate
humble Servant,
CELINDA.

I HAD it in my thoughts, before I received the letter of this lady, to conſider this dreadful paſſion in the mind of a woman; and the ſmart ſhe ſeems to feel does not abate the inclination I had to recommend to huſbands a more regular behaviour, than to give the moſt exquiſite of torments to thoſe who love them, nay, whoſe torment would be abated if they did not love them.

IT is wonderful to obſerve how little is made of this inexpreſſible injury, and how eaſily men get into an habit of being leaſt agreeable where they are moſt obliged to be ſo. But this ſubject deſerves a diſtinct Speculation, and I ſhall obſerve for a day or two the behaviour of two or three happy pair I am acquainted with, before I pretend to make a ſyſtem of conjugal morality. I deſign in the firſt place to go a few miles out of town, and there I know where to meet one who practiſes all the parts of a fine gentleman in the duty of an huſband. When he was a bachelor, much buſineſs made him particularly negligent in his habit; but now there is no young lover living ſo exact in the care of his perſon. One who aſked why he was ſo long waſhing his mouth, and ſo delicate in the choice and wearing of his linen, was anſwered, Becauſe there is a woman of merit obliged to receive me kindly, and I think it incumbent upon me to make her inclination go along with her duty.

IF a man would give himſelf leave to think, he would

would not be so unreasonable as to expect debauchery and innocence could live in commerce together; or hope that flesh and blood is capable of so strict an alliance, as that a fine woman must go on to improve herself 'till she is as good and impassive as an angel, only to preserve a fidelity to a brute and a satyr. The lady who desires me for her sake to end one of my papers with the following letter, I am persuaded, thinks such a perseverance very impracticable.

Husband

'STAY more at home. I know where you visited at seven of the clock on Thursday Evening. 'The Colonel, whom you charged me to see no more, 'is in town

T MARTHA HOUSEWIFE.

No. 179. *Tuesday, September* 25.

Centuriae seniorum agitant expertia frugis:
Celsi praetereunt austera Poemata Rhamnes,
Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando pariterque monendo.
Hor. Ars. poet. v. 341.

Old age explodes all but mortality;
Austerity offends aspiring youth:
But he that joins instruction with delight,
Profit with pleasure, carries all the votes.
ROSCOMMON.

I MAY cast my readers under two general divisions, the *Mercurial* and the *Saturnine*. The first are the gay part of my disciples, who require Speculations of Wit and Humour; the others are those of a more solemn and sober turn, who find no pleasure but in papers of Morality and sound Sense. The former call every thing that is serious, stupid; the latter

latter look upon every thing as impertinent that is ludicrous. Were I always grave, one half of my readers would fall off from me: Were I always merry, I should lose the other. I make it therefore my endeavour to find out entertainments of both kinds, and by that means perhaps consult the good of both, more than I should do, did I always write to the particular taste of either. As they neither of them know what I proceed upon, the sprightly reader, who takes up my Paper in order to be diverted, very often finds himself engaged unawares in a serious and profitable course of thinking; as on the contrary, the thoughtful man, who perhaps may hope to find something solid, and full of deep reflection, is very often insensibly betrayed into a fit of mirth. In a word, the reader sits down to my entertainment without knowing his bill of fare, and has therefore at least the pleasure of hoping there may be a dish to his palate.

I Must confess, were I left to myself, I should rather aim at instructing, than diverting; but if we will be useful to the world, we must take it as we find it. Authors of professed severity discourage the looser part of mankind from having any thing to do with their writings. A man must have virtue in him, before he will enter upon the reading of a *Seneca* or an *Epictetus*. The very title of a Moral Treatise has something in it austere and shocking to the careless and inconsiderate.

FOR this reason several unthinking persons fall in my way, who would give no attention to lectures delivered with a religious seriousness or a philosophic gravity. They are insnared into sentiments of wisdom and virtue when they do not think of it; and if by that means they arrive only at such a degree of consideration as may dispose them to listen to more studied and elaborate discourses, I shall not think my Speculations useless. I might likewise observe, that the gloominess in which sometimes the minds of the

the beſt men are involved, very often ſtands in need of ſuch little incitements to mirth and laughter, as are apt to diſperſe melancholy, and put our faculties in good humour. To which ſome will add, that the *Britiſh* climate, more than any other, makes entertainments of this nature in a manner neceſſary.

IF what I have here ſaid does not recommend, it will at leaſt excuſe the variety of my Speculations. I would not willingly laugh but in order to inſtruct, or if I ſometimes fail in this point, when my mirth ceaſes to be inſtructive, it ſhall never ceaſe to be innocent. A ſcrupulous conduct in this particular, has, perhaps, more merit in it than the generality of readers imagine; did they know how many thoughts occur in a point of humour, which a diſcreet Author in modeſty ſuppreſſes; how many ſtrokes of rallery preſent themſelves, which could not fail to pleaſe the ordinary taſte of mankind, but are ſtifled in their birth by reaſon of ſome remote tendency which they carry in them to corrupt the minds of thoſe who read them; did they know how many glances of ill-nature are induſtriouſly avoided for fear of doing injury to the reputation of another, they would be apt to think kindly of thoſe Writers who endeavour to make themſelves diverting without being immoral. One may apply to theſe Authors that paſſage in *Waller*,

Poets loſe half the praiſe they would have got,
Were it but known what they diſcreetly blot.

AS nothing is more eaſy than to be a wit, with all the above-mentioned liberties, it requires ſome genius and invention to appear ſuch without them.

WHAT I have here ſaid is not only in regard to the public, but with an eye to my particular correſpondent, who has ſent me the following letter, which I have caſtrated in ſome places upon theſe conſiderations.

SIR

SIR,

'HAVING lately seen your discourse upon a
'match of grinning, I cannot forbear giving
'you an account of a whistling match, which, with
'many others, I was entertained with about three
'years since at the *Bath*. The prize was a Guinea,
'to be conferred upon the ablest whistler, that is,
'on him who could whistle clearest, and go through
'his tune without laughing, to which at the same
'time he was provoked by the antic postures of a
'*Merry-Andrew*, who was to stand upon the stage
'and play his tricks in the eye of the performer.
'There were three competitors for the ring. The
'first was a plough-man of a very promising aspect;
'his features were steady, and his muscles composed
'in so inflexible a stupidity, that upon his first ap-
'pearance every one gave the Guinea for lost. The
'pickled herring however found the way to shake
'him; for upon his whistling a country jig, this
'unlucky wag danced to it with such variety of dis-
'tortions and grimaces, that the countryman could
'not forbear smiling upon him, and by that means
'spoiled his whistle, and lost the prize.

'THE next that mounted the stage was an under-
'citizen of the *Bath*, a person remarkable among the
'inferior people of that place for his great wisdom
'and his broad band. He contracted his mouth with
'much gravity, and, that he might dispose his mind
'to be more serious than ordinary, begun the tune
'of *The Children in the Wood*, and went through part
'of it with good success; when on a sudden the Wit
'at his elbow, who had appeared wonderfully grave
'and attentive for some time, gave him a touch up-
'on the left shoulder, and stared him in the face with
'so bewitching a grinn, that the whistler relaxed his
'fibres into a kind of simper, and at length burst out
'into an open laugh. The third who entered the
'lists was a footman, who in defiance of the *Merry-*
'*Andrew*, and all his arts, whistled a *Scotch* tune and

'an

'an *Italian* fonata, with fo fettled a countenance, that 'he bore away the prize, to the great admiration of 'fome hundreds of perfons, who, as well as myfelf, 'were prefent at this trial of fkill. Now, Sir, I hum-'bly conceive, whatever you have determined of the 'grinners, the whiftlers ought to be encouraged, not 'only as their art is practifed without diftortion, but 'as it improves country mufic, promotes gravity, and 'teaches ordinary people to keep their countenances, 'if they fee any thing ridiculous in their betters; be-'fides that it feems an entertainment very particu-'larly adapted to the *Bath*, as it is ufual for a rider 'to whiftle to his horfe when he would make his wa-'ters pafs.

I am, Sir, &c.

POSTSCRIPT.

'AFTER having difpatched thefe two important 'points of grinning and whiftling, I hope you will 'oblige the world with fome reflections upon yawn-'ing, as I have feen it practifed on a twelfth-night 'among other *Chriftmas* gambols at the houfe of a 'very worthy Gentleman, who always entertains his 'tenants at that time of the year. They yawn for a '*Chefhire* cheefe, and begin about midnight, when 'the whole company is difpofed to be droufy. He 'that yawns wideft, and at the fame time fo natu-'rally as to produce the moft yawns among the fpec-'tators, carries home the cheefe. If you handle this 'fubject as you ought, I queftion not but your pa-'per will fet half the kingdom a yawning, though I 'dare promife you it will never make any body fall 'afleep.

Wednefday,

No. 180. *Wednesday, September* 26.

——*Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.* Hor. Ep. 2. l. 1. v. 14.

The People suffer when the Prince offends. CREECH.

THE following letter has so much weight and good sense, that I cannot forbear inserting it, though it relates to an hardened sinner, whom I have very little hopes of reforming, *viz. Lewis* XIV. of *France*.

MR SPECTATOR,

'AMIDST the variety of subjects of which you 'have treated, I could wish it had fallen in your 'way, to expose the vanity of conquests. This thought 'would naturally lead one to the *French* king, who 'has been generally esteemed the greatest conqueror 'of our age, 'till her Majesty's armies had torn from 'him so many of his countries, and deprived him of 'the fruit of all his former victories. For my own 'part, if I were to draw his picture, I should be for 'taking him no lower than to the Peace of *Reswick*, 'just at the end of his triumphs, and before his re-'verse of fortune; and even then I should not for-'bear thinking his ambition had been vain and un-'profitable to himself and his people.

'AS for himself, it is certain he can have gained 'nothing by his conquests, if they have not rendered 'him master of more subjects, more riches, or greater 'power. What I shall be able to offer upon these 'heads, I resolve to submit to your consideration.

'TO begin then with his increase of subjects From 'the time he came of age, and has been a manager 'for himself, all the people he had acquired were such 'only as he had reduced by his wars, and were left 'in his possession by the peace; he had conquered

not

'not above one third part of *Flanders*, and consequently no more than one third part of the inhabitants of that Province.

'ABOUT 100 years ago the houses in that country were all numbered, and by a just computation the inhabitants of all sorts could not then exceed 750000 souls. And if any man will consider the desolation by almost perpetual wars, the numerous armies that have lived almost ever since at discretion upon the people, and how much of their commerce has removed for more security to other places, he will have little reason to imagine that their numbers have since increased; and therefore with one third part of that Province that Prince can have gained no more than one third part of the inhabitants, or 250000 new subjects, even tho' it should be supposed they were all contented to live still in their native country, and transfer their allegiance to a new master.

'THE fertility of this Province, its convenient situation for trade and commerce, its capacity for furnishing employment and subsistence to great numbers, and the vast armies that have been maintained here, make it credible that the remaining two thirds of *Flanders* are equal to all his other conquests; and consequently by all he cannot have gained more than 750000 new subjects, men, women and children, especially if a deduction shall be made of such as have retired from the Conqueror to live under their old masters.

'IT is time now to set his loss against his profit, and to shew for the new subjects he had acquired, how many old ones he had lost in the acquisition: I think that in his wars he has seldom brought less into the field in all places than 200000 fighting men, besides what have been left in garrisons; and I think the common computation is, that of an army, at the end of a campaign, without sieges or battles, scarce four fifths can be mustered of those that came

'into the field at the beginning of the year. His wars
' at several times till the last Peace have held about
' 20 years; and if 40000 yearly lost, or a fifth part
' of his armies, are to be multiplied by 20, he cannot
' have lost less than 800000 of his old subjects, and
' all able-body'd men; a greater number than the
' new subjects he had acquired.

' BUT this loss is not all: Providence seems to have
' equally divided the whole mass of mankind into different sexes, that every woman may have her husband, and that both may equally contribute to the
' continuance of the species. It follows then, that
' for all the men that have been lost, as many women
' must have lived single, and it were but charity to
' believe they have not done all the service they were
' capable of doing in their generation. In so long a
' course of years great part of them must have died,
' and all the rest must go off at last without leaving
' any representatives behind. By this account he must
' have lost not only 800000 subjects, but double that
' number, and all the increase that was reasonably to
' be expected from it.

' IT is said in the last War there was a famine in
' his kingdom, which swept away two millions of his
' people. This is hardly credible: If the loss was
' only of one fifth part of that sum, it was very great.
' But 'tis no wonder there should be famine, where
' so much of the people's substance is taken away for
' the King's use, that they have not sufficient left to
' provide against accidents; where so many of the
' men are taken from the plough to serve the King in
' his wars, and a great part of the tillage is left to
' the weaker hands of so many women and children.
' Whatever was the loss, it must undoubtedly be placed
' to the account of his ambition.

' AND so must also the destruction or banishment
' of 3 or 400000 of his reformed subjects; he could
' have no other reasons for valuing those lives so very
' cheap, but only to recommend himself to the bigotry of the *Spanish* nation.

'HOW ſhould there be induſtry in a country where 'all property is precarious? What ſubject will ſow 'his land that his Prince may reap the whole harveſt? 'Parſimony and frugality muſt be ſtrangers to ſuch 'a people; for will any man ſave to-day what he has 'reaſon to fear will be taken from him to-morrow? 'And where is the encouragement for marrying? 'Will any man think of raiſing children, without a-'ny aſſurance of clothing for their backs, or ſo much 'as food for their bellies? And thus by his fatal am-'bition he muſt have leſſened the number of his ſub-'jects not only by ſlaughter and deſtruction, but by 'preventing their very births, he has done as much 'as was poſſible towards deſtroying poſterity itſelf.

'IS this then the great, the invincible *Lewis*? 'This the immortal man, the *tout-puiſſant*, or the 'Almighty, as his flatterers have called him? Is 'this the man that is ſo celebrated for his conqueſts? 'For every ſubject he has acquired, has he not loſt 'three that were his inheritance? Are not his troops 'fewer, and thoſe neither ſo well fed, or clothed, 'or paid, as they were formerly, tho' he has now 'ſo much greater cauſe to exert himſelf? And what 'can be the reaſon of all this, but that his revenue 'is a great deal leſs, his ſubjects are either poorer, 'or not ſo many to be plundered by conſtant taxes 'for his uſe?

'IT is well for him he had found out a way to ſteal 'a kingdom; if he had gone on conquering as he did 'before, his ruin had been long ſince finiſhed. This 'brings to my mind a ſaying of King *Pyrrhus*, after 'he had a ſecond time beat the *Romans* in a pitched 'battle, and was complimented by his Generals; '*Yes*, ſays he, *ſuch another victory and I am quite un-'done*. And ſince I have mentioned *Pyrrhus*, I will 'end with a very good, though known ſtory of this 'ambitious mad man. When he had ſhewn the ut-'moſt fondneſs for his expedition againſt the *Romans*, '*Cyneas* his chief miniſter aſked him what he pro-

'posed to himself by this War? Why, says *Pyrrhus*, 'to conquer the *Romans*, and reduce all *Italy* to my 'obedience. What then? says *Cyneas*, To pass o-'ver into *Sicily*, says *Pyrrhus*, and then all the *Sici-'lians* must be our subjects. And what does your 'Majesty intend next; Why truly, says the King, 'to conquer *Carthage*, and make myself master of 'all *Africa*. And what, Sir, says the minister is to 'be the end of all your expeditions? Why then, says 'the King for the rest of our lives we'll sit down to 'good wine. How, Sir, replied *Cyneas*, to better, 'than we have now before us? Have we not 'already as much as we can drink:

'RIOT and Excess are not the becoming cha-'racters of Princes; but if *Pyrrhus* and *Lewis* had 'debauched like *Vitellius*, they had been less hurt-'ful to their people.

Your humble Servant,

T PHILARITHMUS.

No. 181. *Thursday, September 27.*

His lacrymis vitam damus, & miserescimus ultro.

Virg. Aen. 2. v. 145

Mov'd by these Tears we pity and protect.

I AM more pleased with a Letter that is filled with touches of nature than of wit, The following one is of this kind.

SIR,

'AMONG all the distresses which happen in fa-'milies, I do not remember that you have 'touched upon the marriage of Children without 'the consent of their Parents. I am one of these 'unfortunate

'unfortunate perſons. I was about fiften when I 'took the liberty to chooſe for myſelf; and have e-'ver ſince languiſhed under the diſpleaſure of an 'inexorable Father, who, though he ſees me happy 'in the beſt of huſbands, and bleſſed with very fine 'children, can never be prevailed upon to forgive 'me. He was ſo kind to me before this unhappy 'accident, that indeed it makes my breach of duty 'in ſome meaſure, inexcuſable; and at the ſame 'time creates in me ſuch a tenderneſs towards him, 'that I love him above all things, and would die to 'be reconciled to him. I have thrown myſelf at 'his feet, and beſought him with tears to pardon 'me; but he always puſhes me away, and ſpurns 'me from him; I have written ſeveral letters to him, 'but he will neither open nor receive them. About 'two years ago I ſent my little boy to him dreſſed 'in a new apparel; but the child returned to me 'crying, becauſe he ſaid his Grandfather would not 'ſee him, and had ordered him to be put out of his 'houſe. My Mother is won over to my ſide, but 'dares not mention me to my Father for fear of 'provoking him. About a month ago he lay ſick 'upon his bed, and in great danger of his life: I 'was pierced to the heart at the news, and could 'not forbear going to enquire after his health. My 'Mother took this opportunity of ſpeaking in my 'behalf: She told him with abundance of tears, 'that I was come to ſee him, that I could not ſpeak 'to her for weeping, and that I ſhould certainly 'break my heart if he refus'd at that time to give 'me his bleſſing, and be reconciled to me. He was 'ſo far from relenting towards me, that he bid her 'ſpeak no more of me, unleſs ſhe had a mind to di-'ſturb him in his laſt moments; for, Sir, you muſt 'know that he has the reputation of an honeſt and 'religious man, which makes my misfortune ſo 'much the greater. God be thanked he is ſince re-'covered: But his ſevere uſage has given me ſuch

'a blow, that I ſhall ſoon ſink under it, unleſs I 'may be relieved by any impreſſions which the read'ing of this in your Paper may make upon him.'

I am, &c.

OF all hardneſſes of heart there is none ſo inexcuſable as that of Parents towards their Children. An obſtinate, inflexible, unforgiving temper is odious upon all occaſions; but here it is unnatural. The Love, Tenderneſs, and Compaſſion, which are apt to ariſe in us towards thoſe who depend upon us, is that by which the whole world of life is upheld. The Supreme Being, by the tranſcendent excellency and goodneſs of his nature, extends his mercy towards all his works; and becauſe his creatures have not ſuch a ſpontaneous benevolence and compaſſion towards thoſe who are under their care and protection, he has implanted in the man inſtinct that ſupplies the place of this inherent Goodneſs. I have illuſtrated this kind of inſtinct in former Papers, and have ſhewn how it runs thro' all the ſpecies of brute creatures, as indeed the whole Animal Creation ſubſiſts by it.

THIS inſtinct in man is more general and uncircumſcribed than in brutes, as being enlarged by the dictates of reaſon and duty. For if we conſider ourſelves attentively, we ſhall find that we are not only inclined to love thoſe who deſcend from us, but that we bear a kind of στοργὴ, or natural affection, to every thing which relies upon us for its good and preſervation. Dependence is a perpetual call upon humanity, and a greater incitement to tenderneſs and pity than any other motive whatſoever.

THE man therefore who, notwithſtanding any paſſion or reſentment, can overcome this powerful inſtinct, and extinguiſh natural affection, debaſes his mind even below brutality, fruſtrates as much as in

him

him lies, the great deſign of Providence, and ſtrikes out of his nature one of the moſt divine principles that is planted in it.

AMONG innumerable arguments which might be brought againſt ſuch an unreaſonable proceeding, I ſhall only inſiſt on one. We make it the condition of our forgiveneſs that we forgive others. In our very prayers we deſire no more than to be treated by this kind of retaliation. The caſe therefore before us ſeems to be what they call *a caſe in point*; the relation between the child and Father being what comes neareſt to that between a creature and its Creator. If the Father is inexorable to the child who has offended, let the offence be of never ſo high a nature, how will he addreſs himſelf to the Supreme Being, under the tender appellation of a Father, and deſire of him ſuch a forgiveneſs as he himſelf refuſes to grant?

TO this I might add many other religious, as well as many prudential conſiderations; but if the laſt mentioned motive does not prevail, I deſpair of ſucceeding by any other, and ſhall therefore conclude my Paper with a very remarkable ſtory, which is recorded in an old Chronicle publiſhed by *Freher*, among the writers of the *German* hiſtory.

EGINHART, who was ſecretary to *Charles the Great*, became exceeding popular by his behaviour in that poſt. His great abilities gain'd him the favour of his maſter, and the eſteem of the whole court. *Imma*, the daughter of the Emperor, was ſo pleaſed with his perſon and converſation, that ſhe fell in love with him. As ſhe was one of the greateſt beauties of the age, *Eginhart* anſwer'd her with a more than equal return of paſſion. They ſtifled their flames for ſome time, under apprehenſion of the fatal conſequences that might enſue. *Eginhart* at length reſolving to hazard all, rather than be deprived of one whom his heart was ſo much ſet upon, conveyed himſelf one night into the Princeſs's apart-

ment,

ment, and knocking gently at the door, was admitted as a perſon who had ſomething to communicate to her from the Emperor. He was with her in private moſt part of the night; but upon his preparing to go away about break of day, he obſerved that there had fallen a great ſnow during his ſtay with the Princeſs. This very much perplexed him, leſt the prints of his feet in the ſnow might make diſcoveries to the King, who often uſed to viſit his daughter in the morning. He acquainted the Princeſs *Imma* with his fears; who, after ſome conſulations upon the matter, prevailed upon him to let her carry him through the ſnow upon her own ſhoulders. It happened, that the Emperor not being able to ſleep, was at that time up and walking in his chamber, when upon looking through the window he perceived his daughter tottering under her burden, and carrying his firſt Miniſter acroſs the ſnow; which ſhe had no ſooner done, but ſhe returned again with the utmoſt ſpeed to her own apartment. The Emperor was extremely troubled and aſtoniſhed at this accident; but reſolved to ſpeak nothing of it till a proper opportunity. In the mean time, *Eginhart* knowing that what he had done could not be long a ſecret, determined to retire from Court; and in order to it begged the Emperor that he would be pleaſed to diſmiſs him, pretending a kind of diſcontent at his not having been rewarded for his long ſervices. The Emperor would not give a direct anſwer to his petition, but told him he would think of it, and appointed a certain day when he would let him know his pleaſure. He then called together the moſt faithful of his Counſellors, and acquainting them with his Secretary's crime, aſked them their advice in ſo delicate an affair. They moſt of them gave their opinion, that the perſon could not be too ſeverely puniſhed who had thus diſhonoured his maſter. Upon the whole debate the Emperor declared it was his opinion,

opinion, that *Eginhart*'s punishment would rather increase than diminish the shame of his family, and that therefore he thought it the most advisable to wear out the memory of the fact, by marrying him to his daughter. Accordingly *Eginhart* was called in, and acquainted by the Emperor, that he should no longer have any pretence of complaining his services were not rewarded, for that the Princess *Imma* should be given him in marriage, with a dower suitable to her quality; which was soon after performed accordingly. L

No. 182. *Friday, September* 28.

Plus aloes quam mellis habet—— Juv. Sat. 6. v. 180.

The Bitter overbalances the Sweet.

AS all parts of human life comes under my observation, my readers must not make uncharitable inferences from my speaking knowingly of that sort of crime which is at present treated of. He will, I hope, suppose I know it only from the Letters of correspondents, two of which you shall have as follows.

MR SPECTATOR,

'IT is wonderful to me that among the many enormities which you have treated of, you have 'not mentioned that of wenching, and particularly 'the insnaring part; I mean, that it is a thing very 'fit for your pen, to expose the villainy of the practice of deluding women. You are to know, Sir, 'that I myself am a woman who have been one of 'the unhappy that have fallen into this misfortune, 'and that by the insinuation of a very worthless fellow, who served others in the same manner both 'before my ruin and since that time. I had, as

'soon

'ſoon as the raſcal left me, ſo much indignation and 'reſolution, as not to go upon the Town, as the 'phraſe is, but took to work for my living in an ob-'ſcure place, out of the knowledge of all with whom 'I was before acquainted.

'It is the ordinary practice and buſineſs of life 'with a ſet of idle fellows about this town, to write 'letters, ſend meſſages, and form appointments with 'little raw unthinking girls, and leave them after 'poſſeſſion of them, without any mercy, to ſhame, 'infamy, poverty, and diſeaſe. Were you to read 'the nauſeous impertinences which are written on 'theſe occaſions, and to ſee the creatures ſighing 'over them, it could not but be matter of mirth as 'well as pity. A little prentice girl of mine has 'been for ſome time applied to by an *Iriſh* fellow, 'who dreſſes very fine, and ſtruts in a laced coat, 'and is the admiration of ſeamſtreſſes who are 'under age in town. Ever ſince I have had ſome 'knowledge of the matter, I have debarred my 'prentice from pen, ink and paper. But the other 'day he beſpoke ſome cravats of me: I went out of 'the ſhop, and left his miſtreſs to put them up into 'a bandbox in order to be ſent to him when his man 'called. When I came into the ſhop again, I took 'occaſion to ſend her away, and found in the bot-'tom of the box written theſe words, *Why would you* '*ruin a harmleſs creature that loves you?* then in the 'lid, *There is no reſiſting* Strephon: I ſearched a 'little farther, and found in the rim of the box, *At* '*eleven o'clock at night come in an Hackney-coach at the* '*end of our ſtreet.* This was enough to alarm me; 'I ſent away the things, and took my meaſures ac-'cordingly. An hour or two before the appointed 'time I examined my young lady, and found her 'trunk ſtuffed with impertinent letters, and an old 'ſcroll of parchment in *Latin*, which her lover had 'ſent her as a ſettlement of fifty pounds a year: A-'mong other things, there was alſo the beſt lace I

'had

'had in my ſhop to make him a preſent for cravats. 'I was very glad of this laſt circumſtance, becauſe 'I could very conſcientiouſly ſwear againſt him that 'he had enticed my ſervant away, and was her ac-'complice in robbing me: I procured a warrant a-'gainſt him accordingly. Every thing was now 'prepared, and the tender hour of love approach-'ing, I, who had acted for myſelf in my youth the 'ſame ſenſeleſs part, knew how to manage accord-'ingly: Therefore, after having locked up my maid 'and not being ſo much unlike her in height and 'ſhape, as in a huddled way not to paſs for her, I 'delivered the bundle deſigned to be carried off to 'her lover's man, who came with the ſignal to re-'ceive them. Thus I followed after to the coach, 'where when I ſaw his maſter take them in, I cried 'out, Thieves! Thieves! and the conſtable with 'his attendants ſeized my expecting lover. I kept 'myſelf unobſerved till I ſaw the crowd ſufficiently 'increaſed, and then appeared to declare the goods 'to be mine; and had the ſatisfaction to ſee my man 'of mode put into the *Round-houſe*, with the ſtolen 'wares by him, to be produced in evidence againſt 'him the next morning. This matter is notoriouſly 'known to be fact; and I have been contented to 'ſave my prentice, and take a year's rent of this 'mortified lover, not to appear farther in the mat-'ter. This was ſome penance; but, Sir, is this 'enough for a villainy of much more pernicious 'conſequence than the trifles for which he was to 'have been indicted? Should not you, and all men 'of any parts or honour, put things upon ſo right 'a foot, as that ſuch a raſcal ſhould not laugh at 'the imputation of what he was really guilty, and 'dread being accuſed of that for which he was ar-'reſted?

'IN a word, Sir, it is in the power of you, and 'ſuch as I hope you are, to make it as infamous to 'rob a poor creature of her honour as her clothes.

I leave

'I leave this to your consideration, only take leave
'which I cannot do without sighing) to remark to
'you, that if this had been the sense of mankind
'Thirty years ago, I should have avoided a life spent
'in poverty and shame.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

ALICE THREADNEEDLE.

Mr SPECTATOR, *Round-House, Sept.* 9.

'I AM a man of pleasure about town, but by the 'stupidity of a dull rogue of a justice of peace, 'and an insolent constable, upon the oath of an old 'Harridan, am imprisoned here for theft, when I 'designed only fornication. The midnight Magi-'strate, as he conveyed me along, had you in his 'mouth, and said, this would make a pure story for 'the SPECTATOR. I hope, Sir, you won't pretend 'to wit, and take the part of dull rogues of busi-'ness. The world is so altered of late years, that 'there was not a man who would knock down a 'watchman in my behalf, but I was carried off with 'as much triumph as if I had been a pick-pocket. 'At this rate, there is an end of all the wit and hu-'mour in the world. The time was when all the 'honest whoremasters in the neighbourhood would 'have rose against the cuckolds to my rescue. If 'fornication is to be scandalous, half the fine things 'that have been writ by most of the Wits of the last 'age may be burnt by the common hangman. 'Harkee, Mr SPEC, do not be queer; after having 'done some things pretty well, don't begin to write 'at that rate that no gentleman can read thee. Be 'true to love, and burn your *Seneca*. You do not 'expect me to write my name from hence, but I am

Your unknown humble, &c.

Saturday,

No. 183. *Saturday, September* 29.

> Ἴδμεν ψεύδεα πολλὰ λέγειν ἐτύμοισιν ὁμοῖα,
> Ἴδμεν δ' εὖτ' ἐθέλωμεν, ἀληθέα μυθήσασθαι. Hesiod.
>
> *Sometimes fair truth in fiction we disguise,*
> *Sometimes present her naked to Men's eyes.*

FABLES were the first pieces of wit that made their appearance in the world, and have been still highly valued not only in times of the greatest simplicity, but among the most polite ages of mankind. *Jotham's* fable of the Trees is the oldest that is extant, and as beautiful as any which have been made since that time. *Nathan's* fable of the poor man and his lamb is likewise more ancient than any that is extant, besides the above-mentioned, and had so good an effect, as to convey instruction to the ear of a King without offending it, and to bring the man after God's own heart to a right sense of his guilt and his duty. We find *Æsop* in the most distant ages of *Greece*; and if we look into the very beginnings of the commonwealth of *Rome*, we see a mutiny among the common people appeased by a fable of the belly and the limbs, which was indeed very proper to gain the attention of an incensed rabble, at a time when perhaps they would have torn to pieces any man who had preached the same doctrine to them in an open and direct manner. As fables took their birth in the very infancy of learning, they never flourished more than when learning was at its greatest height. To justify this assertion, I shall put my reader in mind of *Horace*, the greatest wit and critic in the *Augustan* age; and of *Boileau*, the most correct Poet among the moderns: Not to mention

La Fontaine, who by this way of writing is come more into vogue than any other Author of our times.

THE fables I have here mentioned are raiſed altogether upon brutes and vegetables, with ſome of our own ſpecies mixt among them, when the moral hath ſo required. But beſides this kind of fable, there is another in which the Actors are paſſions, virtues, vices, and other imaginary perſons of the like nature. Some of the ancient critics will have it, that the Iliad and Odyſſey of *Homer* are fables of this nature; and that the ſeveral names of Gods and Heroes are nothing elſe but the affections of the mind in a viſible ſhape and character. Thus they tell us, that *Achilles*, in the firſt Iliad, repreſents anger, or the iraſcible part of human nature; That upon drawing his ſword againſt his ſuperior in a full aſſembly, *Pallas* is only another name for reaſon, which checks and adviſes him upon that occaſion; and at her firſt appearance touches him upon the head, that part of the man being looked upon as the ſeat of reaſon. And thus of the reſt of the Poem. As for the Odyſſey, I think it is plain that *Horace* conſidered it as one of theſe allegorical fables, by the moral which he has given us of ſeveral parts of it. The greateſt *Italian* wits have applied themſelves to the writing of this latter kind of fables: As *Spencer*'s *Fairy Queen* is one continued ſeries of them from the beginning to the end of that admirable Work. If we look into the fineſt proſe-authors of antiquity, ſuch as *Cicero*, *Plato*, *Xenophon*, and many others, we ſhall find that this was likewiſe their favourite kind of fable. I ſhall only farther obſerve upon it, that the firſt of this ſort that made any conſiderable figure in the world, was that of *Hercules* meeting with Pleaſure and Virtue; which was invented by *Prodicus*, who lived before *Socrates*, and in the firſt dawnings of philoſophy. He uſed to travel through *Greece* by virtue of this Fable, which procured him a kind reception

ception in all the market towns, where he never failed telling it as soon as he had gathered an audience about him.

AFTER this short preface, which I have made up of such materials as my memory does at present suggest to me, before I present my reader with a fable of this kind, which I design as the entertainment of the present Paper, I must in a few words open the occasion of it.

IN the account which *Plato* gives us of the conversation and behaviour of *Socrates*, the morning he was to die, he tells the following circumstance.

WHEN *Socrates* his fetters were knocked off (as was usual to be done on the day that the condemned person was to be executed) being seated in the midst of his disciples, and laying one of his legs over the other, in a very unconcerned posture, he began to rub it where it had been galled by the iron; and whether it was to shew the indifference with which he entertained the thoughts of his approaching death, or (after his usual manner) to take every occasion of philosophizing upon some useful subject, he observed the pleasure of that sensation which now arose in those very parts of his leg, that just before had been so much pained by the fetter. Upon this he reflected on the nature of Pleasure and Pain in general, and how constantly they succeed one another. To this he added, That if a man of a good genius for a fable were to represent the nature of Pleasure and Pain in that way of writing, he would probably join them together after such a manner, that it would be impossible for the one to come into any place without being followed by the other.

IT is possible, that if *Plato* had thought it proper at such a time to describe *Socrates* launching out into a discourse which was not of a piece with the business of the day, he would have enlarged upon this hint, and have drawn it out into some beautiful allegory or fable. But since he has not done it, I

ſhall attempt to write one myſelf in the Spirit of that Divine Author.

THERE were two families which from the beginning of the world were as oppoſite to each other as light and darkneſs. The one of them lived in Heaven, and the other in Hell. The youngeſt deſcendant of the firſt family was Pleaſure, who was the daughter of happineſs, who was the child of virtue, who was the offspring of the Gods. Theſe, as I ſaid before, had their habitation in Heaven. The youngeſt of the oppoſite family was Pain, who was thy ſon of miſery, who was the child of vice, who was the offspring of the furies. The habitation of this race of beings was in Hell.

THE middle ſtation of Nature between theſe two oppoſite extremes was the Earth, which was inhabited by creatures of a middle kind, neither ſo virtuous as the one, nor ſo vicious as the other, but partaking of the good and bad qualities of the two oppoſite families. Jupiter *conſidering that this ſpecies, commonly called man, was too virtuous to be miſerable, and too vicious to be happy; that he might make a diſtinction between the good and the bad, ordered the two youngeſt of the above-mentioned families, Pleaſure who was the daughter of happineſs, and Pain who was the ſon of miſery, to meet one another upon this part of Nature which lay in the half-way between them, having promiſed to ſettle it upon them both, provided they could agree upon the diviſion of it, ſo as to ſhare mankind between them.*

PLEASURE and Pain were no ſooner met in their new habitation, but they immediately agreed upon this point, that Pleaſure ſhould take poſſeſſion of the virtuous, and Pain of the vicious part of that ſpecies which was given up to them. But upon examinining to which of them any individual they met with belonged, they found each of them had a right to him; for that, contrary to what they had ſeen, in their old places of reſidence, there was no perſon ſo vicious who had not ſome good in him, nor any perſon ſo virtuous who had not in him ſome evil.

The

The truth of it is, they generally found upon search, that in the most vicious man Pleasure might lay a claim to an hundredth part, and that in the most virtuous man Pain might come in for at least two thirds. This they saw would occasion endless disputes between them, unless they could come to some accommodation. To this end there was a marriage proposed between them, and at length concluded: By this means it is that we find Pleasure and Pain are such constant yoke-fellows, and that they either make their visits together, or are never far asunder. If Pain comes into an heart, he is quickly followed by Pleasure; and if Pleasure enters, you may be sure Pain is not far off.

BUT notwithstanding this marriage was very convenient for the two parties, it did not seem to answer the intention of Jupiter *in sending them among mankind. To remedy therefore this inconvenience, it was stipulated between them by article, and confirmed by the consent of each family, that notwithstanding they here possessed the species indifferently; upon the death of every single person, if he was found to have in him a certain proportion of evil, he should be dispatched into the infernal regions by a passport from Pain, there to dwell with misery, vice, and the furies. Or on the contrary, if he had in him a certain proportion of good, he should be dispatched into Heaven by a passport from Pleasure, there to dwell with Happiness, Virtue and the Gods.*

No. 184. *Monday, October* 1.

——*Opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum.*
Hor. Ars Poet. v. 360.

——*In long works sleep will sometimes surprise.* ROSCOMMON.

WHEN a man has discovered a new vein of humour, it often carries him much farther than he expected from it. My correspondents take the hint I give

I give them, and purſue it into Speculations which I never thought of at my firſt ſtarting it. This has been the fate of my Paper on the match of grinning, which has already produced a ſecond Paper on parallel ſubjects, and brought me the following Letter by the laſt poſt. I ſhall not premiſe any thing to it farther, than that it is built on matter of fact, and is as follows.

SIR,

'YOU have already obliged the world with a diſcourſe upon grinning, and have ſince proceeded to whiſtling, from whence you at length came to yawning; from this, I think, you may make a very natural tranſition to ſleeping. I therefore recommend to you for the ſubject of a Paper the following Advertiſement, which about two months ago was given into every body's hands, and may be ſeen with ſome additions in the *Daily Courant* of *Auguſt* the ninth.

'NICHOLAS HART, *who ſlept laſt year in St.* Bartholomew's *Hoſpital, intends to ſleep this year at the* Cock and Bottle *in* Little-Britain.

'HAVING ſince inquired into the matter of fact, I find that the above-mentioned *Nicholas Hart* is every year ſeized with a periodical fit of ſleeping, which begins upon the fifth of *Auguſt*, and ends on eleventh of the ſame month; That

'On the firſt of that month he grew dull;
'On the ſecond, appeared drowſy;
'On the third, fell a yawning;
'On the fourth, began to nod;
'On the fifth, dropped aſleep;
'On the ſixth, was heard to ſnore;
'On the ſeventh, turned himſelf in his bed;
'On the eighth, recovered his former poſture;
'On the ninth, fell a ſtretching;
'On the tenth about midnight, awaked;

'On

'On the eleventh in the morning, call'd for a little 'ſmall-beer.

'THIS account I have extracted out of the journal of this ſleeping worthy, as it has been faithfully 'kept by a gentleman of *Lincoln's-Inn*, who has undertaken to be his Hiſtriographer. I have ſent it 'to you, not only as it repreſents the actions of *Nicholas Hart*, but as it ſeems a very natural picture 'of the life of many an honeſt *Engliſh* gentleman, 'whoſe whole hiſtory very often conſiſts of yawning, 'nodding, ſtretching, turning, ſleeping, drinking, 'and the like extraordinary particulars. I do not 'queſtion, Sir, that, if you pleaſed, you could put 'out an Advertiſement not unlike the above-mentioned, of ſeveral men of figure; that Mr *John* ſuch-a-one, gentleman, or *Thomas* ſuch-a-one, Eſquire, 'who ſlept in the country laſt Summer, intends to 'ſleep in town this Winter. The worſt of it is, that 'the drowſy part of our ſpecies is chiefly made up of 'very honeſt gentlemen, who live quietly among their 'neighbours, without ever diſturbing the public peace: 'They are drones without ſtings. I could heartily 'wiſh, that ſeveral turbulent, reſtleſs, ambitious ſpirits, would for a-while change places with theſe 'good men, and enter themſelves into *Nicholas Hart's* 'fraternity. Could one but lay aſleep a few buſy 'heads which I could name, from the firſt of *November* next to the firſt of *May* enſuing, I queſtion not 'but it would very much redound to the quiet of 'particular perſons, as well as to the benefit of the 'public.

'BUT to return to *Nicholas Hart*: I believe, Sir, 'you will think it a very extraordinary circumſtance 'for a man to gain his livelihood by ſleeping, and 'that reſt ſhould procure a man ſuſtenance as well 'as induſtry; yet ſo it is that *Nicholas* got laſt year 'enough to ſupport himſelf for a twelve month. I 'am likewiſe informed that he has this year had a

'very

'very comfortable nap. The Poets value themſelves 'very much for ſleeping on *Parnaſſus*, but I never 'heard they got a groat by it: On the contrary, our 'friend *Nicholas* gets more by ſleeping than he could 'by working, and may be more properly ſaid, than 'ever *Homer* was, to have had golden dreams. *Juvenal* indeed mentions a drowſy huſband who raiſed 'an eſtate by ſnoring, but then he is repreſented to 'have ſlept what the common people call a *Dog's ſleep*; 'or if his ſleep was real, his wife was awake, and a'bout her buſineſs. Your pen, which loves to mo'ralize upon all ſubjects, may raiſe ſomething, me'thinks, on this circumſtance alſo, and point out to 'us thoſe ſets of men, who inſtead of growing rich 'by an honeſt induſtry, recommend themſelves to 'the favours of the great, by making themſelves a'greeable companions in the participations of luxury 'and pleaſure.

'I Must further acquaint you, Sir, that one of 'the moſt eminent pens in *Grub-ſtreet* is now employ'ed in writing the dream of this miraculous ſleeper, 'which I hear will be of a more than ordinary length, 'as it muſt contain all the particulars that are ſup'poſed to have paſſed in his imagination during ſo 'long a ſleep. He is ſaid to have gone already through 'three days and three nights of it, and to have com'priſed in them the moſt remarkable paſſages of the 'four firſt Empires of the world. If he can keep free 'from party-ſtrokes, his work may be of uſe; but 'this I much doubt, having been informed by one 'of his friends and confidents, that he has ſpoken 'ſome things of *Nimrod* with too great freedom.

L *I am ever, Sir, &c.*

Tueſday,

No. 185. *Tuesday, October* 2.

——*Tantæne Animis cœlestibus Iræ?* Virg. Aen. 1. v. 15.

And dwells such Fury in celestial Breasts?

THERE is nothing in which men more deceive themselves than in what the World call Zeal. There are so many passions which hide themselves under it, and so many mischiefs arising from it, that some have gone so far as to say it would have been for the benefit of mankind if it had never been reckoned in the catalogue of Virtues. It is certain, where it is once laudable and prudential, it is an hundred times criminal and erroneous; nor can it be otherwise, if we consider that it operates with equal violence in all religions, however opposite they may be to one another, and in all the subdivisions of each religion in particular.

WE are told by some of the *Jewish Rabbins*, that the first murder was occasioned by a religious controversy; and if we had the whole history of Zeal from the days of *Cain* to our own times, we should see it filled with so many scenes of slaughter and bloodshed, as would make a wise man very careful how he suffers himself to be actuated by such a principle, when it only regards matters of opinion and speculation.

I WOULD have every serious man examine his heart throughly, and, I believe, he will often find, that what he calls a zeal for his religion, is either pride, interest, or ill-nature. A man, who differs from another in opinion, sets himself above him in his own judgment, and in several particulars pretends to be the wiser Person. This is a great provocation to the proud man, and gives a very keen edge to what he calls his Zeal. And that this is the case

caſe very often, we may obſerve from the behaviour of ſome of the moſt zealous for orthodoxy, who have often great friendſhips and intimacies with vicious immoral men, provided they do but agree with them in the ſame ſcheme of belief. The reaſon is, Becauſe the vicious believer gives the precedency to the virtuous man, and allows the good Chriſtian to be the worthier perſon, at the ſame time that he cannot come up to his perfections. This we find exemplified in that trite paſſage which we ſee quoted in almoſt every ſyſtem of Ethics, tho' upon another occaſion.

———*Video meliora proboque,*
Deteriora ſequor——— Ovid. Met. l. 7. v. 20.

I ſee the right, and I approve it too;
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong purſue.
TATE

On the contrary, it is certain, if our Zeal were true and genuine, we ſhould be much more angry with a ſinner than a heretic; ſince there are ſeveral caſes which may excuſe the latter before his great Judge, but none which can excuſe the former.

INTEREST is likewiſe a great inflamer, and ſets a man on perſecution under the colour of Zeal. For this reaſon we find none are ſo forward to promote the true worſhip by fire and ſword, as thoſe who find their preſent account in it. But I ſhall extend the word *Intereſt* to a larger meaning than what is generally given it, as it relates to our ſpiritual ſafety and welfare, as well as to our temporal. A man is glad to gain numbers on his ſide, as they ſerve to ſtrengthen him in his private opinions. Every proſelyte is like a new argument for the eſtabliſhment of his faith. It makes him believe that his principles carry conviction with them, and are the more likely to be true, when he finds they are conformable to the reaſon of others, as well as to his own.

And

And that this temper of mind deludes a man very often into an opinion of his Zeal, may appear from the common behaviour of the Atheiſt who maintains and ſpreads his opinions with as much heat as thoſe who believe they do it only out of a paſſion for God's Glory.

ILL-NATURE is another dreadful imitator of Zeal. Many a good man may have a natural rancour and malice in his heart, which has been in ſome meaſure quelled and ſubdued by religion; but if he finds any pretence of breaking out, which does not ſeem to him inconſiſtent with the duties of a Chriſtian, it throws off all reſtraint, and rages in its full fury. Zeal is therefore a great eaſe to a malicious man, by making him believe he does God ſervice, whilſt he is gratifying the bent of a perverſe revengeful temper. For this reaſon we find, that moſt of the maſſacres and devaſtations, which have been in the world, have taken their riſe from a furious pretended Zeal.

I LOVE to ſee a man zealous in a good matter, and eſpecially when his zeal ſhews itſelf for advancing Morality and promoting the happineſs of mankind: But when I find the inſtruments he works with are racks and gibbets, gallies, and dungeons; when he impriſons mens perſons, confiſcates their eſtates, ruins their families, and burns the body to ſave the ſoul, I cannot ſtick to pronounce of ſuch a one, that (whatever he may think of his faith and religion) his faith is vain, and his religion unprofitable.

AFTER having treated of theſe falſe Zealots in religion, I cannot forbear mentioning a monſtrous ſpecies of men, who one would not think had any exiſtence in nature, were they not to be met with in ordinary converſation, I mean the zealots in Atheiſm. One would fancy that theſe men, tho' they fall ſhort, in every other reſpect, of thoſe who make a profeſſion of religion, would at leaſt outſhine them in

in this particular, and be exempt from that single fault which seems to grow out of the imprudent fervours of Religion: But so it is, that Infidelity is propagated with as much fierceness and contention, wrath and indignation, as if the safety of mankind depended upon it. There is something so ridiculous and perverse in this kind of zealots, that one does not know how to set them out in their proper colours. They are a sort of gamesters who are eternally upon the fret, though they play for nothing. They are perpetually teizing their friends to come over to them, though at the same time they allow that neither of them shall get any thing by the bargain. In short, the zeal of spreading Atheism is if possible, more absurd than Atheism itself.

SINCE I have mentioned this unaccountable zeal which appears in Atheists and Infidels, I must farther observe that they are likewise in a most particular manner possessed with the spirit of bigotry. They are wedded to opinions full of contradiction and impossibility, and at the same time look upon the smallest difficulty in an article of faith as a sufficient reason for rejecting it. Notions that fall in with the common reason of mankind, that are conformable to the sense of all Ages and all Nations, not to mention their tendency for promoting the happiness of societies, or of particular persons, are exploded as errors and prejudices; and schemes erected in their stead that are altogether monstrous and irrational, and require the most extravagant credulity to embrace them. I would fain ask one of these bigotted infidels, supposing all the great points of Atheism, as the casual or eternal formation of the world, the materiality of a thinking substance, the mortality of the soul, the fortuitous organization of the body, the motions and gravitation of matter, with the like particulars, were laid together and formed into a kind of Creed, according to the opinions of the most celebrated Atheists; I say, supposing such a Creed as this

this were formed, and impoſed upon any one people in the world, whether it would not require an infinitely greater meaſure of faith, than any ſet of articles which they ſo violently oppoſe. Let me therefore adviſe this generation of wranglers, for their own and for the public good, to act at leaſt ſo conſiſtently with themſelves, as not to burn with zeal for irreligion, and with bigotry for nonſenſe.

No. 186. *Wedneſday, October* 3.

Cœlum ipſum petimus ſtultitia.—— Hor. Od. 3, v. 38.

——Scarce the Gods, and heav'nly Climes,
Are ſafe from our audacious crimes. DRYDEN.

UPON my return to my lodgings laſt night I found a letter from my worthy friend the Clergyman, whom I have given ſome account of in my former Papers. He tells me in it that he was particularly pleaſed with the latter part of my yeſterday's Speculation; and at the ſame time incloſed the following Eſſay, which he deſires me to publiſh as the ſequel of that diſcourſe. It conſiſts partly of uncommon reflections, and partly of ſuch as have been already uſed, but now ſet in a ſtronger light.

‘ A BELIEVER may be excuſed by the moſt hard‑ ‘ ened Atheiſt for endeavouring to make him a con‑ ‘ vert, becauſe he does it with an eye to both their ‘ intereſts. The Atheiſt is inexcuſable who tries to ‘ gain over a Believer, becauſe he does not propoſe ‘ the doing himſelf or the believer any good by ſuch ‘ a converſion.

‘ THE proſpect of a future ſtate is the ſecret com‑ ‘ fort and refreſhment of my ſoul; it is that which ‘ makes Nature look gay about me; it doubles all my

'pleasures, and supports me under all my afflictions. 'I can look at disappointments and misfortunes, pain 'and sickness, death itself, and, what is worse than 'death, the loss of those who are dearest to me, with 'indifference, so long as I keep in veiw the pleasures 'of Eternity, and the state of being in which there will 'be no fears nor apprehensions, pains nor Sorrows, 'sickness or separation. Why will any man be so 'impertinently officious as to tell me all this is only 'fancy and delusion? Is there any merit in being the 'messenger of ill news? If it is a dream, let me enjoy 'it, since it makes me both the happier and better man.

'I MUST confess I do not know how to trust a 'man who believes neither Heaven nor Hell, or, in 'other words, a future state of Rewards and Punish-'ments. Not only natural self love, but Reason di-'rects us to promote our own interest above all 'things. It can never be for the interest of a Belie-'ver to do me a mischief, because he is sure upon 'the balance of accompts to find himself a loser by 'it. On the contrary, if he considers his own wel-'fare in his behaviour towards me, it will lead him 'to do me all the good he can, and at the same 'time restrain him from doing me any injury. An 'unbeliever does not act like a reasonable creature, if 'he favours me contrary to his present interest, or 'does not distress me when it turns to his present 'advantage. Honour and good-nature may indeed 'tie up his hands; but as these would be very much 'strengthened by Reason and Principle, so without 'them they are only instincts, or wavering unset-'tled notions, which rest on no foundation.

'INFIDELITY has been attack'd with so good 'success of late years, that it is driven out of all its 'out-works. The Atheist has not found his post 'tenable, and is therefore retired into Deism, and a 'disbelief of Revealed Religion only. But the truth 'of it is, the greatest number of this set of men, are 'those who, for want of a virtuous education, or

'examining

'examining the grounds of religion, know so very 'little of the matter in question, that their Infidelity 'is but another term for their ignorance.

'AS folly and inconsiderateness are the foundations of Infidelity, the great pillars and supports of 'it are either a vanity of appearing wiser than the 'rest of mankind, or an ostentation of courage in 'despising the terrors of another world, which have 'so great an influence on what they call weaker 'minds; or an aversion to a belief that must cut 'them off from many of those pleasures they propose 'to themselves, and fill them with the remorse for 'many of those they have already tasted.

'THE great received articles of the Christian 'Religion have been so clearly proved, from the Authority of that Divine Revelation in which they are 'delivered, that it is impossible for those who have 'ears to hear, and eyes to see, not to be convinced 'of them. But were it possible for any thing in the 'Christian Faith to be erroneous, I can find no ill 'consequences in adhering to it. The great points 'of the Incarnation and sufferings of our Saviour 'produce naturally such habits of Virtue in the 'mind of man, that I say, supposing it were possible for us to be mistaken in them, the Infidel 'himself must at least allow that no other system of 'Religion could so effectually contribute to the heightning of Morality. They give us great ideas of the 'dignity of human Nature, and of the love which 'the Supreme Being bears to his creatures, and consequently engage us in the highest acts of duty towards our Creator, our neighbour, and ourselves. 'How many noble arguments has Saint *Paul* raised 'from the chief articles of our religion, for the advancing of Morality in its three great branches? 'To give a single example in each kind: What can 'be a stronger motive to a firm trust and reliance on 'the mercies of our Maker, than the giving us his 'Son to suffer for us? What can make us love and

 'esteem

'eſteem even the moſt inconſiderable of mankind,
'more than the thought that Chriſt died for him?
'Or what diſpoſe us to ſet a ſtricter guard upon the
'purity of our own hearts, than our being members
'of Chriſt, and a part of the ſociety of which that
'immaculate Perſon is the head? But these are only
'a ſpecimen of thoſe admirable enforcements of Mo-
'rality, which the Apoſtle has drawn from the hiſ-
'tory of our bleſſed Saviour.

'IF our modern Infidels conſidered theſe matters
'with that candour and ſerioufneſs which they de-
'ſerve, we ſhould not ſee them act with ſuch a ſpi-
'rit of bitterneſs, arrogance, and malice: They
'would not be raiſing ſuch inſignificant cavils, doubts,
'and ſcruples, as may be ſtarted againſt every thing
'that is not capable of mathematical demonſtration;
'in order to unſettle the minds of the ignorant, diſ-
'turb the public peace, ſubvert morality, and throw
'all things into confuſion and diſorder. If none of
'theſe reflections can have any influence on them,
'there is one that perhaps may, becauſe it is adapt-
'ed to their vanity, by which they ſeem to be gui-
'ded much more than their Reaſon. I would there-
'fore have them conſider, that the wiſeſt and beſt
'of men, in all Ages of the World, have been thoſe
'who lived up to the Religion of their country, when
'they ſaw nothing in it oppoſite to Morality, and to
'the beſt lights they had of the Divine Nature. *Py-*
'*thagoras*'s firſt rule directs us to worſhip the Gods
'*as it is ordained by Law*, for that is the moſt natu-
'ral interpretation of the precept. *Socrates*, who
'was the moſt renowned among the Heathens both
'for Wiſdom and Virtue, in his laſt moments de-
'ſires his friends to offer a Cock to *Æſculapius*;
'doubtleſs out of a ſubmiſſive deference to the eſta-
'bliſhed worſhip of his country. *Xenophon* tells us,
'that his prince (whom he ſets forth as a pattern of
'perfection) when he found his death approaching,
'offered ſacrifices on the mountains to the *Perſian*

'*Jupiter*,

'*Jupiter*, and the Sun, *according to the custom of the* '*Persians*; for those are the words of the Historian. 'Nay, the *Epicureans* and Atomical Philosophers 'shewed a very remarkable modesty in this particu-'lar; for though the being of a God was entirely 'repugnant to their schemes of Natural Philosophy, 'they contented themselves with the denial of a Pro-'vidence, asserting at the same time the existence of 'Gods in general; because they would not shock the 'common belief of mankind, and the Religion of their 'country.

No. 187. *Thursday, October* 4.

———*Miseri quibus*
Intentata nites——— Hor. Od. 5. l. 1. v. 12.

Ah, wretched those who love, yet ne'er did try
The smiling Treachery of thy Eye! Creech.

THE intelligence given by this correspondent is so important and useful in order to avoid the persons he speaks of, that I shall insert his Letter at length.

Mr Spectator,

'I Do not know that you have ever touched upon 'a certain species of women, whom we ordina-'rely call Jilts. You cannot possibly go upon a 'more useful work, than the consideration of these 'dangerous Animals. The Coquette is indeed one 'degree towards the jilt; but the heart of the for-'mer is bent upon admiring herself, and giving false 'hopes to her lovers; but the latter is not contented 'to be extremely amiable, but she must add to that 'advantage a certain delight in being a torment to 'others. Thus when her lover is in the full expecta-'tion

' tion of ſucceſs, the Jilt ſhall meet him with a ſud-
' den indifference, and admiration in her face at his
' being ſurpriſed that he is received like a Stranger,
' and a caſt of her head another way with a pleaſant
' ſcorn of the fellow's inſolence. It is very probable
' the Lover goes home utterly aſtoniſhed and deject-
' ed; ſits down to his ſcrutoir, ſends her word in
' the moſt abject terms, That he knows not what he
' has done; that all which was deſirable in this life
' is ſo ſuddenly vaniſhed from him, that the charm-
' er of his ſoul ſhould withdraw the vital heat from
' the heart which pants for her. He continues a
' mournful abſence for ſome time, pining in ſecret,
' and out of humour with all things which he meets
' with. At length he takes a reſolution to try his
' fate, and explain with her reſolutely upon her unac-
' countable carriage. He walks up to her apart-
' ment, with a thouſand inquietudes and doubts in
' what manner he ſhall meet the firſt caſt of her eye;
' when upon his firſt appearance ſhe flies towards
' him, wonders where he has been, accuſes him of
' his abſence, and treats him with a familiarity as
' ſurpriſing as her former coldneſs. This good cor-
' reſpondence continues till the Lady obſerves the
' lover grows happy in it, and then ſhe interrupts
' it with ſome new inconſiſtency of behaviour. For
' (as I juſt now ſaid) the happineſs of a Jilt conſiſts
' only in the power of making others uneaſy. But
' ſuch is the folly of this ſect of women, that they
' carry on this pretty ſkittiſh behaviour, till they
' have no charms left to render it ſupportable. *Co-*
' *rinna*, that uſed to torment all who converſed with
' her with falſe glances, and little heedleſs unguard-
' ed motions, that were to betray ſome inclination
' towards the man ſhe would inſnare, finds at pre-
' ſent all ſhe attempts that way unregarded, and is
' obliged to indulge the Jilt in her conſtitution, by
' laying artificial plots, writing perplexing letters
' from unknown hands, and making all the young

' fellows

fellows in love with her, till they find out who ſhe
‘ is. Thus, as before ſhe gave torment by diſ-
‘ guiſing her inclination, ſhe now is obliged to do
‘ it by hiding her perſon.

‘ As for my own part, Mr. SPECTATOR, it has
‘ been my unhappy fate to be jilted from my youth
‘ upward; and as my taſte has been very much to-
‘ wards intrigue, and having intelligence with Wo-
‘ men of wit, my whole life has paſſed away in a
‘ ſeries of impoſitions. I ſhall, for the benefit of
‘ the preſent race of young men, give ſome account
‘ of my loves. I know not whether you have ever
‘ heard of the famous Girl about town called *Kitty*:
‘ This creature (for I muſt take ſhame upon myſelf)
‘ was my miſtreſs in the days when keeping was in
‘ faſhion. *Kitty*, under the appearance of being wild,
‘ thoughtleſs, and irregular in all her words and ac-
‘ tions, concealed the moſt accompliſhed Jilt of her
‘ time. Her negligence had to me a charm in it,
‘ like that of chaſtity, and want of deſires ſeemed as
‘ great a merit as the conqueſt of them. The air ſhe
‘ gave herſelf was that of a romping girl, and when-
‘ ever I talked to her with any turn of fondneſs, ſhe
‘ would immediately ſnatch off my periwig, try it
‘ upon herſelf in the glaſs, clap her arms a kimbow,
‘ draw my ſword, and make paſſes on the wall, take
‘ off my cravat, and ſeize it to make ſome other uſe
‘ of the lace, or run into ſome other unaccountable
‘ rompiſhneſs, till the time I had appointed to paſs
‘ away with her was over. I went from her full of
‘ pleaſure at the reflection that I had the keeping of
‘ ſo much beauty in a woman, who, as ſhe was too
‘ heedleſs to pleaſe me, was alſo too unattentive to
‘ form a deſign to wrong me. Long did I divert
‘ every hour that hung heavy upon me in the com-
‘ pany of this Creature, whom I looked upon as
‘ neither guilty nor innocent, but could laugh at
‘ myſelf for my unaccountable pleaſure in an expence

‘ upon

'upon her, till in the end it appeared my pretty in'sensible was with child by my footman.

'THIS accident roused me into a disdain against 'all libertine women, under what appearance soever 'they hid their insincerity, and I resolved after that 'time to converse with none but those who lived 'within the rules of decency and honour. To this 'end I formed myself into a more regular turn of 'behaviour, and began to make visits, frequent as'semblies, and lead out Ladies from the Theatres, 'with all the other insignificant duties which the 'professed servants of the Fair place themselves in 'constant readiness to perform. In a very little 'time, (having a plentiful fortune) Fathers and Mo'thers began to regard me as a good match, and I 'found easy admittance into the best families in town 'to observe their daughters; but I, who was born 'to follow the Fair to no purpose, have by the force 'of my ill-stars made my application to three Jilts 'successively.

'*HYÆNA* is one of those who form themselves 'into a melancholy and indolent air, and endeavour 'to gain admirers from their inattention to all a'round them. *Hyæna* can loll in her coach, with 'something so fixed in her countenance, that it is 'impossible to conceive her meditation is employed 'only on her dress and her charms in that posture. 'If it were not too coarse a simile, I should say, *Hy'æna*, in the figure she affects to appear in, is a spi'der in the midst of a cobweb, that is sure to destroy 'every fly that approaches it. The net *Hyæna* throws 'is so fine, that you are taken in it before you can 'observe any part of her work. I attempted her for 'a long and weary season, but I found her passion 'went no farther than to be admired; and she is of 'that unreasonable temper, as not to value the in'constancy of her lovers, provided she can boast she 'once had their addresses.

'*BIBLIS* was the second I aimed at, and her

'vanity

vanity lay in purchasing the adorers of others, and 'not in rejoicing in their love itself. *Biblis* is no 'man's mistress, but every woman's rival. As soon 'as I found this, I fell in love with *Chloe*, who is 'my present pleasure and torment. I have writ to 'her danced with her, and fought for her, and have 'been her man in the sight and expectation of the 'whole Town these Three years, and thought myself 'near the end of my wishes; when the other day 'she called me into her closet, and told me, with a 'very grave face that she was a woman of honour, 'and scorned to deceive a man who loved her with 'so much sincerity as she saw I did, and therefore 'she must inform me that she we was by Nature the 'most inconstant creature breathing, and begg'd of 'me not to marry her; If I insisted upon it, I should? 'but that she was lately fallen in love with another. 'What to do or say I know not, but desire you to 'inform me, and you will infinitely oblige,

S I R, Your most humble Servant,

CHARLES YELLOW.

ADVERTISEMENT.

MR Sly, *Haberdasher of Hats, at the corner of* Devereux-Court *in the* Strand, *gives notice, That he has prepared very neat hats, rubbers, and brushes for the use of young tradesmen in their last year of apprenticeship at reasonable rates.*

No. 188. *Friday, October* 6.

Lætus sum Laudari a te Laudato viro. Tull.

It gives me Pleasure, to be praised by you, whom all men praise.

HE is a very unhappy man who sets his heart upon being admired by the multitude, or effects a general

general and undiſtinguiſhing applauſe among men. What pious men call the teſtimony of a good conſcience, ſhould be the meaſure of our ambition in this kind; that is to ſay, a man of ſpirit ſhould contemn the praiſe of the ignorant, and like being applauded for nothing but what he knows in his own heart he deſerves. Beſides which the character of the perſon who commends you is to be conſidered, before you ſet a value upon his eſteem. The praiſe of an ignorant man is only good-will, and you ſhould receive his kindneſs as he is a good neighbour in ſociety and not as a good judge of your actions in point of fame and reputation. The Satyriſt ſaid very well of popular praiſe and acclamations, *Give the tinkers and coblers their preſents again, and learn to live of yourſelf.* It is an argument of a looſe and ungoverned mind to be affected with the promiſcuous approbation of the generality of mankind; and a man of virtue ſhould be too delicate for ſo coarſe an appetite of fame. Men of honour ſhould endeavour only to pleaſe the worthy, and the man of merit ſhould deſire to be tried by his Peers. I thought it a noble ſentiment which I heard yeſterday uttered in converſation; I know, ſaid a Gentleman, *a way to be greater than any man: If he has worth in him, I can rejoice in his ſuperiority to me; and that ſatisfaction is a greater act of the ſoul in me, than any in him which can poſſibly appear to me.* This thought could not proceed but from a candid and generous ſpirit; and the approbation of ſuch minds is what may be eſteemed true praiſe: For with the common rate of men there is nothing commendable but what they themſelves may hope to be partakers of, and arrive at: But the motive truely glorious is, when the mind is ſet rather to do things laudable, than to purchaſe reputation. Where there is that ſincerity as the foundation of a good name, the kind opinion of virtuous men will be an unſought, but a neceſſary conſequence. The *Lacedemonians*, tho' a plain people

p..., and no pretenders to politeneſs, had a certain delicacy in their ſenſe of glory, and ſacrificed to the Muſes when they entered upon any great enterpriſe. They would have the commemoration of their actions be tranſmitted by the pureſt and moſt untainted Memorialiſts. The din which attends victories and public triumphs is by far leſs elligible, than the recital of the actions of great men by honeſt and wiſe Hiſtorians. It is a frivolous pleaſure to be the admiration of gaping crowds; but to have the approbation of a good man in the cool reflexions of his cloſet, is a gratification worthy an heroic ſpirit. The applauſe of the crowd makes the head giddy, but the atteſtation of a reaſonable man makes the heart glad.

WHAT makes the love of popular or general praiſe ſtill more ridiculous, is, that it is uſually given for circumſtances which are foreign to the perſons admired. Thus they are the ordinary attendants on power and riches, which may be taken out of one man's hands, and put into another's. The application only, and not the poſſeſſion, makes thoſe outward things honourable. The vulgar and men of ſenſe agree in admiring men for having what they themſelves would rather be poſſeſſed of; the wiſe man applauds him whom he thinks moſt virtuous, the reſt of the world him who is moſt wealthy.

WHEN a man is in this way of thinking, I do not know what can occur to one more monſtrous, than to ſee perſons of ingenuity addreſs their ſervices and performances to men no way addicted to liberal arts: In theſe caſes, the praiſe on one hand, and the patronage on the other, are equally the objects of ridicule. Dedications to ignorant men are as abſurd as any of the ſpeeches of *Bulfinch* in the Droll: Such an addreſs one is apt to tranſlate into other words; and when the different parties are thoroughly conſidered, the panegyric generally implies no more than if the Author ſhould ſay to the Patron; My very good Lord, You and I can never underſtand one another,

therefore

therefore I humbly desire we may be intimate friends for the future.

THE rich may as well ask to borrow of the poor, as the man of virtue or merit hope for addition to his character from any but such as himself. He that commends another engages so much of his own reputation as he gives to that person recommended; and he that has nothing laudable in himself is not of ability to be such a surety. The wise *Phocion* was so sensible how dangerous it was to be touched with what the multitude approved, that, upon a general acclamation made when he was making an Oration, he turned to an intelligent friend who stood near him, and asked in a surprised manner, What slip have I made?

I SHALL conclude this Paper with a billet which has fallen into my hands, and was written to a Lady from a Gentleman whom she had highly commended. The Author of it had formerly been her lover. When all possibility of commerce between them on the subject of love was cut off, she spoke so handsomely of him, as to give occasion for this Letter.

Madam,

'I SHOULD be insensible to a stupidity, if I could 'forbear making you my acknowledgments for 'your late mention of me with so much applause. It 'is, I think, your fate to give me new sentiments; 'as you formerly inspired me with the true sense of 'love, so do you now with the true sense of glory. 'As desire had the least part in the passion I hereto-'fore professed towards you, so has vanity no share 'in the glory to which you have now raised me. In-'nocence, knowledge, beauty, virtue, sincerity, 'and discretion, are the constant ornaments of her 'who has said this of me. Fame is a babler, but I 'have arrived at the highest glory in this world, the 'commendation of the most deserving person in it. T

Saturday,

No. 189. *Saturday, October* 6.

——*Patriæ pietatis imago.* Virg. Aen. 10. v. 824.

An Image of Paternal Tenderneſs!

THE following Letter being written to my Bookſeller, upon a ſubject of which I treated ſome time ſince, I ſhall publiſh it in this Paper, together with the Letter that was incloſed in it.

Mr Buckley,

'MR SPECTATOR having of late deſcanted upon 'the cruelty of parents to their children, I have 'been induced (at the requeſt of ſeveral of MR SPECTATOR's admirers) to incloſe this Letter, which I 'aſſure you is the original from a Father to his own 'Son, notwithſtanding the latter gave but little or 'no provocation. It would be wonderfully obliging 'to the world, if MR SPECTATOR would give his opinion of it in ſome of his Speculations, and particularly to

(Mr *Buckley.*)

Your humble Servant.

SIRRAH,

'YOU are a ſaucy audacious raſcal, and both fool 'and mad, and I care not a farthing whether 'you comply or no; that does not raze out my impreſſions of your inſolence, going about railing at 'me, and the next day to ſolicit my favour: Theſe 'are inconſiſtencies, ſuch as diſcover thy reaſon depraved. To be brief, I never deſire to ſee your 'face, and, Sirrah, if you go to the Work-houſe, it 'is no diſgrace to me for you to be ſupported there; 'and

'and if you ſtarve in the ſtreets, I'll never give any
'thing underhand in your behalf. If I have any
'more of your ſcribbling nonſenſe I'll break your head
'the firſt time I ſet ſight on you. You are a ſtub-
'born beaſt; Is this your gratitude for my giving
'you money? You rogue, I'll better your judgment,
'and give you a greater ſenſe of your duty to (I re-
'gret to ſay) your Father, *&c.*

'*P. S.* It's prudence for you to keep out of my
'ſight; for to reproach me that might overcomes
'right, on the outſide of your Letter, I ſhall give you
'a great knock on the ſkull for it.

WAS there ever ſuch an image of paternal tenderneſs! It was uſual among ſome of the *Greeks* to make their ſlaves drink to exceſs, and then expoſe them to their Children, who by that means conceived an early averſion to a vice which makes men appear ſo monſtrous and irrational. I have expoſed this picture of an unnatural Father with the ſame intention, that its deformity may deter others from its reſemblance. If the reader has a mind to ſee a Father of the ſame ſtamp repreſented in the moſt exquiſite ſtrokes of humour, he may meet with it in one of the fineſt Comedies that ever appeared upon the *Engliſh* ſtage: I mean the part of Sir *Sampſon* in *Love for Love.*

I MUST not however engage myſelf blindly on the ſide of the Son, to whom the fond Letter above-written was directed. His Father calls him a *ſaucy and audacious Raſcal* in the firſt line, and I am afraid upon examination he will prove but an ungracious youth. *To go about railing* at his Father, and to find no other place but *the outſide of his Letter* to tell him *that might overcomes right,* if it does not diſcover *his Reaſon to be depraved,* and that *he is either Fool or mad,* as the cholerick old Gentleman tells him, we may at leaſt allow that the Father will do very well in endeavouring

deavouring to *better his judgment, and give him a greater sense of his duty.* But whether this may be brought about *by breaking his head,* or *giving him a great knock on the Skull,* ought, I think, to be well considered. Upon the whole, I wish the Father has not met with his match, and that he may not be as equally paired with a Son, as the mother in *Virgil.*

—— *Crudelis tu quoque mater:*
Crudelis mater magis, an puer improbus ille?
Improbus ille puer, crudelis tu quoque mater. Ecl. 8. v. 48.

Cruel alike the Mother and the Son.

Or like the Crow and her Egg, in the *Greek* Proverb,

Κακῦ κόρακος κακὸν ὠόν.

Bad the Crow, bad the Egg.

I Must here take take notice of a Letter which I have received from an unknown correspondent, upon the subject of my Paper, upon which the foregoing letter is likewise founded. The Writer of it seems very much concerned lest that Paper should seem to give encouragement to the disobedience of Children towards their parents; but if the Writer of it will take the pains to read it over again attentively, I dare say his apprehensions will vanish. Pardon and reconciliation are all the penitent daughter requests, and all that I contend for in her behalf; and in this case I may use the saying of an eminent Wit, who, upon some great mens pressing him to forgive his daughter who had married against his consent, told them he could refuse nothing to their instances, but that he would have them remember there was difference between *giving* and *forgiving.*

I Must, confess in all controversies between Parents and their Children, I am naturally prejudiced in favour of the former. The obligations on that side can never be acquitted, and I think it is one of

the greateſt reflections upon human nature that paternal inſtinct ſhould be a ſtronger motive to love than filial gratitude; that the receiving of favours ſhould be a leſs inducement to good-will, tenderneſs and commiſeration, than the conferring of them; and that the taking care of any perſon ſhould endear the child or dependent more to the Parent or benefactor than the Parent or Benefactor to the child or dependent; yet ſo it happens, that for one cruel Parent we meet with a thouſand undutiful Children. This is indeed wonderfully contrived (as I have formerly obſerved) for the ſupport of every living ſpecies; but at the ſame time that it ſhews the wiſdom of the Creator, it diſcovers the imperfection and degeneracy of the Creature.

THE obedience of Children to their Parents is the baſis of all Government, and ſet forth as the meaſure of that obedience which we owe to thoſe whom Providence hath placed over us.

IT is Father *Le Compte*, if I am not miſtaken, who tells us how want of duty in this particular is puniſhed among the *Chineſe*, inſomuch that if a ſon ſhould be known to kill, or ſo much as to ſtrike his Father, not only the criminal but his whole family would be rooted out, nay the inhabitants of the place where he lived would be put to the ſword, nay the place itſelf would be razed to the ground, and its foundations ſown with ſalt: For, ſay they, there muſt have been an utter depravation of manners in that clan or ſociety of people who could have bred up among them ſo horrid an offender. To this I ſhall add a paſſage out of the firſt book of *Herodotus*. That Hiſtorian in his account of the *Perſian* cuſtoms and religion tells us, it is their opinion that no man ever killed his Father, or that it is poſſible ſuch a crime ſhould be in nature; but that if any thing like it ſhould ever happen, they conclude that the reputed Son muſt have been illegitimate, ſuppoſititious, or begotten in adultery. Their opinion in this particular

ticular shews sufficiently what a notion they must have had of undutifulness in general. L

No. 190. *Monday, October* 8.

Servitus crescit nova—— Hor. Od. 8. l. 2. v. 18.

A Servitude to former Times unknown.

SINCE I made some reflexions upon the general negligence used in the case of regard towards women, or, in other words, since I talked of wenching, I have had Epistles upon that subject, which I shall, for the present entertainment, insert as they lye before me.

MR SPECTATOR,

'AS your Speculations are not confined to any 'part of human life, but concern the wicked 'as well as the good, I must desire your favourable 'acceptance of what I, a poor strolling girl about 'town, have to say to you. I was told by a Roman 'Catholic Gentleman who picked me up last week, 'and who, I hope, is absolved for what passed be-'tween us; I say I was told by such a person, who 'endeavoured to convert me to his own religion, 'that in Countries where Popery prevails, besides 'the advantage of licensed stews, there are large 'endowments given for the *Incurabili*, I think he 'called them, such as are past all remedy, and are 'allowed such maintenance and support as to keep 'them without farther care till they expire. This 'manner of treating poor sinners has, methinks, 'great humanity in it; and as you are a person who 'pretend to carry your reflexions upon all subjects 'whatever occur to you, with candour, and act a-'bove the sense of what misinterpretation you may

‘ meet with, I beg the favour of you to lay before ‘ all the world the unhappy condition of us poor ‘ vagrants, who are really in a way of labour in-‘ ſtead of idleneſs. There are crowds of us whoſe ‘ manner of livelihood has long ceaſed to be plea-‘ ſing to us; and who would willingly lead a new ‘ life, if the rigour of the virtuous did not for ever ‘ expel us from coming into the world again. As it ‘ now happens, to the eternal infamy of the male ‘ ſex, falſhood among you is not reproachful, but ‘ credulity in women is infamous.

‘ GIVE me leave, Sir, to give you my Hiſtory. ‘ You are to know that I am a daughter of a man ‘ of a good reputation, tenant to a man of quality. ‘ The heir of this great houſe took it in his head to ‘ caſt a favourable eye upon me, and ſucceeded. I ‘ do not pretend to ſay he promiſed me marriage: I ‘ was not a creature ſilly enough to be taken by ſo ‘ fooliſh a ſtory: But he ran away with me up to this ‘ Town, and introduced me to a grave matron, with ‘ whom I boarded for a day or two with great gravi-‘ ty, and was not a little pleaſed with the change ‘ of my condition, from that of a country life to the ‘ fineſt company, as I believed, in the whole world. ‘ My humble Servant made me underſtand that I ‘ ſhould be always kept in the plentiful condition I ‘ then enjoyed; when after a very great fondneſs to-‘ wards me, he one day took his leave of me for ‘ four or five days. In the Evening of the ſame day ‘ my good landlady came to me, and obſerving me ‘ very penſive, began to comfort me, and with a ‘ ſmile told me I muſt ſee the world. When I was ‘ deaf to all ſhe could ſay to divert me, ſhe began to ‘ tell me with a very frank air that I muſt be treat-‘ ted as I ought, and not take theſe ſqueamiſh hu-‘ mours upon me, for my friend had left me to the ‘ Town; and, as their phraſe is, ſhe expected I would ‘ ſee company, or I muſt be treated like what I had ‘ brought myſelf to. This put me into a fit of cry-

‘ ing:

'ing: And I immediately, in a true ſenſe of my
'condition, threw myſelf on the floor, deploring
'my fate, calling upon all that was good and ſa-
'cred to ſuccour me. While I was in all this ago-
'ny, I obſerved a decrepit old fellow come into the
'room, and looking with a ſenſe of pleaſure in his
'face at all my vehemence and tranſport. In a
'pauſe of my diſtreſs I heard him ſay to the ſhame-
'leſs old woman who ſtood by me, She is certainly
'a new face, or elſe ſhe acts it rarely. With that
'the gentlewoman, who was making her market of
'me, in all the turn of my perſon, the heaves of
'my paſſion, and the ſuitable changes of my poſ-
'ture, took occaſion to commend my neck, my
'ſhape, my eyes, my limbs. All this was accom-
'panied with ſuch ſpeeches as you may have heard
'horſe-courſers make in the ſale of nags, when they
'are warranted for their ſoundneſs. You under-
'ſtand by this time that I was left in a brothel, and
'expoſed to the next bidder that could purchaſe me
'of my patroneſs. This is ſo much the work of
'Hell; the pleaſure in the poſſeſſion of us wenches,
'abates in proportion to the degrees we go beyond
'the bounds of innocence; and no man is gratified,
'if there is nothing left for him to debauch. Well,
'Sir, my firſt man, when I came upon the town,
'was Sir *Jeoffry Foible*, who was extremely laviſh to
'me of his money, and took ſuch a fancy to me
'that he would have carried me off, if my Patro-
'neſs would have taken any reaſonable terms for
'me: But as he was old, his covetouſneſs was his
'ſtrongeſt paſſion, and poor I was ſoon left expoſed
'to be the common refuſe of all the rakes and de-
'bauchees in town. I cannot tell whether you will
'do me juſtice or no, till I ſee whether you print
'this or not; otherwiſe, as I now live with *Sal*, I
'could give you a very juſt account of who and
'who is together in this Town. You perhaps won't
'believe it; but I know of one who pretends to be

'a very

'a very good Proteſtant who lies with a Roman 'Catholic: But more of this hereafter, as you 'pleaſe me. There do come to our houſe the great-'eſt Politcians of the age; and *Sal* is more ſhrewd 'than any body thinks: No body can believe that 'ſuch wiſe men could go to bawdy-houſes out of 'idle purpoſes; I have heard them often talk of '*Auguſtus Cæſar*, who had intrigues with the wives 'of Senators, not out of wantonneſs but ſtratagem.

'IT is a thouſand pities you ſhould be ſo ſeverely 'virtuous as I fear you are; otherwiſe, after one vi-'ſit or two, you would ſoon underſtand that we wo-'men of the town are not ſuch uſeleſs Correſpondents 'as you may imagine: You have undoubtedly heard 'that it was a courteſan who diſcovered *Catiline*'s con-'ſpiracy. If you print this I'll tell you more; and 'am in the mean time,

SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

REBECCA NETTLETOP.

MR SPECTATOR,

'I AM an idle young woman that would work for 'my livelihood, but that I am kept in ſuch a man-'ner as I cannot ſtir out. My tyrant is an old jea-'lous fellow, who allows me nothing to appear in. 'I have but one ſhoe and one ſlipper; no head-dreſs, 'and no upper petticoat. As you ſet up for a Re-'former, I deſire you would take me out of this wic-'ked way, and keep me yourſelf.

EVE AFTERDAY.

MR SPECTATOR,

'I AM to complain to you of a ſet of impertinent 'coxcombs, who viſit the apartments of us wo-'men of the town, only, as they call it, to ſee the 'world. I muſt confeſs to you, this to men of de-licacy

'licacy might have an effect to cure them; but as 'they are stupid, noisy and drunken fellows, it tends 'only to make vice in themselves, as they think, plea-'sant and humourous, and at the same time nauseous 'in us. I shall, Sir, hereafter from time to time give 'you the names of these wretches who pretend to en-'ter our houses merely as spectators. These men 'think it wit to use us ill: Pray tell them, however 'worthy we are of such treatment, it is unworthy them 'to be guilty of it towards us. Pray, Sir, take no-'tice of this, and pity the oppressed: I wish we could 'add to it, the innocent. T

No. 191. *Tuesday, October 9.*

——οὖλον ὄνειρον Hom. Il. 2. v. 6.

——*Deluding Vision of the Night.* Pope.

SOME ludicrous schoolmen have put the case, that if an Ass were placed between two bundles of hay, which affected his senses equally on each side, and tempted him in the very same degree, whether it would be possible for him to eat of either. They generally determine this question to the disadvantage of the Ass, who they say would starve in the midst of plenty, as not having a single grain of free-will to determine him more to the one than to the other. The bundle of hay on either side striking his sight and smell in the same proportion, would keep him in a perpetual suspence, like the two magnets which, travellers have told us, are placed one of them in the roof, and the other in the floor of *Mahomet*'s burying-place at *Mecca*, and by that means, say they, pull the Impostor's iron coffin with such an equal attraction, that it hangs in the air between both of them. As for the Ass's behaviour in such nice circumstances, whether he

he would ſtarve ſooner than violate his neutrality to the two bundles of hay, I ſhall not preſume to determine; but only take notice of the conduct of our own ſpecies in the ſame perplexity. When a man has a mind to venture his money in a lottery, every figure of it appears equally alluring, and as likely to ſucceed as any of its fellows. They all of them have the ſame pretenſions to good-luck, ſtand upon the ſame foot of competition, and no manner of reaſon can be given why a man ſhould prefer one to the other before the Lottery is drawn. In this caſe therefore caprice very often acts in the place of reaſon, and forms to itſelf ſome groundleſs imaginary motive, where real and ſubſtantial ones are wanting. I know a well-meaning man that is very well pleaſed to riſk his good-fortune upon the number 1711, becauſe it is the year of our Lord. I am acquainted with a Tacker that would give a good deal for the number 134. On the contrary I have been told of a certain zealous Diſſenter, who being a great enemy to Popery, and believing that bad men are the moſt fortunate in this world, will lay two to one on the number 666 againſt any other number, becauſe, ſays he, it is the number of the Beaſt. Several would prefer the number 12000 before any other, as it is the number of the pounds in the great prize. In ſhort, ſome are pleaſed to find their own age in their number; ſome that they have got a number which makes a pretty appearance in the cyphers; and others, becauſe it is the ſame number that ſucceeded in the laſt Lottery. Each of theſe, upon no other grounds, thinks he ſtands faireſt for the great lot, and that he is poſſeſſed of what may not be improperly called the *Golden Number*.

THESE principles of election are the paſtimes and extravagances of human reaſon, which is of ſo buſy a nature, that it will be exerting itſelf in the meaneſt trifles, and working even when it wants materials. The wiſeſt of men are ſometimes acted by ſuch unaccountable motives, as the life of the fool and the ſuperſtitious is guided by nothing elſe.

I Am ſurpriſed that none of the fortune-tellers, or, as the *French* call them, the *Diſeurs de bonne Avanture*, who publiſh their bills in every quarter of the town, have not turned our Lotteries to their advantage: Did any of them ſet up for a caſter of fortunate figures, what might he not get by his pretended diſcoveries and predictions?

I Remember among the advertiſements in the *Poſt-boy* of *September* the 27th, I was ſurpriſed to ſee the following one:

This is to give notice, that ten ſhillings over and above the market-price, will be given for the ticket in 1500000 l. *lottery*, No. 132. *by* Nath. Cliff *at the Bible and Three crowns in Cheapſide.*

THIS Advertiſement has given great matter of Speculation to Coffee-houſe theoriſts. Mr *Cliff*'s principles and converſation have been canvaſſed upon this occaſion, and various conjectures made why he ſhould thus ſet his heart upon No. 132. I have examined all the powers in thoſe Numbers, broken them into Fractions, extracted the Square and Cube Root, divided and multiplied them all ways, but could not arrive at the ſecret till about three days ago, when I received the following letter from an unknown hand, by which I find that Mr *Nathaniel Cliff* is only the agent, and not the principal in this Advertiſement.

Mr Spectator,

'I AM the perſon that lately advertiſed I would 'give Ten ſhillings more than the current price 'for the Ticket No. 132 in the Lottery now draw-'ing; which is a ſecret I have communicated to 'ſome friends, who rally me inceſſantly upon 'that account. You muſt know I have but one 'Ticket, for which reaſon, and a certain dream I 'have lately had more than once, I was reſolved it 'ſhould

'should be the Number I most approved. I am so 'positive I have pitched upon the great Lot, that I 'could almost lay all I am worth of it. My visions 'are so frequent and strong upon this occasion, that 'I have not only possessed the Lot, but disposed of 'the Money which in all probability it will sell for. 'This morning in particular, I set up an equipage 'which I look upon to be the gayest in Town; the 'liveries are very rich, but not gaudy. I should 'be very glad to see a Speculation or two upon Lot-'tery subjects, in which you would oblige all people 'concerned, and in particular

Your most humble Servant,

GEORGE GOSLING.

P. S. 'Dear SPEC, if I get the 12000 Pound, 'I'll make thee a handsome present.

AFTER having wished my correspondent good luck, and thanked him for his intended kindness, I shall for this time dismiss the subject of the Lottery, and only observe that the greatest part of mankind are in some degree guilty of my friend *Gosling*'s extravagance. We are apt to rely upon future prospects, and become really expensive while we are only rich in possibility. We live up to our expectations, not to our possessions, and make a figure proportionable to what we may be, not what we are. We outrun our present income, as not doubting to disburse ourselves out of the profits of some future place, project, or reversion that we have in view. It is through this temper of mind, which is so common among us, that we see tradesmen break, who have met with no misfortunes in their business; and men of estates reduced to poverty, who have never suffered from Losses or Repairs, Tenants, Taxes, or Law-suits. In short, it is this foolish sanguine temper, this depending upon contingent futurities, that occasions

occasions Romantic generosity, Chimerical grandeur, senseless ostentation, and generally ends in beggary and ruin. The man, who will live above his present circumstances, is in great danger of living in a little time much beneath them, or, as the *Italian* proverb runs, The man who lives by Hope will die by Hunger.

IT should be an indispensable rule in life, to contract our desires to our present condition, and whatever may be our expectations, to live within the compass of what we actually possess. It will be time enough to enjoy an estate when it comes into our hands; but if we anticipate our good fortune, we shall lose the pleasure of it when it arrives, and may possibly never possess what we have so foolishly counted upon. L

No. 192. *Wednesday, October* 10.

——Uno ore omnes omnia
Bona dicere, & laudare Fortunas meas,
Qui Gnatum haberem tali ingenio præditum
Ter. Andr. Act. 1. Sc. 1.

All men agreed in complimenting me, and applauded my good Fortune in being the Father of so towardly a Son.

I STOOD the other day, and beheld a Father sitting in the middle of a room with a large family of children about him; and methought I could observe in his countenance different motions of delight, as he turned his eye towards the one and the other of them. The man is a person moderate in his designs for their preferment and welfare; and as he has an easy Fortune, he is not solicitous to make a great one. His eldest son is a child of a very towardly disposition, and as much as the Father loves him, I dare

dare ſay he will never be a knave to improve his fortune. I do not know any man who has a juſter reliſh of life than the perſon I am ſpeaking of, or keeps a better guard againſt the terrors of Want or the hopes of Gain. It is uſual in a croud of children, for the Parent to name out of his own flock all the great officers of the Kingdom. There is ſomething ſo very ſurpriſing in the parts of a child of a man's own, that there is nothing too great to be expected from his endowments. I know a good Woman who has but three ſons, and there is, ſhe ſays, nothing ſhe expects with more certainty, than that ſhe ſhall ſee one of them a Biſhop, the other a Judge, and the third a Court-phyſican. The humour is, that any thing which can happen to any man's child, is expected by every man for his own. But my friend, whom I was going to ſpeak of, does not flatter himſelf with ſuch vain expectations, but has his eye more upon the virtue and diſpoſition of his children, than their advancement or wealth. Good habits are what will certainly improve a man's Fortune and Reputation; but on the other ſide, affluence of Fortune will not as probably produce good affections of the mind.

IT is very natural for a man of a kind diſpoſition, to amuſe himſelf with the promiſes his imagination makes to him of the future condition of his children, and to repreſent to himſelf the figure they ſhall bear in the World after he has left it. When his proſpects of this kind are agreeable, his fondneſs gives as it were a longer date to his own life; and the ſurviſorſhip of a worthy man in his ſon is a pleaſure ſcarce inferior to the hopes of the continuance of his own life. That man is happy who can believe of his ſon, that he will eſcape the follies and indiſcretions of which he himſelf was guilty, and purſue and improve every thing th[illegible] was valuable in him. The continuance of his virtue is much more to be regarded than that of his life; but it is the moſt lamentable

able of all reflections, to think that the heir of a man's Fortune is ſuch a one as will be a ſtranger to his friends, alienated from the ſame intereſts, and a promoter of every thing which he himſelf diſapproved. An eſtate in poſſeſſion of ſuch a ſucceſſor to a good man, is worſe than laid waſte; and the family, of which he is the Head, is in a more deplorable condition than that of being extinct.

WHEN I viſit the agreeable ſeat of my honoured friend *Ruricola*, and walk from room to room revolving many pleaſing occurrences, and the expreſſions of many juſt ſentiments I have heard him utter, and ſee the booby his heir in pain while he is doing the honours of his houſe to the friends of his Father, the heavineſs it gives one is not to be expreſſed. Want of genius is not to be imputed to any man, but want of Humanity is a man's own fault. The ſon of *Ruricola*, (whoſe life was one continued ſeries of worthy actions and Gentleman-like inclinations) is the companion of drunken clowns, and knows no ſenſe of praiſe but in the flattery he receives from his own ſervants; his pleaſures are mean and inordinate, his language baſe and filthy, his behaviour rough and abſurd. Is this creature to be accounted the ſucceſſor of a man of Virtue, Wit and Breeding? At the ſame time that I have this melancholy proſpect at the houſe where I miſs my old friend, I can go to a Gentleman's not far off it, where he has a daughter who is the picture both of his body and mind, but both improved with the beauty and modeſty peculiar to her ſex. It is ſhe who ſupplies the loſs of her father to the World; ſhe without his name or fortune, is a truer memorial of him, than her brother who ſucceeds him in both. Such an offſpring as the eldeſt ſon of my friend perpetuates his Father in the ſame manner as the appearance of his Ghoſt would: It is indeed *Ruricola*, but it is *Ruricola* grown frightful.

I KNOW not what to attribute the brutal turn

which this young man has taken, except it may be to a certain severity and distance which his Father used towards him, and might, perhaps, have occasioned a dislike to those modes of life which were not made amiable to him by Freedom and Affability.

WE may promise ourselves that no such excrescence will appear in the family of the *Cornelii*, where the Father lives with his sons like their eldest brother, and the sons converse with him as if they did it for no other reason but that he is the wisest man of their acquaintance. As the *Cornelii* are eminent traders, their good correspondence with each other is useful to all that know them, as well as to themselves: And their friendship, good-will and kind offices, are disposed of jointly as well as their Fortune, so that no one ever obliged one of them, who had not the obligation multiplied in returns from them all.

IT is the most beautiful object the eyes of man can behold, to see a man of worth and his son live in an intire unreserved correspondence. The mutual kindness and affection between them give an inexpressible satisfaction to all who know them. It is a sublime pleasure which increases by the participation. It is as sacred as friendship, as pleasurable as love, and as joyful as religion. This state of mind does not only dissipate sorrow, which would be extreme without it, but enlarges pleasures which would otherwise be contemptible. The most indifferent thing has its force and beauty when it is spoke by a kind Father, and an insignificant trifle has its weight when offered by a dutiful child. I know not how to express it, but I think I may call it a transplanted self-love. All the enjoyments and sufferings which a man meets with are regarded only as they concern him in the relation he has to another. A man's very honour receives a new value to him, when he thinks that, when he is in his grave, it will be had in remembrance that such an action was done by such a one's Father. Such considerations sweeten the old man's evening, and his

his soliloquy delights him when he can say to himself, No man can tell my child his Father was either unmerciful or unjust: My son shall meet many a man who shall say to him, I was obliged to thy Father, and be my child a friend to his child for ever.

IT is not in the power of all men to leave illustrious names or great fortunes to their posterity, but they can very much conduce to their having industry, probity, valour and justice: It is in every man's power to leave his son the honour of descending from a virtuous man, and add the blessings of Heaven to whatever he leaves him. I shall end this Rhapsody with a Letter to an excellent young man of my acquaintance, who has lately lost a worthy Father.

Dear Sir,

'I Know no part of life more impertinent than the 'office of administring consolation: I will not en'ter into it, for I cannot but applaud your grief. 'The virtuous principles you had from that excel'lent man, whom you have lost, have wrought in 'you as they ought, to make a youth of three and 'twenty incapable of comfort upon coming into 'possession of a great Fortune. I doubt not but you 'will honour his memory by a modest enjoyment of 'his estate; and scorn to triumph over his grave, 'by employing in riot, excess, and debauchery, 'what he purchased with so much Industry, Pru'dence, and Wisdom. This is the true way to shew 'the sense you have of your loss, and to take away 'the distress of others upon the occasion. You can'not recal your Father by your grief, but you may 'revive him to his friends by your conduct. T

Thursday,

No. 193. *Thurſday, October* 11.

Ingentem foribus domus alta ſuperbis
Mane ſalutantum totis vomit ædibus undam.
Virg. Georg. 2. v. 461.

His Lordſhip's palace, from its ſtately doors,
A flood of Levee-hunting Mortals pours.

WHEN we look round us, and behold the ſtrange variety of faces and perſons which fill the ſtreets with buſineſs and hurry, it is no unpleaſant amuſement to make gueſſes at their different purſuits, and judge by their countenances what it is that ſo anxiouſly engages their preſent attention. Of all this buſy crowd, there are none who would give a man inclined to ſuch inquiries better diverſion for his thoughts, than thoſe whom we call good Courtiers, and ſuch as are aſſiduous at the Levees of great men. Theſe worthies are got into an habit of being ſervile with an air, and enjoy a certain vanity in being known for underſtanding how the world paſſes. In the pleaſure of this they can riſe early, go abroad ſleek and well-dreſſed, with no other hope or purpoſe, but to make a bow to a man in Court-favour, and be thought, by ſome inſignificant ſmile of his, not a little engaged in his intereſts and fortunes. It is wondrous, that a man can get over the natural exiſtence and poſſeſſion of his own mind ſo far, as to take delight either in paying or receiving ſuch cold and repeated civilities. But what maintains the humour is, that outward ſhow is what moſt men purſue, rather than real happineſs. Thus both the idol and idolater equally impoſe upon themſelves in pleaſing their imaginations this way. But as there are very many of her Majeſty's good ſubjects, who are extremely uneaſy at their own ſeats in the country where

where all from the ſkies to the centre of the earth is their own, and have a mighty longing to ſhine in Courts, or to be partners in the Power of the world; I ſay, for the benefit of theſe, and others who hanker after being in the whiſper with great men and vexing their neighbours with the changes they would be capable of making in the appearance at a Country ſeſſions, it would not methinks be amiſs to give an account of that market for preferment, a great Man's Levee.

FOR ought I know, this commerce between the mighty and their ſlaves, very juſtly repreſented, might do ſo much good, as to incline the great to regard buſineſs rather than oſtentation; and make the little know the uſe of their time too well, to ſpend it in vain applications and addreſſes.

THE famous Doctor in *Moorfields*, who gained ſo much reputation for his horary predictions, is ſaid to have had in his parlour different ropes to little bells which hung in the room above ſtairs, where the Doctor thought fit to be oraculous. If a girl had been deceived by her lover, one bell was pulled; and if a peaſant had loſt a cow, the ſervant rung another. This method was kept in reſpect to all other paſſions and concerns, and the ſkilful waiter below ſifted the inquirer, and gave the Doctor notice accordingly. The Levee of a great man is laid after the ſame manner, and twenty whiſpers, falſe alarms, and private intimations, paſs backward and forward from the porter, the valet, and the Patron himſelf, before the gaping crew, who are to pay their court, are gathered together: When the ſcene is ready, the doors fly open and diſcover his Lordſhip.

THERE are ſeveral ways of making this firſt appearance; You may be either half-dreſſed, and waſhing yourſelf, which is indeed the moſt ſtately; but this way of opening is peculiar to military men, in whom there is ſomething graceful in expoſing themſelves naked; but the politicians or civil officers, have

uſually

uſually affected to be more reſerved, and preſerve a certain chaſtity of deportment. Whether it be hieroglyphical or not, this difference in the Military and Civil liſt, I will not ſay; but have ever underſtood the fact to be, that the cloſe Miniſter is buttoned up and the brave Officer open-breaſted on theſe occaſions.

HOWEVER that is, I humbly conceive the buſineſs of a Levee is to receive the acknowledgments of a multitude, that a man is wiſe, bounteous, valiant, and powerful. When the firſt ſhot of eyes is made, it is wonderful to obſerve how much ſubmiſſion the Patron's modeſty can bear, and how much ſervitude the Client's ſpirit can deſcend to. In the vaſt multiplicity of buſineſs, and the crowd about him, my Lord's parts are uſually ſo great, that to the aſtoniſhment of the whole aſſembly, he has ſomething to ſay to every man there, and that ſo ſuitable to his capacity as any man may judge that it is not without talents that men can arrive at great employments. I have known a great man aſk a Flag-officer, which way was the wind, a Commander of horſe the preſent price of oats, and a ſtock jobber at what diſcount ſuch a fund was, with as much eaſe as if he had been bred to each of thoſe ſeveral ways of life. Now this is extremely obliging; for at the ſame time that the Patron informs himſelf of matters, he gives the perſon of whom he inquires an opportunity to exert himſelf. What adds to the pomp of thoſe interviews is, that it is perform'd with the greateſt ſilence and order imaginable. The Patron is uſually in the midſt of the room, and ſome humble perſon gives him a whiſper, which his Lordſhip anſwers aloud, *It is well. Yes, I am of your opinion. Pray inform yourſelf further, you may be ſure of my part in it.* This happy man is diſmiſſed, and my Lord can turn himſelf to a buſineſs of a quite different nature, and off-hand give as good an anſwer as any great man is obliged to. For the chief point is to

keep

keep in generals, and if there be any thing offered that's particular to be in haste.

BUT we are now in the height of the affair, and my Lord's Creatures have all had their whispers round to keep up the farce of the thing, and the dumb show is become more general. He casts his eye to that corner, and there to Mr Such-a-one; to the other, *and when did you come to town?* And perhaps just before he nods to another; and enters with him, *but, Sir, I am glad to see you, now I think of it.* Each of those are happy for the next four and twenty Hours; and those who bow in ranks undistinguished, and by dozens at a time, think they have very good prospects if they may hope to arrive at such notices half a Year hence.

THE Satyrist says, there is seldom common sense in high fortune; and one would think, to behold a Levee, that the great were not only infatuated with their station, but also that they believed all below were seized too: else how is it possible they could think of imposing upon themselves and others in such a degree, as to set up a Levee for any thing but a direct Farce? But such is the weakness of our nature, that when Men are a little exalted in their condition, they immediately conceive they have additional senses, and their capacities enlarged not only above other Men, but above human comprehension itself. Thus it is ordinary to see a Man attend one listning, bow to one at a distance, and call to a third at the same instant. A girl in new ribbands is not more taken with herself, nor does she betray more apparent coquetries, that even a wise Man in such a circumstance of Courtship. I do not know any thing that I ever thought so very distasteful as the affectation which is recorded of *Cæsar*, to wit, that he would dictate to Three several Writers at the same time. This was an Ambition below the greatness and candour of his mind. He indeed (if any man had pretensions to greater faculties than any other

ther mortal) was the perſon; but ſuch a way of acting is childiſh, and inconſiſtent with the manner of our Being. And it appears from the very nature of things, that there cannot be any thing effectually diſpatched in the diſtraction of a public Levee; but the whole ſeems to be a conſpiracy of a ſet of ſervile ſlaves, to give up their own liberty to take away their Patron's underſtanding. T

No. 194. *Friday, October* 12.

——*Difficili bile tumet jecur.* Hor. Od. 13. l. 1. v. 4.
Anger boils up in my hot lab'ring Breaſt. Glanvil.

THE preſent Paper ſhall conſiſt of two Letters, which obſerve upon faults that are eaſily cured both in love and friendſhip. In the latter, as far as it merely regards converſation, the perſon who neglects viſiting an agreeable friend is puniſhed in the very tranſgreſſion; for a good companion is not found in every room we go into. But the caſe of Love is of a more delicate nature, and the anxiety is inexpreſſible if every little inſtance of kindneſs is not reciprocal. There are things in this ſort of commerce which there are not words to expreſs, and a man may not poſſibly know how to repreſent, what yet may tear his heart into ten thouſand tortures. To be grave to a man's mirth, unattentive to his diſcourſe, or to interrupt either with ſomething that argues a diſinclination to be entertained by him, has in it ſomething ſo diſagreeable, that the utmoſt ſteps which may be made in farther enmity cannot give greater torment. The gay *Corinna*, who ſets up for an indifference and becoming heedleſſneſs, gives her Huſband all the torment imaginable out of meer indolence, with this peculiar vanity, that ſhe is to look as gay as a maid in the character of a Wife. It is no

no matter what is the reaſon of a man's grief if it be as heavy as it is. Her unhappy man is convinced that ſhe means him no diſhonour, but pines to death becauſe ſhe will not have ſo much deference to him as to avoid the appearances of it. The Author of the following Letter is perplexed with an injury that is in a degree yet leſs criminal, and yet the ſource of the utmoſt unhappineſs.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE read your Papers which relate to Jealouſy, and deſire your advice in my caſe, which 'you will ſay is not common. I have a Wife, of 'whoſe virtue I am not in the leaſt doubtful; yet I 'cannot be ſatisfied, ſhe loves me, which gives me 'as great uneaſineſs as being faulty the other way 'would do. I know not whether I am not yet more 'miſerable than in that caſe, for ſhe keeps poſſeſſion 'of my heart without the return of hers. I would 'deſire your obſervations upon that temper in ſome 'Women, who will not condeſcend to convince 'their Huſbands of their innocence or their love, 'but are wholly negligent of what reflexions the 'poor Men make upon their conduct (ſo they cannot 'call it criminal,) when at the ſame time a little 'tenderneſs of behaviour, or regard to ſhew an inclination to pleaſe them, would make them entirely at eaſe. Do not ſuch Women deſerve all the 'miſinterpretation which they neglect to avoid? Or 'are they not in the actual practice of guilt, who 'care not whether they are thought guilty or not? 'If my Wife does the moſt ordinary thing, as viſiting her Siſter, or taking the air with her Mother, 'it is always carried with the air of a ſecret: Then 'ſhe will ſometimes tell a thing of no conſequence, 'as if it was only want of memory made her conceal it before; and this only to dally with my anxiety. I have complained to her of this behaviour

'in

'in the gentleſt terms imaginable, and beſeeched 'her not to uſe him, who deſired only to live with 'her like an indulgent friend, as the moſt moroſe and 'unſociable Huſband in the World. It is no eaſy 'matter to deſcribe our circumſtance, but it is miſe-'rable with this aggravation, that it might be eaſily 'mended, and yet no remedy endeavoured. She 'reads you, and there is a phraſe or two in this 'Letter which ſhe will know came from me. If we 'enter to an explanation which may tend to our fu-'ture quiet by your means, you ſhall have our joint 'thanks; in the mean time I am (as much as I can 'in this ambiguous condition be any thing.)

SIR,

Your humble Servant.

MR SPECTATOR,

'GIVE me leave to make you a preſent of a cha-'racter not yet deſcribed in your Papers, which 'is that of a man who treats his friends with the 'ſame odd variety which a fantaſtical Female tyrant 'practiſes towards her lover. I have for ſome time 'had a friendſhip with one of theſe Mercurial 'perſons: The rogue I know loves me, yet takes 'advantage of my fondneſs for him to uſe me as he 'pleaſes. We are by turns the beſt friends and the 'greateſt ſtrangers imaginable: Sometimes you 'would think us inſeparable; at other times he a-'voids me for a long time, yet neither he nor I 'know why. When we meet next by chance, he is 'amazed he has not ſeen me, is impatient for an ap-'pointment the ſame Evening: and when I expect 'he ſhould have kept it, I have known him ſlip a-'way to another place; where he has ſat reading 'the news, when there is no poſt; ſmoking his pipe, 'which he ſeldom cares for; and ſtaring about him 'in company with whom he has had nothing to do, 'as if he wondered how he came there.

'THAT

'THAT I may ſtate my caſe to you the more 'fully, I ſhall tranſcribe ſome ſhort minutes I have 'taken of him in my Almanack ſince laſt Spring; 'for you muſt know there are certain ſeaſons of the 'Year, according to which, I will not ſay our friend-'ſhip, but the enjoyment of it riſes or falls. In '*March* and *April* he was as various as the weather; 'In *May* and part of *June* I found him the ſpright-'lieſt beſt-humoured fellow in the world; In the 'Dog-days he was much upon the indolent; In *Sep-'tember* very agreeable but very buſy; and ſince the 'glaſs fell laſt to changeable, he has made three 'appointments with me, and broke them every one, 'However I have good hopes of him this Winter, 'eſpecially if you will lend me your aſſiſtance to re-'form him, which will be a great eaſe and pleaſure 'to,

October 9, 1711. *S I R*,

Your moſt humble Servant,

T

No. 195. *Saturday, October* 13.

Νήπιοι ὐδ' ἴσασιν ὅσῳ πλέον ἥμισυ παντὸς,
Οὐδ' ὅσον ἐν μαλάχῃ τε δὲ ἀσφοδέλῳ μέγ' ὄνειαρ.

Heſ. Oper. & Dier. l. 1. v. 40.

Fools, not to know that Half exceeds the Whole,
Nor the great Bleſſings of a frugal Board.

THERE is a ſtory in the *Arabian Nights Tales*, of a King who had long languiſhed under an ill habit of body, and had taken abundance of remedies to no purpoſe. At length, ſays the fable, a Phyſician cured him by the following method: He took an hollow ball of wood, and filled it with ſeveral drugs; after which he clos'd it up ſo artificially that nothing appeared,

appeared. He likewise took a mall, and after having hollowed the handle, and that part which strikes the ball, he inclosed in them several drugs after the same manner as in the ball itself. He then ordered the Sultan, who was his patient, to exercise himself early in the morning with these *rightly prepared* instruments, till such time as he should sweat: When, as the story goes, the virtue of the medicaments perspiring thro' the wood, had so good an influence on the Sultan's constitution, that they cured him of an indisposition which all the compositions he had taken inwardly had not been able to remove. This Eastern allegory is finely contrived to shew us how beneficial bodily labour is to health, and that exercise is the most effectual physick. I have described in my Hundred and fifteenth Paper, from the general structure and mechanism of an human body, how absolutely necessary exercise is for its preservation: I shall in this place recommend another great preservative of health, which in many cases produces the same effects as exercise, and may, in some measure, supply its place, where opportunities of exercise are wanting. The preservative I am speaking of is temperance, which has those particular advantages above all other means of health, that it may be practised by all ranks and conditions, at any season or in any place. It is a kind of regimen into which every man may put himself, without interruption to business, expence of money, or loss of time. If exercise throws off all superfluities, temperance prevents them; if exercise clears the vessels, temperance neither satiates nor overstrains them; if exercise raises proper ferments in the humours, and promotes the circulation of the blood, temperance gives nature her full play, and enables her to exert herself in all her force and vigour; if exercise dissipates a growing distemper, temperance starves it.

PHYSICK, for the most part, is nothing else but the substitute of exercise or temperance. Medicines are indeed absolutely necessary in acute distempers, that

that cannot wait the flow operations of these two great instruments of health; but did men live in an habitual course of exercise and temperance, there would be but little occasion for them. Accordingly we find that those parts of the world are the most healthy, where they subsist by the chace; and that men lived longest when their lives were employed in hunting, and when they had little food besides what they caught. Blistering, cupping, bleeding, are seldom of use but to the idle and intemperate; as all those inward applications which are so much in practice among us, are for the most part nothing else but expedients to make luxury consistent with health. The Apothecary is perpetually employed in countermining the cook and the vintner. It is said of *Diogenes*, that meeting a young man who was going to a feast, he took him up in the street and carried him home to his friends, as one who was running into imminent danger, had not he prevented him. What would that Philosopher have said, had he been present at the gluttony of a modern meal? Would not he have thought the Master of a family mad, and have begged his servants to tie down his hands, had he seen him devour fowl, fish, and flesh; swallow oil and vinegar, wines and spices; throw down salads of twenty different herbs, sauces of an hundred Ingredients, confections and fruits of numberless sweets and flavour? What unnatural motions and counterferments must such a medley of Intemperance produce in the body? For my part, when I behold a fashionable table set out in all its magnificence, I fancy that I see gouts and dropsies, fevers and lethargies, with other innumerable distempers lying in ambuscade among the dishes.

NATURE delights in the most plain and simple diet. Every animal, but man, keeps to one dish. Herbs are the food of this species, fish of that, and flesh of a third. Man falls upon every thing that comes in his way, not the smallest fruit or excrescence of

of the earth, ſcarce a Berry or a Muſhroom, can eſcape him.

IT is impoſſible to lay down any determinate rule for temperance, becauſe what is luxury in one may be temperance in another; but there are few that have lived any time in the World, who are not judges of their own conſtitutions, ſo far as to know what kinds and what proportions of food do beſt agree with them. Were I to conſider my Readers as my patients, and to preſcribe ſuch a kind of temperance as is accommodated to all perſons, and ſuch as is particularly ſuitable to our climate and way of living, I would copy the following rules of a very eminent Phyſician. Make your whole repaſt out of one diſh. If you indulge in a ſecond, avoid drinking any thing ſtrong, 'till you have finiſhed your meal; at the ſame time abſtain from all ſauces, or at leaſt ſuch as are not the moſt plain and ſimple. A man could not be well guilty of gluttony, if he ſtuck to theſe few obvious and eaſy rules. In the firſt caſe there would be no variety of taſtes to ſolicit his palate, and occaſion exceſs; nor in the ſecond any artificial provocatives to relieve ſatiety, and create a falſe appetite. Were I to preſcribe a rule for drinking, it ſhould be form'd upon a ſaying quoted by Sir *William Temple; the firſt glaſs for Myſelf, the ſecond for my Friends, the third for Good-humour, and the fourth for mine Enemies.* But becauſe it is impoſſible for one who lives in the world to diet himſelf always in ſo philoſophical a manner, I think every man ſhould have his days of abſtinence, according as his conſtitution will permit. Theſe are great reliefs to nature, as they qualify her for ſtruggling with hunger and thirſt, whenever any diſtemper or duty of life may put her upon ſuch difficulties; and at the ſame time give her an opportunity of extricating herſelf from her oppreſſions, and recovering the ſeveral tones and ſprings of her diſtended veſſels. Beſides that abſtinence well timed often kills a ſickneſs in embryo, and deſtroys the firſt ſeeds of an indiſpoſition

ſition. It is obſerved by two or three ancient Authors, that *Socrates*, notwithſtanding he lived in *Athens* during that great Plague, which has made ſo much noiſe through all ages, and has been celebrated at different times by ſuch eminent hands; I ſay, notwithſtanding that he lived in the time of this devouring peſtilence, he never caught the leaſt infection, which thoſe Writers unanimouſly aſcribe to that uninterrupted temperance which he always obſerved.

AND here I cannot but mention an obſervation which I have often made, upon reading the lives of the Philoſophers, and comparing them with any ſeries of Kings or great men of the ſame number. If we conſider theſe ancient ſages, a great part of whoſe Philoſophy conſiſted in a temperate and abſtemious courſe of life, one would think the life of a Philoſopher and the life of a Man were of two different dates. For we find that the generality of theſe wiſe men were nearer an hundred than ſixty years of age at the time of their reſpective deaths. But the moſt remarkable inſtance of the efficacy of temperance towards the procuring of long life, is what we meet with in a little Book publiſhed by *Lewis Cornaro* the *Venetian*; which I the rather mention, becauſe it is of undoubted credit, as the late *Venetian* Ambaſſador, who was of the ſame family, atteſted more than once in converſation, when he reſided in *England*. *Cornaro*, who was the Author of the little treatiſe I am mentioning, was of an infirm conſtitution, till about forty, when by obſtinately perſiſting in an exact courſe of temperance, he recovered a perfect ſtate of health; inſomuch that at fourſcore he publiſhed his book, which has been tranſlated into *Engliſh* under the title of *Sure and Certain Methods of obtaining a long and healthy life*. He lived to give a 3d or 4th Edition of it, and after having paſſed his Hundredth year, died without pain or agony, and like one who falls aſleep. The treatiſe I mention has been taken notice of by ſeveral eminent Authors, and is written with ſuch a ſpirit of chear-

fulneſs, religion, and good ſenſe, as are the natural concomitants of temperance and Sobriety. The mixture of the old man in it is rather a recommendation than a diſcredit to it.

HAVING deſigned this Paper as the ſequel to that upon exerciſe, I have not here conſidered temperance as it is a moral virtue, which I ſhall make the ſubject of a future Speculation, but only as it is the means of health.
L.

No. 196. *Monday, October* 15.

Eſt Ulubris; animus ſi te non deficit aequus.
Hor. Ep. 11. l. 1 v. 30.

True happineſs is to no Place confin'd,
But ſtill is found in a contented Mind.

MR SPECTATOR,

'THERE is a particular fault which I have obſerved in moſt of the Moraliſts in all ages, and 'that is, that they are always profeſſing themſelves, 'and teaching others to be happy. This ſtate is not 'to be arrived at in this life, therefore I would re'commend to you to talk in an humbler ſtrain than 'your predeceſſors have done, and inſtead of preſu'ming to be happy inſtruct us only to be eaſy. The 'thoughts of him who would be diſcreet, and aim at 'practicable things, ſhould turn upon allaying our 'Pain rather than promoting our joy. Great inqui'etude is to be avoided, but great felicity is not to 'be attained. The great leſſon is Æquanimity, a re'gularity of ſpirit, which is a little above chearful'neſs and below mirth. Chearfulneſs is always to be 'ſupported if a man is out of Pain, but mirth to a 'prudent man ſhould always be accidental: It ſhould 'naturally ariſe out of the occaſion, and the occaſion

'ſeldom

'seldom be laid for it; for those tempers who want 'mirth to be pleased, are like the constitutions which 'flag without the use of brandy. Therefore, I say, 'let your precept be, *Be easy*. That mind is dissolute 'and ungoverned, which must be hurried out of it-'self by loud laughter or sensual pleasure, or else be 'wholly unactive.

'THERE are a couple of old fellows of my ac-'quaintance who meet every day and smoke a pipe, 'and by their mutual Love to each other, tho' they 'have been men of business and bustle in the world, 'enjoy a greater tranquillity than either could have 'worked himself into by any Chapter of *Seneca*. In-'dolence of body and mind, when we aim at no more, 'is very frequently enjoyed; but the very inquiry af-'ter happiness has something restless in it, which a 'man who lives in a series of temperate meals, friend-'ly conversations, and easy slumbers, gives himself 'no trouble about. While men of refinement are 'talking of tranquillity, he possesses it.

'WHAT I would by these broken expressions re-'commend to you, MR SPECTATOR, is, that you 'would speak of the way of life, which plain men may 'pursue, to fill up the spaces of time with satisfaction. 'It is a lamentable circumstance, that Wisdom, or, 'as you call it, Philosophy, should furnish ideas on-'ly for the learned; and that a man must be a Phi-'losopher to know how to pass away his time agree-'ably. It would therefore be worth your pains to 'place in an handsome light the relations and affi-'nities among men, which render their conversation 'with each other so grateful, that the highest talents 'give but an impotent pleasure in comparison with 'them. You may find descriptions and discourses 'which will render the fire-side of an honest Artificer 'as entertaining as your own Club is to you. Good-'nature has an endless source of pleasures in it; and 'the representation of domestic life filled with its na-'tural gratifications, (instead of the necessary vexa-

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'tions which are generally insisted upon in the Writ- 'ings of the Witty) will be a very good office to So- 'ciety.

'THE vicissitudes of labour and rest in the lower 'part of mankind, make their being pass away with 'that sort of relish which we express by the word 'comfort; and should be treated of by you, who 'are a SPECTATOR, as well as such subjects which 'appear indeed more speculative, but are less in- 'structive. In a word, Sir, I would have you turn 'your thoughts to the advantage of such as want 'you most; and shew that simplicity, innocence, 'industry and temperance, are arts which lead to 'tranquillity, as much as learning, wisdom, know- 'ledge, and contemplation.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

T. B.

MR SPECTATOR, *Hackney, October* 22.

'I AM the young Woman whom you did so much 'justice to some time ago, in acknowledging that 'I am perfect mistress of the fan, and use it with 'the utmost knowledge and dexterity. Indeed the 'world, as malicious as it is, will allow, that from 'an hurry of laughter I recollect myself the most 'suddenly, make a curtsy, and let fall my hands 'before me, closing my fan at the same instant, the 'best of any Woman in *England*. I am not a little 'delighted that I have had your notice and appro- 'bation; and however other young Women may 'rally me out of envy, I triumph in it, and demand 'a place in your friendship. You must therefore 'permit me to lay before you the present state of my 'mind. I was reading your *Spectator* of the 9th in- 'stant, and thought the circumstance of the Ass di- 'vided between two bundles of hay which equally

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'affected his ſenſes, was a lively repreſentation of 'my preſent condition: For you are to know that I 'am extremely enamoured with two young Gentle-'men who at this time pretend to me. One muſt 'hide nothing when one is aſking advice, therefore 'I will own to you, that I am very amorous and 'very covetous. My lover *Will* is very rich, and 'my lover *Tom* very handſom. I can have either of 'them when I pleaſe: But when I debate the queſ-'tion in my own mind, I cannot take *Tom* for fear 'of loſing *Will*'s eſtate, nor enter upon *Will*'s eſtate, 'and bid adieu to *Tom*'s perſon. I am very young, 'and yet no one in the world, dear Sir, has the 'main chance more in her head than myſelf. *Tom* 'is the gayeſt, the blitheſt creature! He dances well, 'is very civil, and diverting at all hours and ſea-'ſons: Oh he is the joy of my eyes! But then a-'gain *Will* is ſo very rich and careful of the main. 'How many pretty dreſſes does *Tom* appear in to 'charm me! But then it immediately occurs to me, 'that a man of his circumſtances is ſo much poorer. 'Upon the whole, I have at laſt examined both 'theſe deſires of love and avarice, and upon ſtrictly 'weighing the matter I begin to think I ſhall be co-'vetous longer than fond; therefore if you have 'nothing to ſay to the contrary, I ſhall take *Will*. 'Alas, poor *Tom*!

Your humble Servant,

T BIDDY LOVELESS.

Tueſday,

No. 197. *Tuesday October* 16.

Alter rixatur de lana ſæpe caprina, et
Propugnat nugis armatus: ſcilicet, ut non
Sit mihi prima fides; et vere quod placet, ut non
Acriter elatrem, pretium ætas altera ſordet.
Ambigitur quid enim? Caſtor ſciat, an Docilis plus,
Brunduſium Numici melius via ducat, an Appi.
Hor. Ep. 18. l. 1. v. 15.

One ſtrives for Trifles, and for Toys contends:
He is in earneſt; what he ſays, defends:
'That I ſhould not be truſted, right or wrong,
'Or be debarred the freedom of my Tongue,
'And not bawl what I pleaſe! To part with this,
'I think another life too mean a price.
The queſtion is—Pray, what?—Why, which can boaſt.
Or Docilis, *or* Caſtor, *knowing moſt;*
Or whether thro' Numicum *ben't as good*
To fair Brunduſium, *as the* Appian *road.* Creech.

EVERY age a man paſſes through, and way of life he engages in, has ſome particular vice or imperfection naturally cleaving to it, which it will require his niceſt care to avoid. The ſeveral weakneſſes, to which Youth, Old Age, and Manhood are expoſed, have long ſince been ſet down by many both of the Poets and Philoſophers; but I do not remember to have met with any Author who has treated of thoſe ill habits men are ſubject to, not ſo much by reaſon of their different ages and tempers, as the particular profeſſion or buſineſs in which they were educated and brought up.

I Am the more ſurpriſed to find this Subject ſo little touched on, ſince what I am here ſpeaking of is ſo apparent, as not to eſcape the moſt vulgar obſervation. The buſineſs men are chiefly converſant in,

in, does not only give a certain caſt or turn to their minds, but is very often apparent in their outward behaviour, and ſome of the moſt indifferent actions of their lives. It is this air diffuſing itſelf over the whole man, which helps us to find out a perſon at his firſt appearance; ſo that the moſt careleſs Obſerver fancies he can ſcarce be miſtaken in the carriage of a ſeaman or the gate of a tailor.

THE liberal arts, though they may poſſibly have leſs effect on our external mien and behaviour, make ſo deep an impreſſion on the mind, as is very apt to bend it wholly one way.

THE Mathematician will take little leſs than demonſtration in the moſt common diſcourſe, and the Schoolman is as great a friend to Definitions and Syllogiſms. The Phyſician and Divine are often heard to dictate in private companies with the ſame authority which they exerciſe over their patients and diſciples; while the Lawyer is putting caſes and raiſing matter for diſputation out of every thing that occurs.

I MAY poſſibly ſome time or other animadvert more at large on the particular fault each profeſſion is moſt infected with; but ſhall at preſent wholly apply myſelf to the cure of what I laſt mentioned, namely that ſpirit of ſtrife and contention in the converſations of Gentlemen of the long Robe.

THIS is the more ordinary, becauſe theſe Gentlemen regarding argument as their own proper province, and very often making ready-money of it, think it unſafe to yield before company. They are ſhewing in common talk how zealouſly they could defend a cauſe in Court, and therefore frequently forget to keep that temper which is abſolutely requiſite to render converſation pleaſant and inſtructive.

CAPTAIN SENTRY puſhes this matter ſo far, that I have heard him ſay, *He has known but few Pleaders that were tolerable company.*

THE Captain, who is a man of good ſenſe, but

dry

dry converſation was laſt night giving me an account of a diſcourſe, in which he had lately been engaged with a young Wrangler in the Law. I was giving my opinion, ſays the Captain, without apprehending any debate that might ariſe from it, of a General's behaviour in a battle that was fought ſome Years before either the Templar or myſelf were born. The young Lawyer immediately took me up, and by reaſoning above a quarter of an hour upon a ſubject which I ſaw he underſtood nothing of, endeavoured to ſhew me that my opinions were ill-grounded. Upon which, ſays the Captain, to avoid any farther conteſts, I told him, That truly I had not conſider'd thoſe ſeveral arguments which he had brought againſt me, and that there might be a great deal in them. Ay, but ſays my Antagoniſt, who would not let me eſcape ſo, there are ſeveral things to be urged in favour of your opinion which you have omitted; and thereupon begun to ſhine on the other ſide of the queſtion. Upon this, ſays the Captain, I came over to my firſt ſentiments, and entirely acquieſced in his reaſons for my ſo doing. Upon which the Templar again recovered his former poſture, and confuted both himſelf and me a third time. In ſhort, ſays my friend, I found he was reſolved to keep me at ſword's length, and never let me cloſe with him, ſo that I had nothing left but to hold my tongue, and give my antagoniſt free leave to ſmile at his victory, who I found, like *Hudibras, could ſtill change ſides, and ſtill confute.*

FOR my own part, I have ever regarded our Inns of Court as nurſeries of Stateſmen and Lawgivers, which makes me often frequent that part of the town with great pleaſure.

UPON my calling in lately at one of the moſt noted *Temple* Coffee-houſes, I found the whole room, which was full of young Students, divided into ſeveral parties, each of which was deeply engaged in ſome controverſy. The management of the late miniſtry

niftry was attacked and defended with great vigour; and feveral preliminaries to the Peace were propofed by fome, and rejected by others; the demolifhing of *Dunkirk* was fo eagerly infifted on, and fo warmly controverted, as had like to have produced a challenge. In fhort, I obferved that the defire of victory, whetted with the little prejudices of party and intereft, generally carried the argument to fuch a height, as made the Difputants infenfibly conceive an averfion towards each other, and part with the higheft diffatisfaction on both fides.

THE managing an argument handfomely being fo nice a point, and what I have feen fo very few excel in, I fhall here fet down a few rules on that head, which, among other things, I gave in writing to a young kinfman of mine, who had made fo great a proficiency in the Law, that he began to plead in company, upon every fubject that was ftarted.

HAVING the intire Manufcript by me, I may, perhaps, from time to time, publifh fuch parts of it as I fhall think requifite for the inftruction of the *Britifh* Youth. What regards my prefent purpofe is as follows.

AVOID difputes as much as poffible. In order to appear eafy and well-bred in converfation, you may affure yourfelf that it requires more wit, as well as more good-humour, to improve than to contradict the notions of another: But if you are at any time obliged to enter on an argument, give your reafons with the utmoft coolnefs and modefty, two things which fcarce ever fail of making an impreffion on the hearers. Befides, if you are neither dogmatical, nor fhew either by your actions or words, that you are full of yourfelf, all will the more heartily rejoice at your victory. Nay fhould you be pinched in your argument, you would make your retreat with a very good grace: You were never pofitive, and are now glad to be better informed. This has

made ſome approve the Socratical way of Reaſoning, where while you ſcarce affirm any thing, you can hardly be caught in an abſurdity, and tho' poſſibly you are endeavouring to bring over another to your opinion, which is firmly fix't, you ſeem only to deſire information from him.

IN order to keep that temper which is ſo difficult, and yet ſo neceſſary to preſerve, you may pleaſe to conſider, that nothing can be more unjuſt or ridiculous, than to be angry with another becauſe he is not of your opinion. The intereſts, education, and means by which Men attain their knowledge, are ſo very different, that it is impoſſible they ſhould all think alike; and he has at leaſt as much reaſon to be angry with you, as you with him. Sometimes to keep yourſelf cool, it may be of ſervice to aſk yourſelf fairly, What might have been your opinion, had you all the biaſes of education and intereſt your adverſary may poſſibly have? But if you contend for the honour of victory alone, you may lay down this as an infallible maxim, That you cannot make a more falſe ſtep, or give your Antagoniſt a greater advantage over you, than by falling into a paſſion.

WHEN an Argument is over, how many weighty reaſons does a Man recollect, which his heat and violence made him utterly forget?

IT is yet more abſurd to be angry with a Man becauſe he does not apprehend the force of your reaſons, or give weak ones of his own. If you argue for reputation, this makes your victory the eaſier; he is certainly in all reſpects an object of your pity, rather than anger; and if he cannot comprehend what you do, you ought to thank nature for her favours, who has given you ſo much the clearer underſtanding.

YOU may pleaſe to add this conſideration, that among your equals no one values your anger, which only preys upon its Maſter; and perhaps you may find it is not very conſiſtent either with prudence or

your

your eaſe, to puniſh yourſelf whenever you meet with a fool or a knave.

LASTLY, if you propoſe to yourſelf the true end of argument, which is information, it may be a ſeaſonable check to your paſſion; for if you ſearch purely after truth, 'twill be almoſt indifferent to you where you find it. I cannot in this place omit an Obſervation which I have often made, namely, That nothing procures a man more eſteem and leſs envy from the whole company, than if he chuſes the part of Moderator, without engaging directly on either ſide in a diſpute. This gives him the character of impartial, furniſhes him with an opportunity of ſifting things to the bottom, ſhewing his judgment, and of ſometimes making handſome compliments to each of the contending parties.

I SHALL cloſe this ſubject with giving you one caution; When you have gained a victory, do not puſh it too far; 'tis ſufficient to let the company and your adverſary ſee 'tis in your power, but that you are too generous to make uſe of it. X

No. 198. *Wedneſday, October* 17.

Cervæ luporum praeda rapacium
Sectamur ultro, quos opimus
Fallere & effugere eſt triumphus. Hor. Od. 4. l. 4. v. 50.

We, like the Stag, the brinded Wolf provoke,
And, when Retreat is Victory,
Ruſh on, tho' ſure to die. Anon.

THERE is a ſpecies of Women, whom I ſhall diſtinguiſh by the name of Salamanders. Now a Salamander is a kind of heroine in chaſtity, that treads upon fire, and lives in the midſt of flames without being hurt. A Salamander knows no diſtinction of

 ſex

ſex in thoſe ſhe converſes with, grows familiar with a ſtranger at firſt ſight, and is not ſo narrow-ſpirited as to obſerve whether the perſon ſhe talks to be in breeches or petticoats. She admits a Male Viſitant to her bed-ſide, plays with him a whole Afternoon at Piquet, walks with him two or three hours by moon-light, and is extremely ſcandalized at the unreaſonableneſs of an Huſband, or the ſeverity of a Parent, that would debar the Sex from ſuch innocent liberties. Your Salamander is therefore a perpetual declaimer againſt jealouſy, and admirer of the *French* good-breeding, and a great ſtickler for freedom in converſation. In ſhort, the Salamander lives in an invincible ſtate of ſimplicity and innocence: Her conſtitution is *preſerv'd* in a kind of natural froſt; ſhe wonders what people mean by temptations, and defies mankind to do their worſt. Her chaſtity is engaged in a conſtant *Ordeal*, or fiery trial: Like good Queen *Emma*, the pretty innocent walks blindfold among burning plough-ſhares, without being ſcorched or ſinged by them.

IT is not therefore for the uſe of the Salamander, whether in a married or a ſingle ſtate of life, that I deſign the following Paper; but for ſuch females only as are made of fleſh and blood, and find themſelves ſubject to human frailties.

AS for this part of the fair Sex who are not of the Salamander kind, I would moſt earneſtly adviſe them to obſerve a quite different conduct in their behaviour; and to avoid as much as poſſible what Religion calls *Temptations*, and the world *Opportunities*. Did they but know how many thouſands of their Sex have been gradually betrayed from innocent freedoms to ruin and infamy; and how many millions of ours have begun with flatteries, proteſtations and endearments, but ended with reproaches, perjury, and perfidiouſneſs; they would ſhun like death the very firſt approaches of one that might lead them into inextricable labyrinths of guilt and miſery.

I muſt

I must so far give up the cause of the Male world, as to exhort the female Sex in the language of *Chamont* in the *Orphan*;

Trust not a Man, we are by Nature false,
Dissembling, Subtle, Cruel, and Unconstant:
When a Man talks of Love, with Caution trust him:
But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive thee.

I might very much enlarge upon this subject, but shall conclude it with a story which I lately heard from one of our *Spanish* officers, and which may shew the danger a Woman incurs by too great familiarities with a male companion.

AN inhabitant of the Kingdom of *Castile*, being a man of more than ordinary prudence, and of a grave composed behaviour, determined about the fiftieth Year of his age to enter upon wedlock. In order to make himself easy in it, he cast his eye upon a young woman who had nothing to recommend her but her beauty and her education, her parents having been reduced to great poverty by the wars, which for some Years have laid that whole country waste. The *Castilian* having made his addresses to her and married her, they lived together in perfect happiness for some time; when at length the Husband's affairs made it necessary for him to take a voyage to the kingdom of *Naples* where a great part of his estate lay. The Wife loved him too tenderly to be left behind him. They had not been a Shipboard above a day when they unluckily fell into the hands of an *Algerine* pirate, who carried the whole company on shore, and made them slaves. The *Castilian* and his Wife had the comfort to be under the same Master; who seeing how dearly they loved one another, and gasped after their liberty, demanded a most exorbitant price for their ransom. The *Castilian*, though he would rather have died in slavery himself, than have paid such a sum as he found would go near to ruin him, was so moved with compassion towards his

wife that he ſent repeated orders to his friend in *Spain*, (who happened to be his next relation) to ſell his eſtate, and tranſmit the Money to him. His friend hoping that the terms of his ranſom might be made more reaſonable and unwilling to ſell an Eſtate which he himſelf had ſome proſpect of inheriting, formed ſo many delays, that three whole Years paſſed away without any thing being done for the ſetting them at liberty.

THERE happened to live a *French* Renegado in the ſame place where the *Caſtilian* and his Wife were kept priſoners. As this fellow had in him all the vivacity of his nation, he often entertained the captive with accounts of his own Adventures; to which he ſometimes added a ſong or a dance, or ſome other piece of mirth, to divert them during their confinement. His acquaintance with the manners of the *Algerines*, enabled him likewiſe to do them ſeveral good offices. The *Caſtilian*, as he was one day in converſation with the Renegado, diſcovered to him the negligence and treachery of his correſpondent in *Caſtile*, and at the ſame time aſked his advice how he ſhould behave himſelf in that exigency: He further told the Renegado, that he found it would be impoſſible for him to raiſe the Money, unleſs he himſelf might go over to diſpoſe of his eſtate. The Renegado, after having repreſented to him that his *Algerine* Maſter would never conſent to his releaſe upon ſuch a pretence, at length contrived a method for the *Caſtilian* to make his eſcape in the habit of a ſeaman. The *Caſtilian* ſucceded in his attempt; and having ſold his eſtate, being afraid leſt the money ſhould miſcarry by the way, and determining to periſh with it rather than loſe one who was much dearer to him than his life, he returned himſelf in a little veſſel that was going to *Algiers*. It is impoſſible to deſcribe the joy he felt upon this occaſion, when he conſidered he ſhould ſoon ſee the Wife whom he ſo much loved, and endear himſelf

more

more to her by this uncommon piece of generoſity.

THE Renegado, during the huſband's abſence, ſo inſinuated himſelf into the good graces of his young Wife, and ſo turned her head with ſtories of gallantry, that ſhe quickly thought him the fineſt Gentleman ſhe had ever converſed with. To be brief, her mind was quite alienated from the honeſt *Caſtilian*, whom ſhe was taught to look upon as a formal old fellow unworthy the poſſeſſion of ſo charming a creature. She had been inſtructed by the Renegado how to manage herſelf upon his arrival; ſo that ſhe received him with an appearance of the utmoſt love and gratitude, and at length perſuaded him to truſt their common friend the Renegado with the money he had brought over for their ranſom; as not queſtioning but he would beat down the terms of it, and negotiate the affair more to their advantage than they themſelves could do. The good man admired her prudence, and followed her advice. I wiſh I could conceal the ſequel of this ſtory, but ſince I cannot I ſhall diſpatch it in as few words as poſſible. The *Caſtilian* having ſlept longer than ordinary the next morning, upon his awaking found his Wife had left him: He immediately aroſe and inquired after her, but was told that ſhe was ſeen with the Renegado about break of day. In a word, her lover having got all things ready for the departure, they ſoon made their eſcape out of the territories of *Algiers*, carried away the money, and left the *Caſtilian* in captivity; who partly through the cruel treatment of the incenſed *Algerine* his maſter, and partly through the unkind uſage of his unfaithful Wife, died ſome few months after. L

Thurſday,

No. 199. *Thursday, October* 18.

——*Scribere jussit amor.* Ovid. Ep. 4. v. 10

Love bids me write.

THE following Letters are written with such an air of sincerity, that I cannot deny the inserting of them.

Mr Spectator,

'THO' you are every where in your writings a 'friend to Women, I do not remember that 'you have directly considered the mercenary prac-'tice of Men in the choice of Wives. If you would 'please to employ your thoughts upon that subject, 'you would easily conceive the miserable condition 'many of us are in, who not only from the laws of 'custom and modesty are restrained from making 'any advances towards our wishes, but are also, 'from the circumstances of fortune, out of all hope 'of being addressed to by those whom we love. Un-'der all these disadvantages I am obliged to apply 'myself to you, and hope I shall prevail with you 'to print in you next Paper the following Letter, 'which is a declaration of passion to one who has 'made some faint addresses to me for some time. I 'believe he ardently loves me, but the inequality of 'my fortune makes me think he cannot answer it to 'the world, if he pursues his designs by way of 'Marriage; and I believe, as he does not want 'discerning, he discovered me looking at him the 'other day unawares in such a manner as has raised 'his hopes of gaining me on terms the Men call ea-'sier. But my heart was very full on this occasion, 'and if you know what love and honour are, you will

'will pardon me that I use no farther arguments 'with you, but hasten to my Letter to him, whom 'I call *Oroondates*, because if I do not succeed, it 'shall look like Romance; and if I am regarded, 'you shall receive a pair of gloves at my wedding, 'sent you under the name of *Statira*.

To OROONDATES.

SIR,

'AFTER very much perplexity in myself, and 'revolving how to acquaint you with my own 'sentiments, and expostulate with you concern-'ing yours, I have chosen this way, by which means 'I can be at once revealed to you, or, if you please, 'lie concealed. If I do not within few days find the 'effect which I hope from this, the whole affair 'should be buried in oblivion. But, alas! what am 'I going to do, when I am about to tell you that I 'love you? But after I have done so, I am to assure 'you, that with all the passion which ever entered a 'tender heart, I know I can banish you from my 'sight for ever, when I am convinced that you have 'no inclinations towards me but to my dishonour. 'But, alas! Sir, why should you sacrifice the real 'and essential happiness of life, to the opinion of a 'world, that moves upon no other foundation but 'profess'd error and prejudice? You all can observe 'that riches alone do not make you happy, and yet 'give up every thing else when it stands in compe-'tition with riches. Since the world is so bad, that 'religion is left to us silly women, and you men act 'generally upon principles of profit and pleasure, I will 'talk to you without arguing from any thing but 'what may be most to your advantage, as a man of 'the world. And I will lay before you the state of 'the case, supposing that you had it in your power 'to make me your mistress; or your wife, and hope

'to convince you that the latter is more for your in-'tereſt, and contribute more to your pleaſure.

'WE will ſuppoſe then the ſcene was laid, and 'you were now in expectation of the aproaching e-'vening wherein I was to meet you, and be carri-'ed to what convenient corner of the town you 'thought fit, to conſummate all which your wanton 'Imagination has promiſed you in the poſſeſſion of 'one who is in the bloom of youth, and in the repu-'tation of innocence: You would ſoon have enough 'of me, as I am ſprightly, young, gay, and airy. 'When fancy is ſated, and finds all the promiſes it 'made itſelf falſe, Where is now the innocence which 'charmed you? The firſt hour you are alone you 'will find that the pleaſure of a debauchee is only that 'of a deſtroyer; he blaſts all the fruit he taſtes, and 'where the brute has been devouring, there is no-'thing left worthy the reliſh of the man. Reaſon 'reſumes her place after imagination is cloyed; and 'I am, with the utmoſt diſtreſs and confuſion, to be-'hold myſelf the cauſe of uneaſy reflexions to you, 'to be viſited by ſtealth, and dwell for the future 'with the two companions (the moſt unfit for each 'other in the world) ſolitude and guilt. I will not 'inſiſt upon the ſhameful obſcurity we ſhould paſs 'our time in, nor run over the little ſhort ſnatches 'of freſh air, and free commerce which all people 'muſt be ſatisfied with, whoſe actions will not bear 'examination, but leave them to your reflexions, 'who have ſeen of that life, of which I have but a 'meer idea.

'On the other hand, if you can be ſo good and ge-'nerous as to make me your Wife, you may promiſe 'yourſelf all the obedience and tenderneſs with 'which gratitude can inſpire a virtuous woman. 'Whatever gratifications you may promiſe yourſelf 'from an agreeable perſon, whatever compliances 'from an eaſy temper, whatever conſolations from a 'ſincere friendſhip, you may expect as the due of your 'generoſity.

'generosity. What at present in your ill view you 'promise yourself from me will be followed by dis'taste and satiety; but the transports of a virtuous 'love are the least part of its happiness. The rap'tures of innocent passion are but like lightning to 'the day, they rather interrupt than advance the plea'sure of it. How happy then is that life to be, 'where the highest pleasures of sense are but the low'est parts of its felicity?

'Now am I to repeat to you the unatural request 'of taking me in direct terms. I know there stands 'between me and that happiness, the haughty daugh'ter of a man who can give you suitably to your 'fortune. But if you weigh the attendance and be'haviour of her who comes to you in partnership of 'your fortune, and expects an equivalent, with that 'of her who enters your house as honoured and o'bliged by that permission, whom of the two will you 'choose? You, perhaps, will think fit to spend a day 'abroad in the common entertainments of men of 'sense and fortune; she will think her self ill-used in 'that absence, and contrive at home an expence pro'portioned to the appearance which you make in 'the world. She is in all things to have a regard 'to the fortune which she brought you, I to the for'tune to which you introduced me. The commerce 'between you two will eternally have the air of a 'bargain, between us of a friendship: joy will ever 'enter into the room with you and kind wishes at'tend my benefactor when he leaves it. Ask your'self, how would you be pleased to enjoy for ever 'the pleasure of having laid an immediate obligation 'on a grateful mind? Such will be your case with 'me. In the other marriage you will live in a constant 'comparison of benefits, and never know the happi'ness of conferring or receiving any.

'IT may be you will, after all, act rather, in the 'prudential way, according to the sense of the ordi'nary World. I know not what I think or say,

when

'when that melancholy reflexion comes upon me; 'but ſhall only add more, that it is in your power 'to make me your grateful wife, but never your a-'bandoned miſtreſs. T

No. 200. *Friday, October* 19.

Vincit Amor Patriae.——— Virg. AEn. 6. v. 823.

The nobleſt motive is the Public Good.

THE Ambition of Princes is many times as hurtful to themſelves as to their people. This cannot be doubted of ſuch as prove unfortunate in their Wars, but it is often true too of thoſe who are celebrated for their ſucceſſes. If a ſevere view were to be taken of their conduct, if the profit and loſs by their Wars could be juſtly balanced, it would be rarely found that the conqueſt is ſufficient to repay the coſt.

AS I was the other day looking over the Letters of my correſpondents, I took this hint from that of *Philarithmus*; which has turned my preſent thoughts upon Political Arithmetic, an art of greater uſe than entertainment. My friend has offered an Eſſay towards proving that *Lewis* XIV. with all his acquiſitions is not maſter of more people than at the beginning of his Wars, nay that for every ſubject he had acquired, he had loſt Three that were his inheritance: If *Philarithmus* is not miſtaken in his calculations, *Lewis* muſt have been impoveriſhed by his ambition.

THE Prince for the Public Good has a Sovereign property in every private perſon's eſtate, and conſequently his riches muſt increaſe or decreaſe in proportion to the number and riches of his ſubjects. For example: If ſword or peſtilence ſhould deſtroy all the people of this Metropolis, (God forbid there ſhould be room for ſuch a ſuppoſition! but if this ſhould

should be the case) the Queen must needs lose a great part of her revenue, or, at least, what is charged upon the City must increase the burden upon the rest of her subjects. Perhaps the inhabitants here are not above a Tenth part of the whole; yet as they are better fed, and cloth'd, and lodg'd, than her other subjects, the customs and excises upon their consumption, the imposts upon their houses, and other taxes, do very probably make a fifth part of the whole revenue of the Crown. But this is not all; the consumption of the City takes off a great part of the fruits of the whole island; and as it pays such a proportion of the rent or yearly value of the lands in the Country, so it is the cause of paying such a proportion of taxes upon those lands. The loss then of such a people must needs be sensible to the Prince, and visible to the whole Kingdom.

ON the other hand, if it should please God to drop from Heaven a new people equal in number and riches to the City, I should be ready to think their excises, customs and house-rent would raise as great a revenue to the Crown as would be lost in the former case. And as the consumption of this new body would be a new market for the fruits of the Country, all the lands, especially those most adjacent, would rise in their yearly value, and pay greater yearly taxes to the Public. The gain in this case would be as sensible as the former loss.

WHATSOEVER is assess'd upon the general, is levied upon individuals. It were worth the while then to consider what is paid by, or by means of, the meanest subjects, in order to compute the value of every subject to the Prince.

FOR my own part, I should believe that Seven Eighths of the people are without property in themselves or the heads of their families, and forced to work for their daily bread; and that of this sort there are Seven Millions in the whole Island of *Great Britain*: And yet one would imagine that Se-

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ven Eights of the whole people should consume at least Three Fourths of the whole fruits of the Country. If this is the case, the subjects without Property pay Three Fourths of their rents, and consequently enable the landed men to pay three fourths of their taxes. Now if so great a part of the Land-tax were to be divided by Seven Millions, it would amount to more than Three Shillings, to every head. And thus as the Poor are the cause, without which the Rich could not pay this tax, even the poorest subject is upon this account worth three Shillings yearly to the Prince.

AGAIN: One would imagine the consumption of seven Eights of the whole people, should pay two Thirds of all the customs and excises. And if this sum too should be divided by seven Millions, *viz.* the number of poor people, it would amount to more than seven Shillings to every head: And therefore with this and the former sum every poor subject, without property, except of his limbs or labour, is worth at least ten Shillings yearly to the Sovereign. So much then the Queen loses with everyone of her old, and gains with every one of her new subjects.

WHEN I was got into this way of thinking, I presently grew conceited of the argument, and was just preparing to write a Letter of advice to a Member of Parliament, for opening the freedom of our Towns and Trades, for taking all away manner of distinctions between the Natives and Foreigners, for repealing our Laws of Parish Settlements, and removing every other obstacle to the increase of the people. But as soon as I had recollected with what inimitable eloquence my fellow-labourers had exaggerated the mischiefs of selling the Birth-right of *Britons* for a shilling, of spoiling the pure *British* Blood with foreign Mixtures, of introducing a confusion of Languages and Religions, and of letting in strangers to eat the bread out of the mouths of our own people, I became so humble as to let my project fall

to

to the ground, and leave my country to increafe by the ordinary way of generation.

AS I have always at heart the Public Good, fo I am ever contriving fchemes to promote it; and I think I may without vanity pretend to have contrived fome as wife as any of the Caftle-builders. I had no fooner given up my former project, but my head was prefently full of draining fens and marfhes, banking out the Sea, and joining new lands to my Country; for fince it is thought impracticable to increafe the people to the land, I fell immediately to confider how much would be gained to the Prince by increafing the land to the people.

IF the fame Omnipotent Power, which made the World, fhould at this time raife out of the Ocean and join to *Great Britain* an equal extent of land, with equal buildings, corn, cattle and other conveniencies and neceffaries of life, but no Men, Women, nor Children, I fhould hardly believe this would add either to the riches of the People, or revenue of the Prince; for fince the prefent buildings are fufficient for all the inhabitants, if any of them fhould forfake the old to inhabit the new part of the Ifland, the increafe of Houfe-rent in this would be attended with at leaft an equal decreafe of it in the other: Befides, we have fuch a fufficiency of corn and cattle, that we give bounties to our neighbours to take what exceeds of the former off our hands, and we will not fuffer any of the latter to be imported upon us by our fellow-fubjects; and for the remaining product of the country 'tis already equal to all our Markets. But if all thefe things fhould be doubled to the fame buyers, the owners muft be glad with half their prefent prices, the Landlords with half their prefent rent; and thus by fo great an enlargement of the Country, the rents in the whole would not increafe, nor the taxes to the Public.

ON the contrary, I fhould believe they would be very much diminifhed; for as the land is only valu-

able for its fruits, and these are all perishable, and for the most part must either be used within the Year, or perish without use, the owners will get rid of them at any rate, rather than they should waste in their possession: So that it is probable the annual production of those perishable things, even of one tenth part of them, beyond all possibility of use, will reduce one half of their value. It seems to be for this reason that our Neighbour Merchants who ingross all the spices, and know how great a quantity is equal to the demand, destroy all that exceeds it. It were natural then to think that the Annual production of twice as much as can be used must reduce all to an Eighth part of their present prices; and thus this extended Island would not exceed one fourth part of its present value, or pay more than one fourth part of the present Tax.

IT is generally observed, That in countries of the greatest plenty there is the poorest living; like the Schoolmens Ass in one of my Speculations, the people almost starve between two meals. The truth is, the poor, which are the bulk of a nation, work only that they may live; and if with two days labour they can get a wretched subsistence, they will hardly be brought to work the other four: But then with the wages of two days they can neither pay such prices for their provisions, nor such excises to the Government.

THAT paradox therefore in old *Hesiod* πλέον ἥμισυ παντός, or half is more than the whole, is very applicable to the present case; since nothing is more true in political Arithmetic, than that the same people with half a country is more valuable than with the whole. I begin to think there was nothing absurd in Sir *W. Petty*, when he fancied if all the Highlands of *Scotland* and the whole Kingdom of *Ireland* were sunk in the Ocean, so that the people were all saved and brought into the Lowlands of *Great Britain*; nay, though they were to be reimburst the value of their

their eſtates by the body of the people, yet both the Sovereign and the ſubjects in general would be enriched by the very loſs.

IF the people only make the riches, the Father of ten children is a greater benefactor to his country, than he who has added to it 10000 acres of land and no people. It is certain *Lewis* has join'd vaſt tracts of land to his dominions: But if *Philarithmus* ſays true, that he is not now maſter of ſo many ſubjects as before; we may then account for his not being able to bring ſuch mighty armies into the field, and for their being neither ſo well fed, nor clothed, nor paid as formerly. The reaſon is plain, *Lewis* muſt needs have been impoveriſhed not only by his loſs of ſubjects, but by his acquiſition of lands. T

No. 201. *Saturday, October* 20.

Religentem eſſe oportet, Religioſum nefas.

Incerti Autoris apud Aull. Gell.

A man ſhou'd be Religious, not Superſtitious.

IT is of the laſt importance to ſeaſon the paſſions of a Child with Devotion, which ſeldom dies in a mind that has received an early tincture of it. Tho' it may ſeem extinguiſhed for a while by the cares of the World, the heats of youth, or the allurements of vice, it generally breaks out and diſcovers itſelf again as ſoon as diſcretion, conſideration, age, or misfortunes have brought the Man to himſelf. The fire may be covered and overlaid, but cannot be entirely quenched and ſmothered.

A ſtate of temperance, ſobriety, and juſtice, without Devotion, is a cold, lifeleſs, inſipid condition of virtue; and is rather to be ſtiled Philoſophy than Religion. Devotion opens the mind to great con-

ceptions, and fills it with more ſublime ideas than any that are to be met with in the moſt exalted Science; and at the ſame time warms and agitates the ſoul more than ſenſual pleaſure.

IT has been obſerved by ſome Writers, that man is more diſtinguiſhed from the Animal World by Devotion than by reaſon, as ſeveral brute creatures diſcover in their actions ſomething like a faint glimmering of reaſon, though they betray in no ſingle circumſtance of their behaviour any thing that bears the leaſt affinity to Devotion. It is certain, the propenſity of the mind to religious worſhip, the natural tendency of the ſoul to fly to ſome ſuperior Being for ſuccour in dangers and diſtreſſes, the gratitude to an inviſible Superintendent which ariſes in us upon receiving any extraordinary and unexpected good fortune, the acts of love and admiration with which the thoughts of Men are ſo wonderfully tranſported in meditating upon the Divine Perfections, and the univerſal concurrence of all the nations under Heaven in the great article of Adoration, plainly ſhew that Devotion or Religious Worſhip muſt be the effect of tradition from ſome firſt founder of mankind, or that it is conformable to the natural light of reaſon, or that it proceeds from an inſtinct implanted in the Soul itſelf. For my part, I look upon all theſe to be the concurrent cauſes; but which ever of them ſhall be aſſigned as the principle of Divine Worſhip, it manifeſtly points to a Supreme Being as the firſt Author of it.

I May take ſome other opportunity of conſidering thoſe particular forms and methods of Devotion which are taught us by Chriſtianity; but ſhall here obſerve into what errors even this Divine Principle may ſometimes lead us, when it is not moderated by that right reaſon which was given us as the guide of all our actions.

THE two great errors into which a miſtaken Devotion may betray us, are enthuſiaſm and ſuperſtition.

THERE

THERE is not a more melancholy object than a man who has his head turned with religious enthusiasm. A person that is crazed, tho' with pride or malice, is a sight very mortifying to human nature; but when the distemper arises from any indiscreet fervours of Devotion, or too intense an application of the mind to its mistaken duties, it deserves our compassion in a more particular manner. We may however learn this lesson from it, that since Devotion itself (which one would be apt to think could not be too warm) may disorder the mind, unless its heats are tempered with caution and prudence, we should be particularly careful to keep our reason as cool as possible, and to guard ourselves in all parts of Life against the influence of passion, imagination, and constitution.

DEVOTION, when it does not ly under the check of reason, is very apt to degenerate into Enthusiasm. When the mind finds herself very much inflamed with her devotions, she is too much inclined to think they are not of her own kindling, but blown up by something Divine with her. If she indulges this thought too far and humours the growing passion, she at last flings herself into imaginary raptures and ecstasies; and when once she fancies herself under the influence of a Divine impulse, it is no wonder if she slights human ordinances, and refuses to comply with any established form of Religion, as thinking herself directed by a much superior Guide.

AS Enthusiasm is a kind of excess in Devotion, Superstition is the excess not only of Devotion, but of Religion in general, according to an old Heathen saying, quoted by *Aulus Gellius*, *Religentem esse oportet, Religiosum nefas*; A man should be Religious, not superstitious; for as the Author tells us, *Nigidius* observed upon this passage, that the *Latin* words which terminate in *osus* generally imply vicious characters, and the having of any quality to an excess.

AN Enthusiast in Religion is like an obstinate clown,

clown, a Superſtitious Man like an inſipid courtier. Enthuſiaſm has ſomething in it of madneſs, Superſtition of folly. Moſt of the ſects that fall ſhort of the Church of *England* have in them ſtrong tinctures of Enthuſiaſm, as the *Roman* Catholic Religon is one huge over-grown body of childiſh and idle ſuperſtitions.

The *Roman* Catholic Church ſeems indeed irrecoverably loſt in this particular. If an abſurd dreſs or behaviour be introduced in the world, it will ſoon be found out and diſcarded: On the contrary, a habit or ceremony, tho' never ſo ridiculous, which has taken ſanctuary in the Church, ſticks in it for ever. A *Gothic* Biſhop, perhaps, thought it proper to repeat ſuch a form in ſuch particular ſhoes or ſlippers; another fancied it would be very decent if ſuch a part of public devotions were performed with a mitre on his head, and a croſier in his hand: To this a Brother *Vandal*, as wiſe as the others, adds an antic dreſs, which he conceived would allude very aptly to ſuch and ſuch Myſteries, till by degrees the whole office has degenerated into an empty ſhow.

THEIR Succeſſors ſee the vanity and inconvenience of theſe Ceremonies: but inſtead of reforming, perhaps add others, which they think more ſignificant, and which take poſſeſſion in the ſame manner, and are never to be driven out after they have been once admitted. I have ſeen the Pope officiate at St *Peter's*, where, for two hours together, he was buſied in putting on or off his different accoutrements, according to the different parts he was to act in them.

NOTHING is ſo glorious in the eyes of Mankind, and ornamental to human Nature, ſetting aſide the infinite advantages which ariſe from it, as a ſtrong, ſteady, maſculine Piety; but Enthuſiaſm and Superſtition are the weakneſs of human Reaſon, that expoſe us to the ſcorn and deriſion of infidels, and ſink us even below the beaſts that periſh.

IDOLATRY may be looked upon as another error

ror arising from mistaken Devotion; but because reflections on that subject would be of no use to an *English* reader, I shall not enlarge upon it. L

No. 202. *Monday, October* 22.

Sæpe decem vitiis instructior odit & horret.
Hor Ep 18. l. 1. v. 25.

Many, tho' faultier much themselves, pretend
Their less offending Neighbours faults to mend.

THE other day as I passed along the street, I saw a sturdy prentice-boy disputing with an hackney-coachman; and in an instant, upon some word of provocation, throw off his hat and periwig, clench his fist, and strike the fellow a slap on the face; at the same time calling him rascal, and telling him he was a Gentleman's son. The young Gentleman was, it seems, bound to a blacksmith; and the debate arose about payment for some work done about a coach, near which they fought. His Master, during the combat, was full of his boy's praises; and as he called to him to play with his hand and foot, and throw in his head, he made all us who stood round him of his party, by declaring the boy had very good friends, and he could trust him with untold Gold. As I am generally in the theory of Mankind, I could not but make my reflections upon the sudden popularity which was raised about the Lad; and perhaps, with my friend *Tacitus*, fell into observations upon it, which were too great for the occasion; or ascribed this general favour to causes which had nothing to do towards it. But the young blacksmith's being a Gentleman was, methought, what created him good-will from his present equality with the mob about him: Add to this, that he was not so much a Gentleman, as not, at the same time that he called himself

himſelf ſuch, to uſe as rough methods for his defence as his Antagoniſt. The advantage of his having good friends, as his Maſter expreſſed it, was not lazily urged; but he ſhewed himſelf ſuperior to the coachman in the perſonal qualities of courage and activity, to confirm that of his being well allied, before his birth was of any ſervice to him.

IF one might moralize from this ſilly ſtory, a Man would ſay, that whatever advantages of fortune, birth, or any other good, people poſſeſs above the reſt of the World, they ſhould ſhew collateral eminences beſides thoſe diſtinctions; or thoſe diſtinctions will avail only to keep up common decencies and ceremonies, and not to preſerve a real place of favour or eſteem in the opinion and common ſenſe of their fellow-creatures.

THE folly of people's procedure, in imagining that nothing more is neceſſary than property and ſuperior circumſtances to ſupport them in diſtinction, appears in no way ſo much as in the Domeſtic part of life. It is ordinary to feed their humours into unnatural excreſcences, if I may ſo ſpeak, and make their whole being a wayward and uneaſy condition, for want of the obvious reflection that all parts of human life is a Commerce. It is not only paying wages, and giving commands, that conſtitutes a Maſter of a family; but prudence, equal behaviour, with readineſs to protect and cheriſh them, is what entitles a man to that character in their very hearts and ſentiments. It is pleaſant enough to obſerve, that Men expect from their Dependents, from their ſole motive of fear, all the good effects which a liberal education, and affluent fortune, and every other advantage, cannot produce in themſelves. A Man will have his ſervant juſt, diligent, ſober and chaſte, for no other reaſons but the terror of loſing his Maſter's favour; when all the Laws Divine and Human cannot keep him whom he ſerves within bounds, with relation to any one of thoſe virtues. But both in

great

great and ordinary affairs, all ſuperiority, which is not founded on merit and virtue, is ſupported only by artifice and ſtratagem. Thus you ſee flatterers are the agents in families of Humouriſts, and thoſe who govern themſelves by any thing but reaſon. Make-bates, diſtant relations, poor kinſmen, and indigent followers, are the fry which ſupport the œconomy of an humourſome rich Man. He is eternally whiſpered with intelligence of who are true or falſe to him in matters of no conſequence, and he maintains twenty friends to defend him againſt the inſinuations of one who would perhaps cheat him of an old coat.

I Shall not enter into farther Speculation upon this Subject at preſent, but think the following Letters and Petition are made up of proper ſentiments on this occaſion.

Mr Spectator,

'I AM a Servant to an old Lady who is governed 'by one ſhe calls her friend; who is ſo familiar 'an one, that ſhe takes upon her to adviſe her with'out being called to it, and makes her uneaſy with 'all about her. Pray, Sir, be pleaſed to give us 'ſome remarks upon voluntary Counſellors; and let 'theſe people know that to give any body advice, is 'to ſay to that perſon, I am your betters. Pray, 'Sir, as near as you can, deſcribe that eternal flirt 'and diſturber of families, Mrs *Taperty*, who is al'ways viſiting, and putting people in a way as they 'call it. If you can make her ſtay at home one E'vening, you will be a general benefactor to all the 'Ladies Women in Town, and particularly to

Your loving Friend,

Susan Civil.

Mr

Mr Spectator,

'I AM a Footman, and live with one of those Men, each of whom is said to be one of the best humoured Men in the World, but that he is passionate. Pray be pleased to inform them that he who is passionate, and takes no care to command his hastiness, does more injury to his friends and servants in one half Hour, than whole years can atone for. This Master of mine, who is the best man alive in common fame, disobliges somebody every day he lives; and strikes me for the next thing I do, because he is out of humour at it. If these gentlemen knew that they do all the mischief that is ever done in conversation, they would reform; and I who have been a spectator of Gentlemen at Dinner for many years, have seen that indiscretion does ten times more mischief than ill-nature. But you will represent this better than

Your abused humble Servant,

Thomas Smoky.

To the Spectator.

The humble Petition of *John Steward, Robert Butler, Harry Cook,* and *Abigail Chambers,* in behalf of themselves and their relations, belonging to and dispersed in the several services of most of the great Families within the Cities of *London* and *Westminster.*

Sheweth,

'THAT in many of the Families in which your Petitioners live and are employed, the several Heads of them are wholly unacquainted with what is business, and are very little judges when they are well or ill used by us your said Petitioners.

'THAT for want of such skill in their own affairs,

'fairs, and by indulgence of their own lazineſs and 'pride, they continually keep about them certain 'miſchievous animals called Spies.

'THAT whenever a Spy is entertained, the 'peace of that houſe is from that moment baniſhed.

'THAT Spies never give an account of good ſer-'vices, but repreſent our mirth and freedom by the 'words, wantonneſs and diſorder.

'THAT in all Families where there are Spies, 'there is a general jealouſy and miſunderſtanding.

'THAT the Maſters and Miſtreſſes of ſuch hou-'ſes live in continual ſuſpicion of their ingenuous 'and true ſervants, and are given up to the ma-'nagement of thoſe who are falſe and perfidious.

'THAT ſuch Maſters and Miſtreſſes who enter-'tain Spies, are no longer more than Cyphers in 'their own families; and that we your Petitioners 'are with great diſdain obliged to pay all our re-'ſpect, and expect all our maintenance from ſuch 'Spies.

'YOUR Petitioners therefore moſt humbly pray, 'that you would repreſent the premiſes to all 'perſons of condition; and your petitioners, as 'in duty bound, ſhall for ever pray, *&c.* T

No. 203. *Tueſday, October* 23.

Phœbe pater, ſi das hujus mihi nominis uſum,
Nec falſa Clymene culpam ſub imagine celat;
Pignora da, genitor——— Ovid. Met. l. 2. v. 36.

Illuſtrious Parent! ſince you don't deſpiſe
A Parent's Name, ſome certain token give,
That I may Clymene's *proud Boaſt believe,*
Nor longer under falſe reproaches grieve. ADDISON.

THERE is a looſe tribe of Men whom I have not yet taken notice of, that ramble into all the corners

corners of this great city, in order to feduce fuch unfortunate Females as fall into their walks. Thefe abandoned profligates raife up iffue in every quarter of the town, and very often, for a valuable confideration, father it upon the Church-warden. By this means there are feveral married men who have a little family in moft of the Parifhes of *London* and *Weftminfter*, and feveral bachelors who are undone by a charge of children.

WHEN a Man once gives himfelf the liberty of preying at large, and living upon the common, he finds fo much game in a populous City, that it is fuprifing to confider the numbers which he fometimes propagates. We fee many a young Fellow who is fcarce of age, that could lay his claim to the *jus trium liberorum*, or the privileges which were granted by the *Roman* Laws to all fuch as were fathers of three children: Nay, I have heard a rake, who was not quite five and twenty, declare himfelf the father of a feventh fon, and very prudently determine to breed him up a Phyfician. In fhort, the Town is full of thefe young Patriarchs, not to mention feveral batter'd beaus, who, like heedlefs fpendthrifts that fquander away their eftates before they are Mafters of them, have raifed up their whole ftock of children before marriage.

I MUST not here omit the particular whim of an impudent Libertine that had a little fmattering of Heraldry; and obferving how the genealogies of great families were often drawn up in the fhape of trees, has taken a fancy to difpofe of his own illegitimate iffue in a figure of the fame kind.

——*Nec longum tempus & ingens*
Exiit ad cœlum ramis felicibus arbos,
Miraturque novas frondes, & non fua poma.

Virg. Georg. 2. v. 80.

And in fhort Space the laden Boughs arife,
With happy Fruit advancing to the Skies:

The

The Mother Plant admires the Leaves unknown
Of alien trees, and Apples not her own. DRYDEN.

THE trunk of the tree was mark'd with his own name, *Will Maple*. Out of the ſide of it grew a large barren branch inſcribed *Mary Maple*, the name of his unhappy Wife. The head was adorned with five huge boughs. On the bottom of the firſt was written in capitalc haracters *Kate Cole*, who branched out into three ſprigs, *viz. William, Richard*, and *Rebecca*. *Sal Twiford* gave birth to another bough that ſhot up into *Sarah, Tom, Will*, and *Frank*. The third arm of the tree had only a ſingle infant on it, with a ſpace left for a ſecond, the parent from whom it ſprung being near her time when the Author took this ingenious device into his head. The two other great boughs were very plentifully loaden with fruit of the ſame kind; beſides which there were many ornamental branches that did not bear. In ſhort, a more flouriſhing tree never came out of the herald's office.

WHAT makes this generation of vermin ſo very prolific, is the indefatigable diligence with which they apply themſelves to their buſineſs. A Man does not undergo more watchings and fatigues in a Campaign, than in the courſe of a vicious Amour. As it is ſaid of ſome men, that they make their buſineſs their pleaſure, theſe ſons of darkneſs may be ſaid to make their pleaſure their buſineſs. They might conquer their corrupt inclinations with half the pains they are at in gratifying them.

NOR is the invention of theſe men leſs to be admired than their induſtry and vigilance. There is a fragment of *Apollodorus* the Comic Poet (who was cotemporary with *Menander*) which is full of humour, as follows: *Thou mayſt ſhut up thy doors*, ſays he, *with bars and bolts: It will be impoſſible for the blackſmith to make them ſo faſt, but a Cat and a Whoremaſter will find a way*

a way through them. In a word, there is no head ſo full of ſtratagems as that of a libidinous man.

WERE I to propoſe a puniſhment for this infamous race of propagators, it ſhould be to ſend them, after the ſecond or third offence, into our *American* colonies, in order to people thoſe parts of her Majeſty's dominions where there is a want of inhabitants, and in the phraſe of *Diogenes*, to *plant men.* Some Countries puniſh this crime with death; but I think ſuch a baniſhment would be ſufficient, and might turn this generative faculty to the advantage of the public.

IN the mean time, till theſe gentlemen may be thus diſpoſed of, I would earneſtly exhort them to take care of thoſe unfortunate Creatures whom they have brought into the world by theſe indirect methods, and to give their ſpurious children ſuch an Education as may render them more virtuous than their Parents. This is the beſt atonement they can make for their own crimes, and indeed the only method that is left them to repair their paſt miſcarriages.

I WOULD likewiſe deſire them to conſider, whether they are not bound in common Humanity, as well as by all the obligations of Religion and Nature, to make ſome proviſion for thoſe whom they have not only given life to, but entail'd upon them, tho' very unreaſonably, a degree of ſhame and diſgrace. And here I cannot but take notice of thoſe depraved notions which prevail among us, and which muſt have taken riſe from our natural inclination to favour a vice to which we are ſo very prone, namely, that *Baſtardy* and *Cuckoldom* ſhould be look'd upon as reproaches, and that the ignominy, which is only due to lewdneſs and falſhood, ſhould fall in ſo unreaſonable a manner upon the perſons who are innocent.

I HAVE been inſenſibly drawn into this diſcourſe by the following Letter, which is drawn up with ſuch a ſpirit of ſincerity, that I queſtion not but the Writer of it has repreſented his caſe in a true and genuine light.

SIR,

SIR,

'I Am one of thoſe people who by the general opi-
'nion of the world are counted both infamous and
'unhappy.

'MY Father is a very eminent man in this king-
'dom, and one who bears conſiderable offices in it.
'I am his Son, but my misfortune is, that I dare not
'call him Father, nor he without ſhame own me as
'his iſſue, I being illegitimate, and therefore deprived
'of that endearing tenderneſs and unparallel'd ſatis-
'faction which a good man finds in the love and con-
'verſation of a Parent: Neither have I the opportu-
'nities to render him the duties of a Son, he having
'always carried himſelf at ſo vaſt a diſtance, and
'with ſuch ſuperiority towards me, that by long uſe
'I have contracted a timorouſneſs when before him,
'which hinders me from declaring my own neceſſi-
'ties, and giving him to underſtand the inconveni-
'ences I undergo.

'IT is my misfortune to have been neither bred a
'Scholar, a Soldier, nor to any kind of buſineſs,
'which renders me intirely uncapable of making pro-
'viſion for myſelf without his aſſiſtance; and this
'creates a continual uneaſineſs in my mind, fearing
'I ſhall in time want bread; my Father, if I may ſo
'call him, giving me but very faint aſſurances of do-
'ing any thing for me.

'I Have hitherto lived ſomewhat like a Gentle-
'man, and it would be very hard for me to labour
'for my living. I am in continual anxiety for my
'future Fortune, and under a great unhappineſs in
'loſing the ſweet converſation and friendly advice of
'my Parents; ſo that I cannot look upon myſelf o-
'therwiſe than as a Monſter, ſtrangely ſprung up in
'Nature, which every one is aſhamed to own.

'I Am thought to be a man of ſome natural parts,
'and by the continual reading what you have offer-
'ed the world, become an ad[illegible]r thereof, which ha[illegible]

'drawn me to make this confeſſion; at the ſame time 'hoping, if any thing herein ſhall touch you with a 'ſenſe of pity, you would then allow me the favour 'of your opinion thereupon; as alſo what part I, be- 'ing unlawfully born, may claim of the man's affec- 'tion who begot me, and how far in your opinion I 'am to be thought his Son, or he acknowledged as 'my Father. Your ſentiments and advice herein will 'be a great conſolation and ſatisfaction to,

SIR,

Your admirer and

humble Servant.

C W. B.

No. 204. *Wedneſday, October* 24.

Urit grata protervitas,
Et vultus nimium lubricus aſpici. Hor. Od. 19. l. 1. v. 7.

With winning Coyneſs ſhe my Soul diſarms:
Her Face darts forth a thouſand Rays;
My Eye-balls ſwim, and I grow giddy while I gaze.
CONGREVE.

I AM not at all diſpleaſed that I am become the Courier of Love, and that the diſtreſſed in that paſſion convey their complaints to each other by my means. The following Letters have lately come to my hands, and ſhall have their place with great willingneſs. As to the Reader's entertainment, he will, I hope, forgive the inſerting ſuch particulars as to him may perhaps ſeem frivolous, but are to the perſons who wrote them of the higheſt conſequence. I ſhall not trouble you with the Prefaces, Compliments, and apologies made to me before each Epiſtle when it

it was desired to be inserted; but in general they tell me, that the persons to whom they are addressed have intimations, by phrases and allusions in them, from whence they came.

To the Sothades.

'THE word, by which I address you, gives you, ' who understand *Portuguese*, a lively image of ' the tender regard I have for you. The SPECTATOR's late Letter from *Statira* gave me the hint to ' use the same method of explaining myself to you. I ' am not affronted at the design your late behaviour ' discovered you had in your addresses to me; but I ' impute it to the degeneracy of the age, rather than ' your particular fault. As I aim at nothing more ' than being yours, I am willing to be a stranger to ' your name, your fortune, or any figure which your ' Wife might expect to make in the world, provided ' my commerce with you is not to be a guilty one. I ' resign gay Dress, the pleasures of Visits, Equipage, Plays, Balls, and Operas, for that one satisfaction of having you for ever mine. I am willing you shall industriously conceal the only cause ' of triumph which I can know in this life. I wish ' only to have it my duty, as well as my inclination ' to study your happiness. If this has not the effect ' this Letter seems to aim at, you are to understand ' that I had a mind to be rid of you, and took the ' readiest way to pall you with an offer of what you ' would never desist pursuing while you received ill ' usage. Be a true man; be my slave while you doubt ' me, and neglect me when you think I love you. I ' defy you to find out what is your present circumstance with me; but I know while I can keep this ' suspence,

I am your admired

BELINDA.

Madam,

Madam,

' IT is a ſtrange ſtate of mind a Man is in, when
' the very imperfections of a Woman he loves
' turn into excellencies and advantages. I do aſſure
' you, I am very much afraid of venturing upon
' you. I now like you in ſpite of my reaſon, and
' think it an ill circumſtance to owe one's happineſs
' to nothing but infatuation. I can ſee you ogle all
' the young fellows who look at you, and obſerve
' your eye wander after new conqueſts every moment
' you are in a public place; and yet there is ſuch a
' beauty in all your looks and geſtures, that I can
' not but admire you in the very act of endeavouring
' to gain the hearts of others. My condition is the
' ſame with that of the lover in the *Way of the*
' *World.* I have ſtudied your faults ſo long, that
' they are become as familiar to me and I like
' them as well as I do my own. Look to it, Ma-
' dam, and conſider whether you think this gay be-
' haviour will appear to me as amiable when an Huſ-
' band, as it does now to me a lover. Things are
' ſo far advanced, that we muſt proceed; and I hope
' you will lay it to heart, that it will be becoming
' in me to appear ſtill your lover, but not in you to
' be ſtill my Miſtreſs. Gaiety in the matrimonal life
' is graceful in one Sex, but exceptionable in the
' other. As you improve theſe little hints, you will
' aſcertain the happineſs or uneaſineſs of,

Madam,

Your moſt obedient,

Moſt humble Servant,

T. D.

S I R,

' WHEN I ſat at the Window, and you at the
' other end of the Room by my couſin, I ſaw

' you

'you catch me looking at you, Since you have the 'secret at last, which I am sure you should never 'have known but by inadvertency, what my eyes 'said was true. But it is too soon to confirm it 'with my hand, therefore shall not subscribe my 'name.

SIR,

'THERE were other Gentlemen nearer, and I 'know no necessity you were under to take up 'that flippant creature's fan last night; but you 'shall never touch a stick of mine more, that's pos.

Phillis.

To Colonel R——s *in* Spain.

'BEFORE this can reach the best of Husbands 'and the fondest lover, those tender names will 'be no more of concern to me. The indisposition in 'which you, to obey the dictates of your honour and 'duty, left me, has increased upon me; and I am 'acquainted by my Physicians I cannot live a week 'longer. At this time my spirits fail me; and it is 'the ardent love I have for you that carries me be- 'yond my strength, and enables me to tell you, 'The most painful thing in the prospect of death, 'is that I must part with you. But let it be a com- 'fort to you, that I have no guilt hangs upon me, 'no unrepented folly that retards me; but I pass a- 'way my last hours in reflexion upon the happiness 'we have lived in together, and in sorrow that it is 'so soon to have an end. This is a frailty which I 'hope is so far from criminal, that methinks there 'is a kind of piety in being so unwilling to be sepa- 'rated from a state which is the institution of Hea- 'ven, and in which we have lived according to it's 'laws. As we know no more of the next Life, but 'that it will be an happy one to the Good, and mi-

ferable

'ferable to the Wicked, why may we not pleafe our-'felves at leaft to alleviate the difficulty of refigning 'this Being, in imagining that we fhall have a fenfe 'of what paffes below, and may poffibly be employ-'ed in guiding the fteps of thofe with whom we 'walked with innocence when mortal? Why may 'not I hope to go on in my ufual work, and, tho' 'unknown to you, be affiftant in all the conflicts of 'your mind? Give me leave to fay to you, O beft 'of Men, that I cannot figure to myfelf a greater 'happinefs than in fuch an employment: To be pre-'fent at all the adventures to which human life is 'expofed, to adminifter flumber to the eyelids in the 'agonies of a fever, to cover thy beloved Face in the 'day of battle, to go with thee a Guardian Angel 'incapable of wound or pain, where I have longed 'to attend thee when a weak, a fearful Woman: 'Thefe, my Dear, are the thoughts with which I 'warm my poor languid heart; but indeed I am 'not capable under my prefent weaknefs of bearing 'the ftrong agonies of mind I fall into, when I 'form to myfelf the grief you will be in upon your 'firft hearing of my departure. I will not dwell 'upon this, becaufe your kind and generous heart 'will be but the more afflicted, the more the perfon 'for whom you lament offers you confolation. My 'laft breath will, if I am myfelf, expire in a prayer 'for you. I fhall never fee thy face again. Fare-'wel for ever.

T

Thurfday,

No. 205. *Thurſday, October* 25.

Decipimur ſpecie recti——— Hor. Ars. Poet. v. 25.

Deluded by a ſeeming Excellence. ROSCOMMON.

WHEN I meet with any vicious character that is not generally known, in order to prevent its doing miſchief, I draw it at length, and ſet it up as a Scarecrow; by which means I do not only make an example of the Perſon to whom it belongs, but give warning to all Her Majeſty's ſubjects, that they may not ſuffer by it. Thus, to change the alluſion, I have marked out ſeveral of the ſholes and quickſands of life, and am continually employed in diſcovering thoſe which are ſtill concealed, in order to keep the ignorant, and unwary from running upon them. It is with this intention that I publiſh the following Letter, which brings to light ſome ſecrets of this nature.

MR SPECTATOR,

'THERE are none of your Speculations which I 'read over with greater delight, than thoſe 'which are deſigned for the improvement of our 'Sex. You have endeavoured to correct our unrea-'ſonable Fears and Superſtitions, in your ſeventh 'and twelfth papers; our Fancy for Equipage, in 'your fifteenth; our Love of Puppet ſhews, in 'your thirty-firſt; our Notions of Beauty, in your 'thirty-third; our Inclination for Romances, in 'your thirty-ſeventh; our Paſſion for *French* Fop-'peries, in your forty-fifth; our Manhood and 'Party-zeal, in your fifty-ſeventh; our Abuſe of 'Dancing, in your ſixty-ſixth and ſixty-ſeventh; 'our Levity, in your hundred and twenty-eight;

'our

'our Love of Coxcombs, in your hundred and 'fifty-fourth, and hundred and fifty-seventh; our 'Tyranny over the Hen-peckt, in your hundred 'and seventy-sixth: You have described the *Pict* in 'your forty-first; the Idol, in your seventy third; 'the Demurrer, in your eighty-ninth; the Sala-'mander, in your hundred and ninety-eight. You 'have likewise taken to pieces our Dress, and repre-'sented to us to the extravagances we are often guil-'ty of in that particular. You have fallen upon 'our Patches, in your fiftieth and eighty-first; our 'Commodes, in your ninety-eighth; our Fans in 'your hundred and second; our riding habits in 'your hundred and fourth; our Hoop-petticoats, in 'your hundred and twenty-seventh; besides a great 'many little blemishes which you have touched upon 'in your several other Papers, and in those many 'Letters that are scattered up and down your 'works. At the same time we must own, that the 'compliments you pay our Sex are innumerable, 'and that those very faults which you represent in 'us, are neither black in themselves, nor, as you 'own, universal among us. But, Sir, it is plain 'that these your discourses are calculated for none 'but the fashionable part of Womankind, and for the 'use of those who are rather indiscreet than vicious. 'But, Sir, there is a sort of prostitutes in the lower 'part of our Sex, who are a scandal to us, and ve-'ry well deserve to fall under your censure. I know 'it would debase your Paper too much to enter into 'the behaviour of these Female Libertines; but as 'your remarks on some part of it would be a doing 'of justice to several Women of virtue and honour, 'whose reputations suffer by it, I hope you will not 'think it improper to give the Public some accounts 'of this nature. You must know, Sir, I am pro-'voked to write you this letter by the Behaviour of 'an infamous Woman, who having passed her youth 'in a most shameless state of prostitution, is now

'one

'one of those who gain their livelihood by seducing 'others, that are younger than themselves, and by 'establishing a criminal commerce between the two 'Sexes. Among several of her artifices to get mo-'ney, she frequently persuades a vain young fellow, 'that such a Woman of quality, or such a celebra-'ted toast, entertains a secret passion for him, and 'wants nothing; but an opportunity of revealing it: 'Nay, she has gone so far as to write Letters in the 'name of a Woman of figure, to borrow Money 'of one of these foolish *Roderigo*'s, which she has af-'terwards appropriated to her own use. In the 'mean-time, the person who has lent the money, 'has thought a Lady under obligations to him, who 'scarce knew his name; and wondered at her in-'gratitude when he has been with her, that she has 'not owned the favour, though at the same time he 'was too much a man of honour to put her in mind 'of it.

'WHEN this abandoned baggage meets with a 'man who has vanity enough to give credit to rela-'tions of this nature, she turns him to very good 'account, by repeating Praises that were never ut-'tered, and delivering messages that were never 'sent. As the house of this shameless creature is 'frequented by several foreigners, I have heard of 'another artifice, out of which she often raises Mo-'ney. The Foreigner sighs after some *British* beau-'ty, whom he only knows by fame: Upon which 'she promises, if he can be secret, to procure him a 'meeting. The Stranger, ravished at his good 'fortune, gives her a present. and in a little time is 'introduced to some imaginary title; for you must 'know that this cunning Purveyor has her repre-'sentatives, upon this occasion, of some of the fi-'nest Ladies in the Kingdom. By this means, as I 'am informed, it is usual enough to meet with a '*German* Count in foreign countries, that shall make 'his boasts of favours he has received from Women

'of the higheſt Ranks, and the moſt unblemiſhed
'Characters. Now, Sir, what ſafety is there for a
'Woman's reputation, when a Lady may be thus
'proſtituted as it were by proxy, and be reputed an
'unchaſte Woman; as the Hero in the ninth book
'of *Dryden*'s Virgil is looked upon as a coward, be-
'cauſe the Phantom which appeared in his likeneſs
'ran away from *Turnus*? You may depend upon
'what I relate to you to be matter of fact, and the
'practice of more than one of theſe female Pandars.
'If you print this Letter, I may give you ſome far-
'ther accounts of this vicious race of Women.

Your humble Servant,

BELVIDERA.

I SHALL add two other Letters on different ſubjects to fill up my Paper.

MR SPECTATOR,

'I AM a Country Clergyman, and hope you will
'lend me your aſſiſtance in ridiculing ſome little
'indecencies which cannot ſo properly be expoſed
'from the Pulpit.

'A WIDOW Lady, who ſtraggled this Summer
'from *London* into my Pariſh for the benefit of the
'air, as ſhe ſays, appears every *Sunday* at Church
'with many faſhionable extravagances, to the great
'aſtoniſhment of my congregation.

'But what gives us the moſt offence is her thea-
'trical manner of ſinging the Pſalms. She intro-
'duces above fifty *Italian* airs into the Hundredth
'Pſalm, and whilſt we begin *All people* in the old ſo-
'lemn tune of our Foreſathers, ſhe in a quit differ-
'ent key runs diviſions on the vowels, and adorns
'them with the graces of *Nicolini*; if ſhe meets
'with eke or eye, which are frequent in the Metre
'of *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*, we are certain to hear
'her quavering them half a minute after us to ſome
'ſprightly

'sprightly airs of the Opera.

'I Am very far from being an enemy to Church 'Music; but fear this abuse of it may make my '*Parish* ridiculous, who already look on the Singing 'Psalms as an entertainment, and not part of their 'devotion: Besides, I am apprehensive that the in-'fection may spread, for Squire *Squeekum*, who by 'his voice seems (if I may use the expression) to be 'cut out for an *Italian* Singer, was last *Sunday* prac-'tising the same airs.

'I Know the Lady's principles, and that she will 'plead the Toleration, which (as she fancies) allows 'her nonconformity in this particular; but I beg you 'to acquaint her, that singing the Psalms in a dif-'ferent Tune from the rest of the Congregation, is 'a sort of schism not tolerated by that act.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

R. S.

Mr Spectator,

'In your Paper upon Temperance, you prescribe 'to us a rule of drinking, out of Sir *William* '*Temple*, in the following words; *The first Glass for* '*myself, the second for my Friends, the third for Good-* '*humour, and the fourth for mine Enemies.* Now, Sir, 'you must know, that I have read this your *Specta-* '*tor*, in a Club whereof I am a Member; when 'our President told us, there was certainly an error 'in the print, and that the word *Glass* should be '*Bottle*; and therefore has ordered me to inform 'you of this Mistake, and to desire you to publish 'the following *Errata*: In the paper of *Saturday*, '*Octob.* 13, Col. 2, Line 11, for *Glass* read *Bottle*.

L *Yours*, Robin Goodfellow.

Friday,

O 2

No. 206. *Friday, October 26.*

Quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit,
A Diis plura feret—— Hor. Od. 16. l. 3. v. 21.

They that do much Themselves deny,
Receive more Blessings from the Sky. CREECH.

THERE is a call upon Mankind to value and esteem those who set a moderate price upon their own Merit; and Self-denial is frequently attended with unexpected blessings, which in the end abundantly recompense such losses as the modest seem to suffer in the ordinary occurrencies of life. The curious tell us, a determination in our favour or to our disadvantage is made upon our first appearance, even before they know any thing of our characters, but from the intimations Men gather from our aspect. A Man, they say, wears the picture of his mind in his countenance; and one Man's Eyes are spectacles to his who looks at him to read his Heart. But tho' that way of raising an opinion of those we behold in public is very fallacious, certain it is, that those, who by their words and actions take as much upon themselves, as they can but barely demand in the strict scrutiny of their deserts, will find their account lessen every day. A modest man preserves his character, as a frugal man does his fortune; if either of them live to the height of either, one would find losses, the other errors, which he has not Stock by him to make up. It were therefore a just rule, to keep your desires, your words and actions, within the regard you observe your friends have for you; and never, if it were in a man's power, to take as much as he possibly might either in preferment or reputation. My walks have lately been among the mercantile part of the world; and one gets phrases naturally

naturally from those with whom one converses: I say then, he that in his air, his treatment of others, or an habitual arrogance to himself, gives himself credit for the least article of more wit, wisdom, goodness, or valour than he can possibly produce if he is called upon, will find the world break in upon him, and consider him as one who has cheated them of all the esteem they had before allowed him. This brings a commission of Bankruptcy upon him; and he that might have gone on to his Life's end in a prosperous way, by aiming at more than he should, is no longer proprietor of what he really had before, but his pretensions fare as all things do which are torn instead of being divided.

THERE is no one living would deny *Cinna* the applause of an agreeable and facetious wit; or could possibly pretend that there is not something inimitably unforced and diverting in his manner of delivering all his sentiments in his conversation, if he were able to conceal the strong desire of applause which he betrays in every syllable he utters. But they who converse with him, see that all the civilities they could do to him, or the kind things they could say to him, would fall short of what he expects; and therefore instead of shewing him the esteem they have for his merit, their reflexions turn only upon that they observe he has of it himself.

IF you go among the Women, and behold *Gloriana* trip into a room with that theatrical Ostentation of her charms, *Mirtilla* with that soft Regularity in her motion, *Chloe* with such an indifferent Familiarity, *Corinna* with such a fond Approach, and *Roxana* with such a Demand of respect on the great gravity of her entrance; you find all the Sex who understand themselves and act naturally, wait only for their absence, to tell you that all these Ladies would impose themselves upon you; and each of them carry in their behaviour a a consciousness of so much more

more than they ſhould pretend to, that they loſe what would otherwiſe be given them.

I REMEMBER the laſt time I ſaw *Macbeth*, I was wonderfully taken with the ſkill of the Poet, in making the Murderer form fears to himſelf from the moderation of the Prince whoſe life he was going to take away. He ſays of the King, *He bore his faculties ſo meekly*; and juſtly inferred from thence, that all divine and human power would join to avenge his death, who had made ſuch an abſtinent uſe of dominion. All that is in a Man's power to do to advance his own pomp and glory, and forbears, is ſo much laid up againſt the day of diſtreſs; and pity will always be his portion in adverſity, who acted with gentleneſs in proſperity.

THE great Officer who foregoes the advantages he might take to himſelf, and renounces all prudential regards to his own perſon in danger, has ſo far the merit of a Volunteer; and all his honours and glories are unenvied, for ſharing the common fate with the ſame frankneſs as they do who have no ſuch endearing circumſtances to part with. But if there were no ſuch conſiderations as the good effect which ſelf denial has upon the ſenſe of other men towards us, it is of all qualities the moſt deſirable for the agreeable diſpoſition in which it places our own minds. I cannot tell what better to ſay of it, than that it is the very contrary of ambition; and that modeſty allays all thoſe paſſions and inquietudes to which that vice expoſes us. He that is moderate in his wiſhes from reaſon and choice, and not reſigned from ſourneſs, diſtaſte, or diſappointment, doubles all the pleaſures of his life. The Air, the Seaſon, a Sun-ſhiny day, or a fair proſpect, are inſtances of happineſs, and that which he enjoys in common with all the world, (by his exemption from the Enchantments by which all the world are bewitched) are to him uncommon benefits and new acquiſitions. Health is not eaten up with care, nor pleaſure interrupted by envy. It is not to him of any conſequence what this

man

man is famed for, or for what the other is preferred. He knows there is in ſuch a place an uninterrupted walk; he can meet in ſuch a company an agreeable converſation; he has no emulation, he is no Man's rival, but every Man's well-wiſher; can look at a proſperous man, with a pleaſure in reflecting that he hopes he is as happy as himſelf; and has his mind and his fortune (as far as prudence will allow) open to the Unhappy and to the Stranger.

LUCCEIUS has learning, wit, humour, eloquence, but no ambitious proſpects to purſue with theſe advantages; therefore to the ordinary world he is perhaps thought to want ſpirit, but known among his friends to have a Mind of the moſt conſummate greatneſs. He wants no Man's admiration, is in no need of pomp. His Clothes pleaſe him if they are faſhionable and warm; his Companions are agreeable if they are civil and well-natured. There is with him no occaſion for ſuperfluity at meals, for jollity in Company, in a word, for any thing extraordinary to adminiſter delight to him. Want of prejudice and command of appetite are the companions which make his journey of life ſo eaſy, that he in all places meets with more wit, more good cheer and more Good-humour, than is neceſſary to make him enjoy himſelf with Pleaſure and ſatisfaction. T

No. 207. *Saturday, October* 27.

Omnibus in terris, quae ſunt a Gadibus uſque
Auroram & Gangem, pauci dignoſcere poſſunt
Vera bona, atque illis multum diverſa, remota
Errori nebula—— Juv. Sat. 10. v. 1.

Look round the habitable World, how few
Know their own Good, or, knowing it, purſue. Dryden

IN my laſt *Saturday*'s paper I laid down ſome thoughts upon Devotion in general, and ſhall here ſhew what were

were the notions of the moſt refined Heathens on this ſubject, as they are repreſented in *Plato*'s Dialogue upon Prayer, entitled, *Alcibiades the ſecond*, which doubtleſs gave occaſion to *Juvenal*'s tenth Satire, and to the ſecond Satire of *Perſius*; as the laſt of theſe Authors has almoſt tranſcribed the preceding Dialogue, entitled *Alcibiades the firſt*, in his Fourth Satire.

THE ſpeakers in this Dialogue upon Prayer, are *Socrates* and *Alcibiades*; and the ſubſtance of it (when drawn together out of the intricacies and digreſſions) as follows.

SOCRATES meeting his Pupil *Alcibiades*, as he was going to his Devotions, and obſerving his eyes to be fixed upon the earth with great ſeriouſneſs and attention, tells him, that he had reaſon to be thoughtful on that occaſion, ſince it was poſſible for a Man to bring down evils upon himſelf by his own Prayers, and that thoſe things, which the Gods ſend him in anſwer to his petitions, might turn to his deſtruction: This, ſays he, may not only happen when a Man prays for what he knows is miſchievous in its own nature, as *Oedipus* implored the Gods to ſow diſſenſion between his Sons; but when he prays for what he believes would be for his Good, and againſt what he believes would be to his Detriment. This the Philoſopher ſhews muſt neceſſarily happen among us, ſince moſt Men are blinded with ignorance, prejudice, or paſſion, which hinder them from ſeeing ſuch things as are really beneficial to them. For an inſtance, he aſks *Alcibiades*, Whether he would not be thoroughly pleaſed and ſatisfied if that God, to whom he was going to addreſs himſelf, ſhould promiſe to make him the Sovereign of the whole Earth? *Alcibiades* anſwers, That he ſhould doubtleſs look upon ſuch a promiſe as the greateſt favour that could be beſtowed upon him. *Socrates* then aſks him, if after receiving this great favour he would be contented to loſe his Life? or if he would receive it though he was ſure he ſhould make an ill uſe of it? To both which Queſtions *Alcibiades*

cibiades anſwers in the negative. *Socrates* then ſhews him, from the examples of others, how theſe might very probably be the effects of ſuch a bleſſing. He then adds, That other reputed pieces of good-fortune, as that of having a Son, or procuring the higheſt Poſt in a Government, are ſubject to the like fatal conſequences; which nevertheleſs, ſays he, Men ardently deſire, and would not fail to pray for, if they thought their Prayers might be effectual for the obtaining of them.

HAVING eſtabliſhed this great point, that all the moſt apparent bleſſings in this life are obnoxious to ſuch dreadful conſequences, and that no man knows what in its events would prove to him a bleſſing or a curſe, he teaches *Alcibiades* after what manner he ought to pray.

IN the firſt place, he recommends to him, as the model of his Devotions, a ſhort Prayer, which a *Greek* Poet compoſed for the uſe of his friends, in the following words; O Jupiter, *give us thoſe things which are good for us, whether they are ſuch things as we pray for, or ſuch things as we do not pray for: And remove from us thoſe things which are hurtful, though they are ſuch things as we pray for.*

IN the ſecond place, that his Diſciple may aſk ſuch things as are expedient for him, he ſhews him, that it is abſolutely neceſſary to apply himſelf to the ſtudy of true Wiſdom, and to the knowledge of that which is his chief Good, and the moſt ſuitable to the excellency of his nature.

IN the third and laſt place he informs him, that the beſt methods he could make uſe of to draw down Bleſſings upon himſelf, and to render his Prayers acceptable, would be to live in a conſtant practice of his duty towards the Gods, and towards Men. Under this head he very much recommends a form of Prayer the *Lacedemonians* make uſe of, in which they petition the Gods, *to give them all good things ſo long as they were virtuous.* Under this Head likewiſe he gives

ves a very remarkable account of an Oracle to the following purpose.

WHEN the *Athenians* in the war with the *Lacedemonians* received many defeats both by Sea and Land, they sent a message to the oracle of *Jupiter Ammon*, to ask the reason why they who erected so many Temples to the Gods, and adorned them with such costly offerings; why they who had instituted so many festivals, and accompanied them with such pomps and ceremonies; in short, why they who had slain so many Hecatombs at their Altars, should be less successful than the *Lacedemonians* who fell so short of them in all these particulars. To this, says he, the Oracle made the following reply; *I am better pleased with the Prayers of the* Lacedemonians, *than with all the Oblations of the* Greeks. As this Prayer implied and encouraged Virtue in those who made it; the Philosopher proceeds to shew how the most vicious man might be devout, so far as victims could make him, but that his Offerings were regarded by the Gods as bribes, and his Petitions as blasphemies. He likewise quotes on this occasion two verses out of *Homer*, in which the Poet says, That the scent of the *Trojan* Sacrifices was carried up to Heaven by the winds; but that it was not acceptable to the Gods, who were displeased with *Priam* and all his people.

THE conclusion of this Dialogue is very remarkable. *Socrates* having deterred *Alcibiades* from the Prayers and Sacrifice which he was going to offer, by setting forth the above-mentioned difficulties of performing that duty he ought, adds these words, *We must therefore wait till such time as we may learn how we ought to behave ourselves towards the Gods and towards the Men.* But when will that time come, says *Alcibiades*, and who is it that will instruct us? For I would fain see this man, whoever he is. It is one, says *Socrates*, who takes care of you; but as *Homer* tells us, that *Minerva* removed the mist from *Diomedes* his eyes, that he might plainly discover both Gods and Men;

so

ſo the darkneſs that hangs upon your mind muſt be removed before you are able to diſcern what is good, and what is evil. Let him remove from my mind, ſays *Alcibiades*, the darkneſs, and what elſe he pleaſes, I am determined to refuſe nothing he ſhall order me, whoever he is, ſo that I may become the better man by it. The remaining part of this Dialogue is very obſcure: There is ſomething in it that would make us think *Socrates* hinted at himſelf, when he ſpoke of this Divine Teacher who was to come into the world, did not he own that he himſelf was in this reſpect as much at a loſs, and in as great diſtreſs as the reſt of mankind.

SOME learned Men look upon this concluſion as a prediction of our Saviour, or at leaſt that *Socrates*, like the High-Prieſt, propheſied unknowingly, and pointed at that Divine Teacher who was to come into the world ſome ages after him. However that may be, we find that this great Philoſopher ſaw by the light of reaſon, that it was ſuitable to the Goodneſs of the Divine Nature, to ſend a Perſon into the world who ſhould inſtruct mankind in the duties of Religion, and, in particular, teach them how to Pray.

WHOEVER reads this abſtract of *Plato*'s diſcourſe on Prayer, will, I believe, naturally make this reflection, that the great founder of our Religion, as well by his own example, as in the form of Prayer which he taught his Diſciples, did not only keep up to thoſe rules which the light of nature had ſuggeſted to this great Philoſopher, but inſtructed his diſciples in the whole extent of this duty, as well as of all others. He directed them to the proper object of adoration, and taught them, according to the third rule above-mentioned, to apply themſelves to him in their cloſets, without ſhew or oſtentation, and to worſhip him in ſpirit and in truth. As the *Lacedæmonians* in their form of Prayer implored the Gods in general to give them all good things ſo long

as

as they were virtuous, we ask in particular *That our offences may be forgiven, as we forgive those of others.* If we look into the second rule which *Socrates* has prescribed, namely, That we should apply ourselves to the knowledge of such things as are best for us, this too is explain'd at large in the Doctrines of the Gospel, where we are taught in several instances to regard those things as curses, which appear as blessings in the eye of the world; and on the contrary to esteem those things as blessings, which to the generality of mankind appear as curses. Thus in the form which is prescribed to us we only pray for that happiness which is our chief good, and the great end of our existence, when we petition the Supreme Being for *the coming of his Kingdom,* being solicitous for no other temporal blessings but our *daily sustenance.* On the other side, we pray against nothing but Sin, and against *Evil* in general, leaving it with Omniscience to determine what is really such. If we look into the first of *Socrates* his rules of Prayer, in which he recommends the above-mentioned form of the ancient Poet, we find that form not only comprehended, but very much improved in the petition, wherein we pray to the Supreme Being that *his Will may be done*: Which is of the same force with that form which our Saviour used, when he prayed against the most painful and most ignominious of Deaths, *Nevertheless not my Will, but thine be done.* This comprehensive petition is the most humble, as well as the most prudent, that can be offered up from the Creature to his Creator, as it supposes the Supreme Being wills nothing but what is for our good, and that he knows better than ourselves what is so. L

Monday,

No. 208. *Monday, October 29.*

——*Veniunt ſpectentur ut ipſæ.*
Ovid. Ars Am. l. 1. v. 69.
To be themſelves a ſpectacle to come.

I Have ſeveral Letters of people of good ſenſe, who lament the depravity or poverty of taſte the Town is fallen into with relation to Plays and public Spectacles. A Lady in particular obſerves, that there is ſuch a levity in the minds of her own Sex, that they ſeldom attend any thing but impertinences. It is indeed prodigious to obſerve how little notice is taken of the moſt exalted parts of the beſt Tragedies in *Shakeſpear*; nay, it is not only viſible that ſenſuality has devoured all greatneſs of ſoul, but the under-paſſion (as I may ſo call it) of a noble ſpirit, Pity, ſeems to be a ſtranger to the generality of an audience. The minds of men are indeed very differently diſpoſed; and the reliefs from care and attention are of one ſort in a great ſpirit, and of another in an ordinary one. The man of a great heart and a ſerious complexion, is more pleaſed with inſtances of generoſity and pity, than the light and ludicrous ſpirit can poſſibly be with the higheſt ſtrains of mirth and laughter: It is therefore a melancholy proſpect when we ſee a numerous Aſſembly loſt to all ſerious entertainments, and ſuch incidents, as ſhould move one ſort of concern, excite in them a quite contrary one. In the Tragedy of *Macbeth*, the other Night, when the Lady who is conſcious of the crime of murdering the King, ſeems utterly aſtoniſhed at the news, and makes an exclamation at it; inſtead of the indignation which is natural to the occaſion, that expreſſion is received with a loud laugh: They were as merry when a criminal was ſtabbed. It is cer-

tainly an occaſion of rejoicing when the wicked are ſeized in their deſigns; but I think it is not ſuch a triumph as is exerted by laughter.

YOU may generally obſerve that the appetites are ſooner moved than the paſſions: A ſly expreſſion which alludes to baudry, puts a whole row into a pleaſing ſmirk; when a good ſentence that deſcribes an inward ſentiment of the ſoul, is received with the greateſt coldneſs and indifference. A Correſpondent of mine, upon this ſubject, has divided the Female part of the audience, and accounts for their prepoſſeſſions againſt this reaſonable delight in the following manner. The Prude, ſays he, as ſhe acts always in contradiction, ſo ſhe is gravely ſullen at a Comedy, and extravagantly gay at a Tragedy. The Coquette is ſo much taken up with throwing her eyes around the audience, and conſidering the effect of them, that ſhe cannot be expected to obſerve the Actors but as they are her rivals, and take off the obſervation of the Men from herſelf. Beſides theſe ſpecies of Women, there are the *Examples*, or the firſt of the mode: Theſe are to be ſuppoſed too well acquainted with what the Actor was going to ſay to be moved at it. After theſe one might mention a certain flippant ſet of Females who are Mimicks, and are wonderfully diverted with the conduct of all the people around them, and are ſpectators only of the audience. But what is of all the moſt to be lamented, is the loſs of a party whom it would be worth preſerving in their right ſenſes upon all occaſions, and theſe are thoſe whom we may indifferently call the innocent or the unaffected. You may ſometimes ſee one of theſe ſenſibly touched with a well-wrought incident; but then ſhe is immediately ſo impertinently obſerved by the men, and frowned at by ſome inſenſible ſuperior of her own Sex, that ſhe is aſhamed, and loſes the enjoyment of the moſt laudable concern, Pity. Thus the whole Audience is afraid of letting fall a tear, and ſhun as a weakneſs the beſt and worthieſt part of our ſenſe.

SIR,

'AS you are one that doth not only pretend to
'reform, but effects it amongst people of any
'sense; makes me (who am one of the greatest of
'your admirers) give you this trouble to desire you
'will settle the method of us Females knowing when
'one another is in Town: For they have now got a
'trick of never sending to their acquaintance when
'they first come; and if one does not visit them
'within the week which they stay at home, it is a
'mortal Quarrel. Now, Dear Mr SPEC, either
'command them to put it in the Advertisement of
'your Paper, which is generally read by our Sex,
'or else order them to breathe their saucy footmen
'(who are good for nothing else) by sending them
'to tell all their acquaintance. If you think to print
'this, pray put it into a better stile as to the spelling
'part. The town is now filling every day, and it
'cannot be deferred, because people take advantage
'of one another by this means and break off ac-
'quaintance, and are rude: Therefore pray put this
'in your Paper as soon as you can possibly, to pre-
'vent any future miscarriages of this nature. I am,
'as I ever shall be,

Dear SPEC,

Your most obedient, humble Servant,

MARY MEANWELL.

'PRAY settle what is to be a proper notification
'of a person's being in Town, and how that
'differs according to people's quality.

MR SPECTATOR, October *the* 20*th*.

'I HAVE been out of Town, so did not meet with
'your Paper dated *September* the 28th, wherein

 'you

'you, to my heart's defire, expofe that curfed vice 'of infnaring poor young girls, and drawing them 'from their friends. I affure you without flattery 'it has faved a prentice of mine from ruin; and in 'token of gratitude as well as for the benefit of my 'family, I have put it in a frame and glafs, and 'hung it behind my counter. I fhall take care to 'make my young ones read it every Morning, to 'fortify them againft fuch pernicious rafcals. I 'know not whether what you writ was matter of 'fact, or your own invention; but this I will take 'my oath on, the firft part is fo exactly like what 'happened to my Prentice, that had I read your 'Paper then, I fhould have taken your method to 'have fecured a villain. Go on and profper.

Your moft obliged humble Servant,

Mr Spectator,

'WITHOUT Rallery, I defire you to infert this 'Word for Word in your next, as you value 'a Lover's Prayers. You fee it is an hue and cry 'after a ftray heart (with the marks and blemifhes 'underwritten) which whoever fhall bring to you, 'fhall receive fatisfaction. Let me beg of you not 'to fail, as you remember the Paffion you had for 'her to whom you lately ended a Paper.

Noble, Generous, Great and Good,
But never to be underftood;
Fickle as the Wind, ftill changing,
After every Female ranging,
Panting, trembling, fighing, dying,
But addicted much to lying:
When the Siren Songs repeats,
Equal Meafures ftill it beats;
Who e'er fhall wear it, it will fmart her,
And who e'er takes it, takes a Tartar. T

Tuefday,

No. 209. *Tuesday October* 30.

Γυναικὸς ὐδὲ χρῆμ' ἀνὴρ ληΐζεται
Εσθλῆς ἄμεινον, ὐδὲ ῥίγιον κακῆς. Simonides.

Of earthly Goods the best, is a Good Wife;
A Bad, the bitterest Curse of human life.

THERE are no Authors I am more pleased with, than those who shew human Nature in a variety of views, and describe the several ages of the world in their different manners. A Reader cannot be more rationally entertained, than by comparing the virtues and vices of his own times with those which prevailed in the times of his Forefathers; and drawing a parallel in his mind between his own private character, and that of other persons, whether of his own Age, or of the Ages that went before him. The contemplation of mankind under these changeable colours, is apt to shame us out of any particular Vice, or animate us to any particular Virtue; to make us pleased or displeased with ourselves in the most proper points, to clear our minds of prejudice and prepossession, and rectify that narrowness of temper which inclines us to think amiss of those who differ from ourselves.

IF we look into the manners of the most remote Ages of the World, we discover human Nature in her simplicity; and the more we come downwards towards our own times, may observe her hiding herself in artifices and refinements, polished insensibly out of her original plainness, and at length intirely lost under form and ceremony; and (what we call) good-breeding. Read the accounts of Men and Women as they are given us by the most ancient Writers, both Sacred and Profane, and you would think

think you were reading the Hiſtory of another ſpecies.

AMONG the Writers of Antiquity, there are none who inſtruct us more openly in the manners of their reſpective times in which they lived, than thoſe who have employed themſelves in Satire, under what dreſs ſoever it may appear; as there are no other authors whoſe province it is to enter ſo directly into the ways of men, and ſet their miſcarriages in ſo ſtrong a light.

SIMONIDES, a Poet famous in his generation, is, I think, Author of the oldeſt ſatire that is now extant; and, as ſome ſay, of the firſt that was ever written. This Poet flouriſhed about four hundred Years after the Siege of *Troy*; and ſhews, by his way of writing, the ſimplicity, or rather Coarſeneſs, of the Age in which he lived. I have taken notice, in my hundred and ſixty firſt ſpeculation, that the rule of obſerving what the *French* call the *Bienſeance*, in an alluſion, has been found out of latter Years; and that the Ancients, provided there was a likeneſs in their ſimilitudes, did not much trouble themſelves about the decency of the compariſon. The ſatire or Iambics of *Simonides*, with which I ſhall entertain my readers in the preſent Paper, are a remarkable inſtance of what I formerly advanced. The ſubject of this ſatire is Woman. He deſcribes the Sex in their ſeveral characters, which he derives to them from a fanciful ſuppoſition raiſed upon the doctrine of Præexiſtence. He tells us, That the Gods formed the ſouls of Women out of thoſe ſeeds and principles which compoſe ſeveral kinds of animals and elements; and that their good or bad diſpoſitions ariſe in them according as ſuch and ſuch ſeeds and principles predominate in their conſtitutions. I have tranſlated the Author very faithfully, and if not word for word (which our Language would not bear) at leaſt ſo as to comprehend every one of his ſentiments, without adding any thing of my own.

I have

I have already apologized for this Author's want of delicacy, and muſt further premiſe, That the following Satire affects only ſome of the lower part of the Sex, and not thoſe who have been refined by a polite education, which was not ſo common in the age of this Poet.

IN the Beginning God made the ſouls of Womankind out of different materials, and in a ſeparate ſtate from their bodies.

THE ſouls of one kind of Women were formed out of thoſe ingredients which compoſe a ſwine. A Woman of this make is a Slut in her houſe and a glutton at table. She is uncleanly in her perſon, a ſlattern in her dreſs, and her family is no better than a dunghil.

A Second ſort of Female ſoul was formed out of the ſame materials that enter into the compoſition of a fox. Such an one is what we call a notable diſcerning Woman, who has an inſight into every thing, whether it be good or bad. In this ſpecies of females there are ſome virtuous and ſome vicious.

A Third kind of Women were made up of canine particles. Theſe are what we commonly call Scolds, *who imitate the animals out of which they were taken, that are always buſy and barking, that ſnarl at every one who comes in their way, and live in perpetual clamour.*

THE Fourth kind of Women were made out of the Earth. Theſe are your ſluggards, who paſs away their time in indolence and ignorance, hover over the fire a whole Winter, and apply themſelves with alacrity to no kind of buſineſs but eating.

THE Fifth ſpecies of females were made out of the Sea. Theſe are Women of variable uneven tempers, ſometimes all ſtorm and tempeſts, ſometimes all calm and ſunſhine. The ſtranger who ſees one of theſe in her ſmiles and ſmoothneſs, would cry her up for a miracle of good-humour; but on a ſudden her looks and her words are changed, ſhe is nothing but fury and outrage, noiſe and hurricane.

THE Sixth species were made of the ingredients which compose an ass, or a beast of burden. These are naturally exceeding slothful, but upon the Husband's exerting his authority, will live upon hard fare, and do every thing to please him. They are however far from being averse to Venereal pleasure, and seldom refuse a Male companion.

THE Cat furnished materials for a Seventh species of Women, who are of a melancholy, froward, unamiable nature, and so repugnant to the offers of Love, that they fly in the face of their Husband when he approaches them with conjugal endearments. This species of Women are likewise subject to little thefts, cheats and pilferings.

THE Mare with a flowing mane, which was never broke to any servile toil and labour, composed an Eighth species of Women. These are they who have little regard for their Husbands, who pass away their time in dressing, bathing, and perfuming; who throw their hair into the nicest curls, and trick it up with the fairest flowers and garlands. A Woman of this species is a very pretty thing for a stranger to look upon, but very detrimental to the owner, unless it be a King or Prince who takes a fancy to such a toy.

THE Ninth species of Females were taken out of the ape. These are such as are both ugly and ill-natured, who have nothing beautiful in themselves, and endeavour to detract from or ridicule every thing which appears so in others.

THE Tenth and Last species of Women were made of the bee; and happy is the man who gets such an one for his Wife. She is altogether faultless and unblameable; her family flourishes and improves by her good management. She loves her Husband, and is beloved by him. She brings him a race of beautiful and virtuous children. She distinguishes herself among her Sex. She is surrounded with graces. She never sits among the loose tribe of Women, nor passes away her time with them in wanton discourses. She is full of virtue and prudence,

dence, and is the best Wife that Jupiter *can bestow on Man.*

I Shall conclude these Iambics with the motto of this Paper, which is a fragment of the same Author: *A Man cannot possess any thing that is better than a good woman, nor any thing that is worse than a bad one.*

AS the Poet has shewn a great penetration in this diversity of female characters, he has avoided the fault which *Juvenal* and Monsieur *Boileau* are guilty of, the former in his sixth, and the other in his last satire, where they have endeavoured to expose the Sex in general, without doing justice to the valuable part of it. Such levelling Satires are of no use to the world, and for this reason I have often wondered how the *French* author above mentioned, who was a man of exquisite judgment and a lover of virtue, could think human Nature a proper subject for Satire in another of his celebrated Pieces, which is called *The Satire upon Man.* What vice or frailty can a discourse correct, which censures the whole species alike, and endeavours to shew by some superficial strokes of wit, that brutes are the most excellent creatures of the two; A Satire should expose nothing but what is corrigible, and make a due discrimination between those who are not the proper objects of it. L

Wednesday,

No. 210. *Wednesday, October* 31.

Nescio quomodo inhæret in mentibus quasi seculorum quoddam augurium futurorum; idque in maximis ingeniis altissimisque animis & existit maxime & apparet facillime. Cic. Tusc. Quæst.

There is, I know not how, in the minds of Men a certain Presage, as it were, of a future existence; and this takes the deepest Root, and is most discoverable in the greatest Genius's and most exalted Souls.

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR,

'I Am fully persuaded that one of the best springs ' of generous and worthy actions, is the having ' generous and worthy thoughts of ourselves. Who- ' ever has a mean opinion of the dignity of his na- ' ture, will act in no higher a rank than he has al- ' lotted himself in his own estimation. If he consi- ' ders his Being as circumscribed by the uncertain ' term of a few years, his designs will be contracted ' into the same narrow span he imagines is to bound ' his existence. How can he exalt his thoughts to ' any thing great and noble, who only believes that ' after a short turn on the stage of this world, he is ' to sink into oblivion, and to lose his consciousness ' for ever?

' FOR this reason I am of opinion, that so useful ' and elevated a contemplation as that of the *Soul's* ' *Immortality* cannot be resumed too often. There ' is not a more improving exercise to the human ' mind, than to be frequently reviewing its own ' great privileges and endowments; nor a more ef- ' fectual means to awaken in us an ambition raised ' above low objects and little pursuits, than to value ' ourselves as heirs of Eternity.

' IT

'IT is a very great satisfaction to consider the 'best and wisest of mankind in all nations and ages, 'asserting as with one voice, this their birthright, 'and to find it ratify'd by an express Revelation. 'At the same time if we turn our thoughts inward 'upon ourselves, we may meet with a kind of secret 'sense concurring with the proofs of our own Im'mortality.

'YOU have, in my opinion, raised a good pre'sumptive argument from the increasing appetite the 'mind has to knowledge, and to the extending its 'own faculties, which cannot be accomplished, as 'the more restrained perfection of lower creatures 'may, in the limits of a short life. I think another 'probable conjecture may be raised from our appe'tite to duration itself, and from a reflexion on our 'progress through the several stages of it: *We are 'complaining*, as you observe in a former Speculation, '*of the Shortness of Life, and yet are perpetually hur'rying over the parts of it, to arrive at certain little 'settlements, or imaginary points of rest which are dis'persed up and down it.*

'NOW let us consider what happens to us when 'we arrive at these *imaginary Points of Rest*: Do we 'stop our motion, and sit down satisfied in the set'tlement we have gain'd? Or are we not removing 'the boundary, and marking out new points of rest, 'to which we press forward with the like eagerness, 'and which cease to be such as fast as we attain 'them? Our case is like that of a traveller upon the '*Alps* who should fancy that the top of the next 'hill must end his journey, because it terminates 'his prospect; but he no sooner arrives at it, than 'he sees new ground and other hills beyond it, and 'continues to travel on as before.

'THIS is so plainly every man's condition is life, 'that there is no one who has observed any thing, 'but may observe, that as fast as his time wears a'way, his appetite to something future remains.

The

'The use therefore I would make of it is this, that 'since nature (as some love to express it) does nothing in vain, or, to speak properly, since the Author of our Being has planted no wandering passion in it, no desire which has not its object, futurity is the proper object of the passion so constantly exercis'd about it; and this restlessness in the present, this assigning ourselves over to farther stages of duration, for the present grasping at somewhat still to come, appears to me, (whatever it may to others) as a kind of instinct or natural symptom which the mind of Man has of its own Immortality.

'I Take it at the same time for granted, that the Immortality of the soul is sufficiently established by other arguments: And if so, this appetite, which otherwise would be very unaccountable and absurd, seems very reasonable, and adds strength to the conclusion. But I am amazed when I consider there are creatures capable of thought, who, in spite of every argument, can form to themselves a sullen satisfaction in thinking otherwise. There is something so pitifully mean in the inverted ambition of that man who can hope for annihilation, and please himself to think that his whole fabric shall one day crumble into dust, and mix with the mass of inanimate beings, that it equally deserves our admiration and pity. The Mystery of such Mens unbelief is not hard to be penetrated; and indeed amounts to nothing more than a sordid hope that they shall not be immortal, because they dare not be so.

'THIS brings me back to my first Observation, and gives me occasion to say further, That as worthy actions spring from worthy thoughts, so worthy thoughts are likewise the consequence of worthy actions; But the Wretch who has degraded himself below the character of Immortality, is very willing to resign his pretensions to it, and to

'substitute

'substitute in its room a dark negative happiness in 'the extinction of his Being.

'THE admirable *Shakespear* has given us a strong 'image of the insupported condition of such a per- 'son in his last Minutes in the second part of King '*Henry* the sixth, where Cardinal *Beaufort*, who had 'been concerned in the murder of the good Duke '*Humphrey*, is represented on his Death-bed. After 'some short confused speeches which shew an ima- 'gination disturbed with guilt, just as he was expir- 'ing, King *Henry* standing by him full of compas- 'sion, says,

Lord Cardinal! if thou think'st on Heaven's Bliss,
Hold up thy Hand, make Signal of that Hope!
He dies, and makes no Sign!

'THE despair which is here shewn, without a 'word or action on the part of the dying person is 'beyond what could be painted by the most forcible 'expressions whatsoever,

'I SHALL not pursue this thought farther, but 'only add, that as Annihilation is not to be had 'with a wish, so it is the most abject thing in the 'world to wish it. What are honour, fame, wealth 'or power, when compared with the generous ex- 'pectation of a Being without end, and a happi- 'ness adequate to that Being?

'I SHALL trouble you no farther; but with a 'certain gravity which these thoughts have given 'me, I reflect upon some things people say of you, '(as they will of men who distinguish themselves) 'which I hope are not true; and wish you as good 'a Man as you are an Author.

I am, SIR,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

Z T. D.

No. 211. *Thursday, November* 1.

Fictis memineris nos jocari Fabulis Phæd l. 1. Prol.

Let it be remember'd that we sport in fabled Stories.

HAVING lately translated the fragment of an old Poet which describes Woman-kind under several characters, and supposes them to have drawn their different manners and dispositions from those animals and elements out of which he tells us they were compounded; I had some thoughts of giving the Sex their revenge, by laying together in another Paper the many vicious characters which prevail in the Male world, and shewing the different ingredients that go to the making up of such different Humours and constitutions. *Horace* has a thought which is something akin to this, when, in order to excuse himself to his Mistress, for an invective which he had written against her, and to account for that unreasonable fury with which the heart of Man is often transported, he tells us that, when *Prometheus* made his Man of clay, in the kneading up of the heart, he season'd it with some furious particles of the lion. But upon turning this plan to and fro in my thoughts, I observed so many unaccountable humours in Man, that I did not know out of what animals to fetch them. Male souls are diversify'd with so many characters, that the World has not variety of materials sufficient to furnish out their different tempers and inclinations. The creation with all its animals and elements, would not be large enough to supply their several extravagances.

INSTEAD therefore of pursuing the thought of *Simonides*, I shall observe, that as he has exposed the vicious part of Women from the doctrine of Præ-existence, some of the ancient Philosophers have, in a manner satirized the vicious part the human species in general,

general, from a notion of the Soul's Poſt-exiſtence, if I may ſo call it; and that as *Simonides* deſcribes brutes entring into the compoſition of Women, others have repreſented human ſouls as entring into brutes. This is commonly termed the Doctrine of Tranſmigration, which ſuppoſes that human ſouls upon their leaving the body, become the ſouls of ſuch kinds of brutes as they moſt reſemble in their manners; or to give an account of it, as Mr. *Dryden* has deſcribed it in his tranſlation of *Pythagoras* his ſpeech in the Fifteenth book of *Ovid*, where that Philoſopher diſſuades his hearers from eating fleſh:

Thus all things are but alter'd, nothing dies,
And here and there th' unbody'd Spirit lies:
By time, or force, or ſickneſs diſpoſſeſs'd,
And lodges where it lights, in bird or beaſt,
Or hunts without till ready limbs it find,
And actuates thoſe according to their kind:
From tenement to tenement is toſs'd:
The ſoul is ſtill the ſame, the figure only loſt.
Then let not Piety be put to flight,
To pleaſe the Taſte of glutton appetite;
But ſuffer inmate Souls ſecure to dwell,
Leſt from their ſeats your parents you expel;
With rapid hunger feed upon your kind,
Or from a beaſt diſlodge a brother's mind.

PLATO in the Viſion of *Erus* the *Armenian*, which I may poſſibly make the ſubject of a future Speculation, records ſome beautiful Tranſmigrations; as that the ſoul of *Orpheus* who was muſical, melancholy, and a woman-hater, entred into a Swan; the Soul of *Ajax*, which was all wrath and fierceneſs, into a Lion; the Soul of *Agamemnon*, that was rapacious and imperial, into an Eagle; and the Soul of *Therſites*, who was a mimic and a Buffoon, into a Monkey.

MR *Congreve*, in a prologue to one of his Comedies,

dies, has touch'd upon this doctrine with great humour.

> *Thus* Ariſtotle'*s ſoul of old that was,*
> *May now be damn'd to animate an Aſs ;*
> *Or in this very houſe, for ought we know,*
> *Is doing painful penance in ſome Beau.*

I SHALL fill up this Paper with ſome Letters which my laſt *Tueſday*'s Speculation has produced. My following Correſpondents will ſhew, what I there obſerved, that the Speculation of that day affects only the lower part of the ſex.

From my Houſe in the Strand, October 30, 1711.

MR SPECTATOR,

'UPON reading your *Tueſday*'s Paper, I find by 'ſeveral ſymptoms in my conſtitution that I am 'a bee. My ſhop, or, if you pleaſe to call it ſo, my 'cell, is in that great hive of females which goes by 'the name of the *New-Exchange*; where I am daily 'employed in gathering together a little ſtock of gain 'from the fineſt flowers about the town, I mean the 'Ladies and the Beaus. I have a numerous ſwarm 'of children, to whom I give the beſt Education I 'am able: But, Sir, it is my misfortune to be married to a drone, who lives upon what I get, without bringing any thing into the common ſtock. Now, 'Sir, as on the one hand, I take care not to behave 'myſelf towards him like a waſp, ſo likewiſe I 'would not have him look upon me as an humble 'bee; for which reaſon I do all I can to put him 'upon laying up proviſions for a bad day, and frequently repreſent to him the fatal effects his ſloth 'and negligence may bring upon us in our old age. 'I muſt beg that you will join with me in your good 'advice upon this occaſion, and you will for ever 'oblige

Your humble Servant,

MELISSA.

SIR, *Picadilly, October* 31, 1711.

'I AM joined in Wedlock for my fins to one of 'thofe fillies who are defcribed in the old Poet 'with that hard name you gave us the other day. 'She has a flowing mane, and a fkin as foft as 'filk: But, Sir, fhe paffes half her life at her glafs, 'and almoft ruins me in Ribbons. For my own 'part, I am a plain handicraft man, and in danger 'of breaking by her lazinefs and expenfivenefs. Pray, 'Mafter, tell me in your next Paper, whether I 'may not expect of her fo much drudgery as to take 'care of her family, and to curry her hide in cafe 'of refufal.

Your loving Friend,

BARNABY BRITTLE.

MR SPECTATOR, *Cheapfide, October* 30.

'I AM mightily pleafed with the humour of the 'Cat, be fo kind as to enlarge upon that fubject.

Yours till Death,

JOSIAH HENPECK.

P. S. 'You muft know I am married to a *Grimalkin*.

SIR, *Wapping, October* 31, 1711.

'EVER fince your *Spectator* of *Tuefday* laft came 'into our Family, my Hufband is pleafed to 'call me his *Oceana*, becaufe the foolifh old Poet 'that you have tranflated fays, That the Souls of 'fome Women are made of fea-water. This it feems, 'has encouraged my Sauce-box to be witty upon me. 'When I am angry, he cries Pr'ythee my Dear *be* '*calm*; when I chide one of my fervants, Pr'ythee 'Child *do not blufter*. He had the impudence a-'bout an hour ago to tell me, that he was a fea-

'faring man, and muft expect to divide his life be-
'tween *ftorm* and *funfhine*. When I beftir myfelf
'with any fpirit in my family, it is *high fea* in his
'houfe; and when I fit ftill without doing any
'thing, his affairs forfooth are *wind-bound*. When
'I afk him whether it rains, he makes anfwer, It is
'no matter, fo that it be *fair weather* within doors.
'In fhort, Sir, I cannot fpeak my mind freely to
'him, but I either *fwear* or *rage*, or do fomething
'that is not fit for a civil Woman to hear. Pray,
'Mr SPECTATOR, fince you are fo fharp upon other
'Women, let us know what materials your Wife
'is made of, if you have one. I fuppofe you would
'make us a parcel of poor-fpirited tame infipid
'creatures; but, Sir, I would have you to know,
'we have as good paffions in us as yourfelf, and
'that a Woman was never defigned to be a Milk-
'fop.

L *MARTHA TEMPEST.*

No. 212. *Friday, November* 2.

———*Eripe turpi*
Colla jugo, liber fum, dic age——— Hor. Sat. 7. l. 2. v. 92.

——*Loofe thy Neck from this ignoble Chain,*
And boldly fay thou'rt free. CREECH.

MR SPECTATOR,

'I NEVER look upon my dear Wife, but I think of
'the happinefs Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY en-
'joys, in having fuch a friend as you to expofe in
'proper colours the cruelty and perverfenefs of his
'Miftrefs. I have very often wifhed you vifited in
'our Family, and were acquainted with my Spoufe;
'fhe would afford you for fome months at leaft mat-
'ter enough for one *Spectator* a week. Since we
'are not fo happy as to be of your acquaintance,
'give

'give me leave to reprefent to you our prefent circumftances as well as I can in writing. You are to know then that I am not of a very different conftitution from *Nathaniel Henrooft*, whom you have lately recorded in your Speculations; and have a wife who makes a more tyrannical ufe of the knowledge of my eafy temper than that Lady ever pretended to. We had not been a month married, when fhe found in me a certain pain to give offence, and an indolence that made me bear little inconveniences rather than difpute about them. From this obfervation it foon came to that pafs, that if I offered to go abroad, fhe would get between me and the door, kifs me, and fay fhe could not part with me; and then down again I fat. In a day or two after this firft pleafant ftep towards confining me, fhe declared to me, that I was all the world to her, and fhe thought fhe ought to be all the world to me. If, faid fhe, my dear loves me as much as I love him, he will never be tired of my company. This declaration was followed by my being denied to all my acquaintance; and it very foon came to that pafs, that to give an anfwer at the door before my face, the fervants would afk her whether I was within or not; and fhe would anfwer, no, with great fondnefs, and tell me I was a good Dear. I will not enumerate more little circumftances to give you a livelier fenfe of my condition; but tell you in general, that from fuch fteps at thefe at firft, I now live the life of a prifoner of ftate; my Letters are opened, and I have not the ufe of pen, ink and paper, but in her prefence. I never go abroad, except fhe fometimes takes me with her in her coach to take the air, if it may be called fo, when we drive, as we generally do, with the glaffes up. I have overheard my fervants lament my condition, but they dare not bring me meffages without her knowledge, becaufe they doubt my refolution to ftand by 'em.

'In

'In the midst of this insipid way of life, an old acquaintance of mine *Tom Meggot*, who is a favourite with her, and allowed to visit me in her company because he sings prettily, has roused me to rebel, and conveyed his intelligence to me in the following manner. My Wife is a great pretender to Music, and very ignorant of it; but far gone in the *Italian* taste. *Tom* goes to *Armstrong*, the famous fine Writer of Music, and desires him to put this sentence of *Tully* in the scale of an *Italian* air, and write it out for my spouse from him. *An ille mihi liber cui mulier imperat? Cui leges imponit, præscribit, jubet, vetat, quod videtur? Qui nihil imperanti negare, nihil recusare audet? Poscit? dandum est. Vocat? veniendum. Ejicit? abeundum. Minitatur? extimescendum. Does he live like a Gentleman who is commanded by a Woman? He to whom she gives law, grants and denies what she pleases? who can neither deny her any thing she asks, or refuse to do any thing she commands.*

'TO be short, my Wife was extremely pleased with it; said the *Italian* was the only language for Music; and admired how wonderfully tender the sentiment was, and how pretty the accent is of that language, with the rest that is said by rote on that occasion. Mr *Meggot* is sent for to sing this air, which he performs with mighty applause; and my Wife is in ecstacy on the occasion, and glad to find, by my being so much pleased, that I was at last come into the notion of the *Italian*; for, said she, it grows upon one when one once comes to know a little of the language; and pray, Mr *Meggot*, sing again those notes, *Nihil Imperanti negare, nihil recusare*. You may believe I was not a little delighted with my friend *Tom*'s expedient to alarm me, and in obedience to his summons I give all this Story thus at large; and I am resolved, when this appears in the *Spectator*, to declare for myself. The manner of the insurrection I contrive by your

'means,

'means, which ſhall be no other than that *Tom Meg-* 'got, who is at our tea-table every morning, ſhall 'read it to us; and if my dear can take the hint, 'and ſay not one word, but let this be the begin- 'ning of a new life without farther explanation; it 'is very well; for as ſoon as the *Spectator* is read 'out, I ſhall, without more ado, call for the coach, 'name the hour when I ſhall be at home, if I come 'at all; If I do not, they may go to dinner. If 'my ſpouſe only ſwells and ſays nothing, *Tom* and 'I go out together, and all is well, as I ſaid before; 'but if ſhe begins to command or expoſtulate, you 'ſhall in my next to you receive a full account of her 'reſiſtance and ſubmiſſion, for ſubmit the dear thing 'muſt to,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient humble Servant,

ANTHONY FREEMAN.

P. S. 'I hope I need not tell you that I deſire 'this may be in your very next.

No. 213. *Saturday, November 3.*

——*Mens ſibi conſcia recti.* Virg. Aen. 1. v. 608.

A good Intention.

IT is the great art and ſecret of Chriſtianity, if I may uſe that phraſe, to manage our actions to the beſt advantage, and direct them in ſuch a manner, that every thing we do may turn to account at that great day, when every thing we have done will be ſet before us.

IN order to give this conſideration its full weight, we may caſt all our actions under the diviſion of ſuch

as

as are in themfelves either Good, Evil, or Indifferent. If we divide our intentions after the fame manner, and confider them with regard to our actions, we may difcover that great art and fecret of religion which I have here mentioned.

A Good intention joined to a good action, gives it its proper force and efficacy; joined to an evil action, extenuates its malignity, and in fome cafes may take it wholly away; and joined to an indifferent action turns it to a virtue, and makes it meritorious as far as human actions can be fo.

IN the next place, to confider in the fame manner the influence of an evil intention upon our actions. An evil intention perverts the beft of actions, and makes them in reality, what the Fathers with a witty kind of zeal have termed thevirtues of the Heathen World, fo many *fhining fins*. It deftroys the innocence of an indifferent action, and gives an evil action all poffible blacknefs and horror, or in the emphatical language of Sacred Writ, makes *Sin exceeding finful.*

IF, in the laft place, we confider the nature of an indifferent intention, we fhall find that it deftroys the merit of a good action; abates, but never takes away, the malignity of an evil action; and leaves an indifferent action in its natural ftate of indifference.

IT is therefore of unfpeakable advantage to poffefs our minds with an habitual good intention, and to aim all our thoughts, words, and actions at fome laudable end, whether it be the glory of our Maker, the good of mankind, or the benefit of our own fouls.

THIS is a fort of thrift or good-hufbandry in moral life, which does not throw away any fingle action, but makes every one go as far as it can. It multiplies the means of Salvation, increafes the number of our virtues, and diminifhes that of our vices.

THERE is fomething very devout, though not Solid, in *Acofta*'s anfwer to *Limbroch*, who objects

to

to him the multiplicity of ceremonies in the *Jewiſh* Religion, as waſhings, dreſſes, meats, purgations, and the like. The reply which the *Jew* makes upon this occaſion, is, to the beſt of my remembrance, as follows: 'There are not duties enough (ſays he) 'in the eſſential parts of the law for a zealous and 'active obedience. Time, place, and perſon are 'requiſite, before you have an opportunity of put-'ting a moral virtue into practice. We have there-'fore, ſays he, enlarged the ſphere of our duty, 'and made many things, which are in themſelves 'indifferent, a part of our Religion, that we may 'have more occaſions of ſhewing our Love to God, 'and in all the circumſtances of life be doing ſome-'thing to pleaſe him.

MONSIEUR *St Evermond* has endeavoured to palliate the ſuperſtitions of the Roman-Catholic religion with the ſame kind of apology, where he pretends to conſider the different ſpirit of the Papiſts and the Calviniſts, as to the great points, wherein they diſagree. He tells us, that the former are actuated by Love, and the other by Fear; and that in their expreſſions of duty and Devotion towards the Supreme Being, the former ſeem particularly careful to do every thing which may poſſibly pleaſe him, and the other to abſtain from every thing which may poſſibly diſpleaſe him.

BUT notwithſtanding this plauſible reaſon with which both the Jew and the Roman-Catholic would excuſe their reſpective ſuperſtitions, it is certain there is ſomething in them very pernicious to mankind, and deſtructive to Religion; becauſe the injunction of ſuperfluous ceremonies make ſuch actions duties, as were before indifferent, and by that means renders Religion more burdenſome and difficult than it is in its own nature, betrays many into ſins of omiſſion which they could not otherwiſe be guilty of, and fixes the minds of the vulgar to these ſhadowy uneſſential points, inſtead of the more weighty and more important matters of the law.

THIS zealous and active obedience however takes place in the great point we are recommending; for if, instead of prescribing to ourselves indifferent actions as duties, we apply a good intention to all our most indifferent actions, we make our very existence one continued act of obedience, we turn our diversions and amusements to our natural advantage, and are pleasing him (whom we are made to please) in all the circumstances and occurrences of life.

IT is this excellent frame of mind, this *holy Officiousness* (if I may be allowed to call it such) which is recommended to us by the Apostle in that uncommon precept, wherein he directs us to propose to ourselves the Glory of our Creator in all our most indifferent actions, *whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do.*

A PERSON therefore who is possessed with such an habitual good intention, as that which I have been here speaking of, enters upon no single circumstance of life, without considering it as well-pleasing to the great Author of his Being, conformable to the dictates of reason, suitable to human-nature in general or to that particular station in which Providence has placed him. He lives in a perpetual sense of the Divine Presence, regards himself as acting in the whole course of his existence, under the observation and inspection of that Being, who is privy to all his motions and all his thoughts, who knows his *Down-sitting and his Up-rising, who is about his path, and about his bed, and spieth out all his ways.* In a word, he remembers that the eye of his Judge is always upon him, and in every action he reflects that he is doing what is commanded or allowed by Him who will hereafter either reward or punish it. This was the character of those holy men of old, who in that beautiful phrase of Scripture are said to have *walked wi h God.*

WHEN I employ myself upon a paper of Morality, I generally consider how I may recommend the particular

particular virtue which I treat of, by the precepts or examples of the antient Heathens; by that means, if poſſible, to ſhame thoſe who have greater advantages of knowing their duty, and therefore greater obligations to perform it, into a better courſe of life: Beſides that many among us are unreaſonably diſpoſed to give a fairer hearing to a Pagan Philoſopher, than to a Chriſtian Writer.

I Shall therefore produce an inſtance of this excellent frame of mind in a ſpeech of *Socrates*, which is quoted by *Eraſmus*. This great Philoſopher on the day of his execution, a little before the draught of poiſon was brought to him, entertaining his friends with a Diſcourſe on the Immortality of the Soul, has theſe words: *Whether or no God will approve of my actions, I know not; but this I am ſure of, that I have at all times made it my endeavour to pleaſe him, and I have a good hope that this my endeavour will be accepted by him.* We find in theſe words of that great Man the habitual good intention which I would here inculcate, and with which that divine Philoſopher always acted, I ſhall only add, that *Eraſmus*, who was an unbigotted Roman-Catholic, was ſo much tranſported with this paſſage of *Socrates*, that he could ſcarce forbear looking upon him as a Saint, and deſiring him to pray for him; or as that ingenious and learned Writer has expreſſed himſelf in a much more lively manner; *When I reflect on ſuch a Speech pronounced by ſuch a perſon, I can ſcarce forbear crying out*, Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis: *O Holy* Socrates, *pray for us.* L

Monday,

No. 214. *Monday, November 5.*

———Periérunt tempora longi
Servitii——— Juv. Sat. 3. v. 124.
A long Dependence in an Hour is lost. Dryden.

I Did fome time ago lay before the world the unhappy condition of the trading part of mankind, who fuffer by want of punctuality in the dealings of perfons above them; but there is a fet of men who are much more the objects of compaffion than even thofe, and thefe are the Dependents on great Men, whom they are pleafed to take under their protection as fuch as are to fhare in their friendfhip and favour. Thefe indeed, as well from the homage that is accepted from them, as the hopes which are given to them, are become a fort of creditors; and thefe debts, being debts of honour, ought, according to the accuftomed maxim, to be firft difcharged.

WHEN I fpeak of Dependents, I would not be underftood to mean thofe who are worthlefs in themfelves, or who without any call, will prefs into the company of their betters. Nor, when I fpeak of Patrons, do I mean thofe who either have it not in their power or have no obligation to affift their friends; but I fpeak of fuch leagues where there is power and obligation on the one part, and merit and expectation on the other.

THE divifion of Patron and Client, may, I believe, include a Third of our nation; the want of merit and real worth in the Client, will ftrike out about Ninty-nine in a Hundred of thefe; and the want of ability in Patrons, as many of that kind. But whoever, I muft beg leave to fay, that he who will take up another's time and fortune in his fervice, though he has no profpect of rewarding his merit towards him, is as unjuft in his dealings as he who takes up goods of a tradefman without intention or ability

ability to pay him. Of the few of the clafs which I think fit to confider, there are not two in ten who fucceed, infomuch that I know a man of good fenfe who put his fon to a Black-fmith, tho' an offer was made him of his being received as a page to a man of quality. There are not more cripples come out of the Wars than there are from thofe great fervices; fome through difcontent lofe their fpeech, fome their memories, others their fenfes or their lives; and I feldom fee a man thoroughly difcontented, but I conclude he has had the favour of fome great Man. I have known of fuch as have been for twenty Years together within a Month of a good employment, but never arrived at the happinefs of being poffeffed of any thing.

THERE is nothing more ordinary, than that a Man who is got into a confiderable ftation, fhall immediately alter his manner of treating all his friends, and from that moment he is to deal with you as if he were your fate. You are no longer to be confulted, even in matters which concern yourfelf; but your Patron is of a fpecies above you, and a free communication with you is not to be expected. This perhaps may be your condition all the while he bears office, and when that is at an end, you are as intimate as ever you were, and he will take it very ill if you keep the diftance he prefcribed you towards him in his grandeur. One would think this fhould be a behaviour a man could fall into with the worft grace imaginable; but they who know the world have feen it more than once. I have often, with fecret pity, heard the fame man who has profeffed his abhorrence againft all kind of paffive behaviour, lofe minutes, hours, days, and years in a fruitlefs attendance on one who had no inclination to befriend him. It is very much to be regarded, that the Great have one particular privilege above the reft of the world, of being flow in receiving impreffions of kindnefs, and quick in taking offence. The elevation above the

reſt of mankind, except in very great minds, makes men ſo giddy, that they do not ſee after the ſame manner they did before: Thus they deſpiſe their own friends, and ſtrive to extend their intereſt to new pretenders. By this means it often happens, that when you come to know how you loſt ſuch an employment, you will find the Man who got it never dreamed of it; but, forſooth, he was to be ſurpriſed into it, or perhaps ſolicited to receive it. Upon ſuch occaſions as theſe a man may perhaps grow out of humour; if you are ſo, all mankind will fall in with the Patron, and you are an humouriſt and untractable if you are capable of being ſour at a diſappointment: But it is the ſame thing, whether you do or do not reſent ill uſage, you will be uſed after the ſame manner; as ſome good Mothers will be ſure to whip their children till they cry, and then whip them for crying.

THERE are but two ways of doing any thing with great people, and thoſe are by making yourſelf either conſiderable or agreeable: The former is not to be attained but by finding a way to live without them, or concealing that you want them; the latter is only by falling into their taſte and pleaſures: This is of all the employments in the world the moſt ſervile, except it happens to be of your own natural humour. For to be agreeable to another, eſpecially if he be above you, is not to be poſſeſſed of ſuch qualities and accompliſhments as ſhould render you agreeable in yourſelf but ſuch as make you agreeable in reſpect to him. An imitation of his faults, or a compliance, if not ſubſervience to his vices, muſt be the meaſures of your conduct.

WHEN it comes to that, the unnatural ſtate a man lives in, when his Patron pleaſes, is ended; and his guilt and complaiſance are objected to him, tho' the man who rejects him for his vices was not only his partner but ſeducer. Thus the Client (like a young Woman who has given up the innocence which made her charming) has not only loſt his time, but alſo the

virtue

virtue which could render him capable of resenting the injury which is done him.

IT would be endless to recount the tricks of turning you off from themselves to persons who have less power to serve you, the art of being sorry for such an unaccountable accident in your behaviour, that such a one (who, perhaps, has never heard of you) opposes your advancement; and if you have any thing more than ordinary in you, you are flattered with a whisper, that 'tis no wonder people are so slow in doing for a man of your talents and the like.

AFTER all this treatment, I must still add the pleasantest insolence of all, which I have once or twice seen; to wit, That when a silly rogue has thrown away one part in three of his life in unprofitable attendance, it is taken wonderfully ill that he withdraws, and is resolved to employ the rest for himself.

WHEN we consider these things, and reflect upon so many honest Natures (which one, who makes observation of what passes, may have seen) that have miscarried by such sort of applications, it is too melancholy a Scene to dwell upon; therefore I shall take another opportunity to discourse of good Patrons, and distinguish such as have done their duty to those who have depended upon them, and were not able to act without their favour. Worthy Patrons are like *Plato*'s Guardian Angels, who are always doing good to their Wards: but negligent Patrons are like *Epicurus*'s Gods, that lie lolling on the clouds, and instead of blessings pour down storms and tempests on the heads of those that are offering incense to them. T

No. 215. *Tuesday, November 6.*

——Ingenuas didiciſſe fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec ſinit eſſe feros.
Ovid. Ep. 9. l. 2. de Ponto. v. 47.

Ingenuous arts, where they an entrance find,
Soften the manners, and ſubdue the mind.

I Consider an human ſoul without education like marble in the quarry, which ſhews none of its inherent beauties, 'till the ſkill of the poliſher fetches out the colours, makes the ſurface ſhine, and diſcovers every ornamental cloud, ſpot, and vein that runs through the body of it. Education, after the ſame manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which without ſuch helps are never able to make their appearance.

IF my reader will give me leave to change the Alluſion ſo ſoon upon him, I ſhall make uſe of the ſame inſtance to illuſtrate the force of education, which *Ariſtotle* has brought to explain his doctrine of ſubſtantial forms, when he tell us that a ſtatue lies hid in a block of marble; and that the art of the Statuary only clears away the ſuperfluous matter, and removes the rubbiſh. The figure is in the ſtone, the ſculptor only finds it. What ſculpture is to a block of Marble, Education is to an human ſoul. The Philoſopher, the Saint, or the Hero, the Wiſe, the Good, or the Great Man, very often lie hid and concealed in a Plebeian, which a proper education might have diſ-interred, and have brought to light. I am therefore much delighted with reading the accounts of ſavage Nations, and with contemplating thoſe virtues which are wild and uncultivated; to ſee courage ex-

erting

erting itſelf in fierceneſs, reſolution in obſtinacy, wiſdom in cunning, patience in ſullenneſs and deſpair.

MEN's paſſions operate variouſly, and appear in different kinds of actions, according as they are more or leſs rectify'd and ſway'd by reaſon. When one hears of Negroes, who upon the death of their Maſters, or upon changing their ſervice, hang themſelves upon the next tree, as it frequently happens in our *American* Plantations, Who can forbear admiring their fidelity, tho' it expreſſes itſelf in ſo dreadful a manner? What might not that ſavage greatneſs of ſoul which appears in theſe poor wretches on many occaſions, be raiſed to, were it rightly cultivated? And what colour of excuſe can there be for the contempt with which we treat this part of our ſpecies? That we ſhould not put them upon the common foot of humanity, that we ſhould only ſet an inſignificant fine upon the man who murders them; nay, that we ſhould, as much as in us lies, cut them off from the proſpects of happineſs in another world as well as in this, and deny them that which we look upon as the proper means for attaining it.

SINCE I am engaged on this Subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a Story which I have lately heard, and which is ſo well atteſted, that I have no manner of reaſon to ſuſpect the truth of it. I may call it a kind of wild Tragedy that paſſed about twelve Years ago at St *Chriſtophers*, one of our *Britiſh* Leeward iſlands. The Negroes who were the perſons concern'd in it, were all of them the ſlaves of a Gentleman who is now in *England*.

THIS Gentleman among his negroes had a young Woman, who was look'd upon as a moſt extraordinary beauty by thoſe of her own Complexion. He had at the ſame time two young fellows who were likewiſe negroes and ſlaves, remarkable for the comelineſs of their perſons, and for the friendſhip which they bore to one another. It unfortunately happen'd

that

that both of them fell in love with the Female negro above-mentioned, who would have been very glad to have taken either of them for her husband, provided they could agree between themselves which should be the Man. But they were both so passionately in love with her, that neither of them could think of giving her up to his rival; and at the same time were so true to one another, that neither of them would think of gaining her without his friend's consent. The torments of these two lovers were the discourse of the family to which they belonged, who could not forbear observing the strange complication of passions which perplexed the hearts of the poor negroes, that often dropped expressions of the uneasiness they underwent, and how impossible it was for either of them ever to be happy.

AFTER a long struggle between love and friendship, truth and jealousy, they one day took a walk together into a wood, carrying their Mistress along with them: Where, after abundance of lamentations, they stabbed her to the heart, of which she immediately died. A slave who was at his work not far from the place where this astonishing piece of cruelty was committed, hearing the shrieks of the dying person, ran to see what was the occasion of them. He there discovered the Woman lying dead upon the ground, with the two negroes on each side of her, kissing the dead corps, weeping over it, and beating their breasts in the utmost agonies of grief and despair. He immediately ran to the *English* family with the news of what he had seen; who upon coming to the place saw the Woman dead, and the two negroes expiring by her with wounds they had given themselves.

WE see in this amazing instance of barbarity, what strange disorders are bred in the minds of those men whose passions are not regulated by virtue, and disciplined by reason. Tho' the action which I have recited is in itself full of guilt and horror, it proceeded

ceeded from a temper of mind which might have produced very noble fruits, had it been informed and guided by a ſuitable education.

IT is therefore an unſpeakable Bleſſing to be born in thoſe parts of the world where Wiſdom and Knowledge flouriſh; tho it muſt be confeſs'd, there are, even in theſe parts, ſeveral poor uninſtructed perſons, who are but little above the inhabitants of thoſe Nations of which I have been here ſpeaking; as thoſe who have had the advantages of a more liberal education, riſe above one another by ſeveral different degrees of perfection. For to return to our ſtatue in the block of marble, we ſee it ſometimes only begun to be chipped, ſometimes rough-hewn, and but juſt ſketched into an human figure; ſometimes we ſee the man appearing diſtinctly in all his limbs and features, ſometimes we find the figure wrought up to a great elegancy, but ſeldom meet with any to which the hand of a *Phidias* or *Praxiteles* could not give ſeveral nice touches and finiſhings.

DISCOURSES of Morality, and Reflexions upon human Nature, are the beſt means we can make uſe of to improve our minds, and gain a true knowledge of ourſelves, and conſequently to recover onr ſouls out of the vice, ignorance, and prejudice, which naturally cleave to them. I have all along profeſt myſelf in this Paper a promoter of theſe great ends; and I flatter myſelf that I do from day to day contribute ſomething to the poliſhing of Mens minds: at leaſt my deſign is laudable, whatever the execution may be. I muſt confeſs I am not a little encouraged in it by many Letters which I receive from unknown hands, in approbation of my endeavours; and muſt take this opportunity of returning my thanks to thoſe who writ them, and excuſing myſelf for not inſerting ſeveral of them in my Papers, which I am ſenſible would be a very great ornament to them. Should I publiſh the praiſes which are ſo well penned, they would do honour to the per-

ſons

ſons who write them, but my publiſhing of them would I fear be a ſufficient inſtance to the world that I did not deſerve them. C

No. 216. *Wedneſday, November 7.*

Siquidem Hercle poſſis, nil prius, neque fortius;
Verum ſi incipies, neque perficies naviter,
Atque, ubi pati non poteris, cum nemo expetet,
Infecta pace, ultro ad eam venies, indicans
Te amare, et ferre non poſſe: Actum eſt, ilicet,
Periiſti: eludet, ubi te victum ſenſerit.

Ter. Eun. Act. 1. Sc. 1.

If indeed you can keep to your reſolution, you will act a noble and a manly part: but if when you have ſet about it, your Courage fails you, and you make a voluntary Submiſſion, acknowledging the Violence of your Paſſion, and your Inability to hold out any longer; all's over with you: you are undone, and may go hang yourſelf; ſhe will inſult over you, when ſhe finds you her Slave.

To Mr SPECTATOR.

SIR,

'THIS is to inform you, that Mr *Freeman* had 'no ſooner taken coach, but his Lady was ta-'ken with a terrible fit of the vapours, which 'tis 'feared will make her miſcarry, if not endanger her 'life; therefore, dear Sir, if you know of any re-'ceipt that is good againſt this faſhionable reigning 'diſtemper, be pleaſed to communicate it for the 'good of the Public, and you will oblige

Yours,

A. NOEWILL.

'MR

MR SPECTATOR,

'THE uproar was so great as soon as I had read
'the *Spectator* concerning Mrs *Freeman*, that
'after many revolutions in her temper, of raging,
'swooning, railing, fainting, pitying herself, and
'reviling her husband, upon an accidental coming
'in of a neighbouring Lady (who says she has writ
'to you also) she had nothing left for it but to fall
'in a fit. I had the honour to read the Paper to her,
'and have a pretty good command of my counte-
'nance and temper on such occasions; and soon
'found my historical name to be *Tom Meggot* in
'your writings, but concealed myself till I saw how
'it affected Mrs *Freeman*. She looked frequently at
'her husband, as often at me; and she did not trem-
'ble as she filled tea, till she came to the circum-
'stance of *Armstrong*'s writing out a piece of *Tully*
'for an Opera tune: Then she burst out, She was
'exposed, she was deceiv'd, she was wrong'd and
'abused. The Tea-cup was thrown in the fire; and
'without taking vengeance on her Spouse, she said
'of me, That I was a pretending Coxcomb, a med-
'ler that knew not what it was to interpose in so
'nice an affair as between a man and his wife. To
'which Mr *Freeman*, Madam, were I less fond of
'you than I am, I should not have taken this way
'of writing to the SPECTATOR, to inform a Woman
'whom God and Nature has placed under my direc-
'tion, with what I request of her; but since you
'are so indiscreet as not to take the hint which I
'gave you in that Paper, I must tell you, Madam,
'in so many words, that you have for a long and
'tedious space of time acted a part unsuitable to
'the sense you ought to have of the subordination
'in which you are placed. And I must acquaint
'you once for all, that the fellow without, ha *Tom!*
'(here the footman entered and answered Madam)
'Sirrah don't you know my voice? look upon me

'when

'when I ſpeak to you: I ſay, Madam, this fellow 'here is to know of me myſelf, whether I am at 'leiſure to ſee company or not. I am from this 'hour Maſter of this houſe; and my buſineſs in it, 'and every where elſe, is to behave myſelf in ſuch 'a manner, as it ſhall be hereafter an honour to you 'to bear my Name; and your pride, that you are the 'delight, the darling and ornament of a man of 'honour, uſeful and eſteemed by his friends, and 'I no longer one that has buried ſome merit in 'the world, in compliance to a froward humour 'which has grown upon an agreeable Woman by his 'indulgence. Mr *Freeman* ended this with a tender-'neſs in his aſpect and a downcaſt eye, which ſhew-'ed he was extremely moved at the anguiſh he ſaw 'her in; for ſhe ſat ſwelling with paſſion, and her 'eyes firmly fixed on the fire; when I, fearing he 'would loſe all again, took upon me to provoke her 'out of that amiable ſorrow ſhe was in, to fall upon 'me; upon which I ſaid very ſeaſonably for my 'friend, That indeed Mr *Freeman* was become the 'common talk of the town; and that nothing was 'ſo much a jeſt, as when it was ſaid in company 'Mr *Freeman* has promiſed to come to ſuch a place. 'Upon which the good Lady turned her ſoftneſs in-'to downright rage, and threw the ſcalding tea-'kettle upon your humble Servant; flew into the 'middle of the room, and cried out ſhe was the un-'fortunateſt of all women: Others kept family diſ-'ſatisfactions for hours of privacy and retirement: 'No apology was to be made to her, no expedient to 'be found, no previous manner of breaking what was 'amiſs in her; but all the world was to be acquaint-'ed with her errors, without the leaſt admonition. 'Mr *Freeman* was going to make a ſoft'ning ſpeech, 'but I interpoſed; Look you, Madam, I have no-'thing to ſay to this matter, but you ought to con-'ſider you are now paſt a chicken; this humour, 'which was well enough in a Girl, is inſufferable in

'one

'one of your motherly character. With that she lost 'all patience, and flew directly at her husband's pe-'riwig. I got her in my arms, and defended my 'friend: He making signs at the same time that it 'was too much; I beckoning, nodding, and frown-'ing over her shoulder, that he was lost if he did 'not persist. In this manner she flew round and 'round the room in a moment, 'till the Lady I spoke 'of above and servants entered; upon which she 'fell on a couch as breathless. I still kept up my 'friend; but he, with a very silly air, bid them 'bring the coach to the door, and we went off, I 'forced to bid the coachman drive on. We were no 'sooner come to my lodgings, but all his Wife's re-'lations came to inquire after him; and Mrs *Free-man*'s Mother writ a note, wherein she thought 'never to have seen this day, and so forth.

'IN a word, Sir, I am afraid we are upon a 'thing we have no talents for; and I can observe 'already, my friend looks upon me rather as a 'man that knows a weakness of him that he is a-'shamed of, than one who has rescued him from 'slavery. Mr SPECTATOR, I am but a young fel-'low, and if Mr *Freeman* submits, I shall be look-'ed upon as an incendiary, and never get a Wife as 'long as I breath. He has indeed sent word home 'he shall lye at *Hampstead* to-night; but I believe 'fear of the first onset after this rupture has too great 'a place in this resolution. Mrs *Freeman* has a ve-'ry pretty sister; suppose I delivered him up, and 'articled with the mother for her bringing him 'home. If he has not courage to stand it, (you 'are a great casuist) is it such an ill thing to bring 'myself off as well as I can? What makes me doubt 'my man, is, that I find he thinks it reasonable to 'expostulate at least with her; and Captain SENTRY 'will tell you, if you let your orders be disputed, 'you are no longer a Commander. I wish you could

'could advise me how to get clear of this business
'handsomly.

Yours, TOM MEGGOT.

T

No. 217. *Thursday, November* 8.

——Tunc fœmina simplex,
Et pariter toto repetitur clamor ab antro. Juv. Sat. 6. v. 326.

Then, unrestrain'd by Rules of Decency,
Th' assembled Females raise a general Cry.

I SHALL entertain my Reader to-day with some Letters from my Correspondents. The first of them is the description of a Club, whether real or imaginary, I cannot determine; but am apt to fancy, that the Writer of it, whoever she is, has formed a kind of Nocturnal Orgie out of her own fancy: Whether this be so or not, her Letter may conduce to the amendment of that kind of persons who are represented in it, and whose characters are frequent enough in the world.

MR SPECTATOR,

'IN some of your first Papers you were pleased to 'give the public a very diverting account of se'veral Clubs and nocturnal Assemblies; but I am a 'member of a Society which has wholly escap'd your 'notice, I mean a Club of She-Romps. We take 'each a Hackney-Coach, and meet once a Week 'in a large upper-chamber, which we hire by the 'Year for that purpose; our landlord and his fami'ly, who are quiet people, constantly contriving to 'be abroad on our Club-Night. We are no sooner 'come together, than we throw off all that modesty 'and reservedness with which our sex are obliged to 'disguise themselves in public places. I am not a'ble to express the pleasure we enjoy from Ten at

'night

'Night 'till Four in the Morning, in being as rude 'as you men can be for your lives. As our play 'runs high, the room is immediately fill'd with bro-'ken fans, torn petticoats, lappets or head-dresses, 'flounces, furbelows, garters, and working-aprons. 'I had forgot to tell you at first, that besides the 'coaches we come in ourselves, there is one which 'stands almost empty to carry off our *dead men*, for 'so we call all those fragments and tatters with 'which the room is strew'd and which we pack up 'together in bundles and put into the aforesaid 'coach: It is no small diversion for us to meet the 'next night at some Member's chamber, where eve-'ry one is to pick out what belonged to her from 'this confused bundle of silks, stuffs, laces, and 'ribbands. I have hitherto given you an account 'of our diversion on ordinary Club-nights; but must 'acquaint you farther, that once a Month we *demo-'molish a Prude*, that is, we get some queer formal 'creature in among us, and unrig her in an instant. 'Our last Month's Prude was so armed and fortifi-'ed in whalebone and buckram, that we had much 'ado to come at her; but you would have died with 'laughing to have seen how the sober aukward thing 'looked when she was forced out of her intrench-'ments. In short, Sir, it is impossible to give you 'a true notion of our sport, unless you would come 'one night amongst us; and tho' it be directly a-'gainst the rules of our society to admit a Male vi-'sitant, we repose so much confidence in your silence 'and taciturnity, that it was agreed by the whole 'Club, at our last meeting, to give you entrance 'for one night as a Spectator.

I am your humble Servant.

KITTY TERMAGANT.

P. S. *We shall demolish a Prude next* Thursday.

THO' I thank *Kitty* for her kind offer, I do not at present find in myself any inclination to venture my person with her and her romping companions. I should regard myself as a second *Clodius* intruding on the mysterious rites of the *Bona Dea*, and should apprehend being *Demolished* as much as the *Prude*.

THE following Letter comes from a Gentleman, whose taste I find is much too delicate to endure the least advance towards Romping. I may perhaps hereafter improve upon the hint he has given me, and make it the Subject of a whole *Spectator*; in the mean time take it as it follows in his own words.

MR SPECTATOR

'IT is my misfortune to be in love with a young 'creature who is daily committing faults which 'though they give me the utmost uneasiness, I know 'not how to reprove her for, or even acquaint her 'with. She is pretty, dresses well, is rich, and 'good-humour'd; but either wholly neglects, or 'has no notion of that which polite people have a-'greed to distinguish by the name of *Delicacy*. Af-'ter our return from a walk the other day she threw 'herself into an elbow-chair, and professed before 'a large company, that *she was all over in a Sweat*. 'She told me this Afternoon that her *Stomach ak'd*; 'and was complaining Yesterday at dinner of some-'thing that *stuck in her Teeth*. I treated her with a 'basket of fruit last summer, which she eat so very 'greedily, as almost made me resolve never to 'see her more. In a short, Sir, I begin to trem-'ble whenever I see her about to speak or move. 'As she does not want sense, if she takes these hints 'I am happy; if not, I am more than afraid, that 'these things which shock me even in the behaviour 'of a Mistress, will appear insupportable in that of 'a Wife.

I am, S I R, yours &c.

MY

MY next Letter comes from a Correſpondent whom I cannot but very much value, upon the account which ſhe gives of herſelf.

MR SPECTATOR,

'I AM happily arrived at a ſtate of tranquillity, 'which few people envy, I mean that of an old 'Maid; therefore being wholly unconcerned in all 'that medley of follies which our Sex is apt to con-'tract from their ſilly fondneſs of yours, I read 'your ralleries on us without provocation. I can 'ſay with *Hamlet*,

——*Man delights not me,*
Nor Woman neither——

'Therefore, dear Sir, as you never ſpare your own 'ſex, do not be afraid of reproving what is ridicu-'lous in ours, and you will oblige at leaſt one Wo-'man, who is

Your humble Servant, SUSANNA FROST.

MR SPECTATOR,

'I AM Wife to a Clergyman, and cannot help 'thinking that in your tenth or tithe character 'of Womankind you meant myſelf, therefore I have 'no quarrel againſt you for the other Nine cha-'racters.

X *Your humble ſervant,* A. B.

No. 218. *Friday, November* 9.

Quid de quoque viro, & cui dicas, ſæpe caveto.
Hor. Ep. 18. l. 1. v. 68.

——————*Have a care*
Of whom you talk, to whom, and what, and where. Pooly.

I Happened the other day, as my way is, to ſtrole into a little Coffee-houſe beyond *Aldgate*; and as I ſat there, two or three very plain ſenſible men were talking of the Spectator. One ſaid, he had that morning drawn the great benefit Ticket; another wiſhed he had; but a third ſhaked his head and ſaid, It was pity that the Writer of that Paper was ſuch a ſort of man, that is was no great matter whether he had it or no. He is, it ſeems, ſaid the good man, the moſt extravagant creature in the world; has run thro' vaſt ſums, and yet been in continual want; a man, for all he talks ſo well of œconomy, unfit for any of the offices of life by reaſon of his profuſeneſs. It would be an unhappy thing to be his Wife, his Child, or his Friend; and yet he talks as well of thoſe duties of life as any one. Much reflexion has brought me to ſo eaſy a contempt for every thing which is falſe, that this heavy accuſation gave me no manner of uneaſineſs; but at the ſame time it threw me into deep thought upon the ſubject of Fame in general; and I could not but pity ſuch as were ſo weak, as to value what the common people ſay out of their own talkative temper to the advantage or diminution of thoſe whom they mention, without being moved either by malice or good-will. It will be too long to expatiate upon the ſenſe all mankind have of Fame, and the inexpreſſible pleaſure which there is in the approbation of worthy Men, to all who are capable of worthy actions; but methinks one may divide

divide the general word Fame into three different ſpecies as it regards the different orders of mankind who have any thing to do with it. Fame therefore may be divided into Glory, which reſpects the Hero; Reputation, which is preſerved by every Gentleman; and Credit which muſt be ſupported by every Tradeſman. Theſe poſſeſſions in fame are dearer than life to theſe characters of men, or rather are the life of thoſe characters. Glory, while the Hero purſues great and noble enterpriſes, is impregnable; and all the aſſailants of his renown do but ſhew their pain and impatience of its brightneſs, without throwing the leaſt ſhade upon it. If the foundation of an high name be virtue and ſervice, all that is offered againſt it is but rumour, which is too ſhort-liv'd to ſtand up in competition with Glory, which is everlaſting.

REPUTATION, which is the portion of every man who would live with the elegant and knowing part of mankind, is as ſtable as glory, if it be as well founded; and the common cauſe of human ſociety is thought concerned when we hear a man of good behaviour calumniated: Beſides which, according to a prevailing cuſtom amongſt us, every man has his defence in his own arm: and reproach is ſoon checked, put out of countenance, and overtaken by diſgrace.

THE moſt unhappy of all men, and the moſt expoſed to the malignity or wantonneſs of the common voice, is the Trader. Credit is undone in whiſpers. The Tradeſman's wound is received from one who is more private and more cruel than the ruffian with the lanthorn and dagger. The manner of repeating a man's name,---As; *Mr* Caſh, *Oh! do you leave your money at his ſhop? Why, do you know Mr* Searoom? *He is indeed a general Merchant.* I ſay, I have ſeen, from the iteration of a Man's name, hiding one thought of him, and explaining what you hide, by ſaying ſomething to his advantage when you

you ſpeak, a Merchant hurt in his credit; and him who, every day he lived, literally added to the value of his native Country, undone by one who was only a burden and a blemiſh to it. Since every body who knows the world is ſenſible of this great evil, how careful ought a man to be in his language of a Merchant? It may poſſibly be in the power of a very ſhallow creature to lay the ruin of the beſt family in the moſt opulent City; and the more ſo, the more highly he deſerves of his country; that is to ſay, the farther he places his wealth out of his hands, to draw home that of another Climate.

IN this caſe an ill word may change plenty into want, and by a raſh ſentence a free and generous fortune may in a few days be reduced to beggary. How little does a giddy Prater imagine, that an idle phraſe to the diſfavour of a Merchant, may be as pernicious in the conſequence, as the forgery of a Deed to bar an inheritance would be to a Gentleman? Land ſtands where it did before a Gentleman was calumniated, and the ſtate of a great action is juſt as it was before calumny was offered to diminiſh it, and there is time, place and occaſion, expected to unravel all that is contrived againſt thoſe characters; but the Trader who is ready only for probable demands upon him, can have no armour againſt the inquiſitive, the malicious, and the envious, who are prepared to fill the cry to his diſhonour. Fire and ſword are ſlow engines of deſtruction, in compariſon of the babbler in the caſe of the Merchant.

FOR this reaſon I thought it an imitable piece of humanity of a Gentleman of my acquaintance, who had great variety of affairs, and uſed to talk with warmth enough againſt a Gentleman by whom he thought himſelf ill dealt with; but he would never let any thing be urged againſt a Merchant (with whom he had any difference) except in a Court of Juſtice. He uſed to ſay, that to ſpeak ill of a Merchant, was to begin his ſuit with judgment and exe-

cution

cution. One cannot, I think, ſay more on this occaſion, than to repeat, That the merit of the Merchant is above that of all other ſubjects; for while he is untouched in his credit, his hand-writing is a more portable coin for the ſervice of his fellow-citizens, and his word the Gold of *Ophir* to the Country wherein he reſides. T

No. 219. *Saturday, November* 10.

Vix ea noſtra voco———— Ovid. Met. l. 13. v. 141.

Theſe I ſcarce call her own.

THERE are but few men, who are not ambitious of diſtinguiſhing themſelves in the Nation or Country where they live, and of growing conſiderable among thoſe with whom they converſe. There is a kind of grandeur and reſpect, which the meaneſt and moſt inſignificant part of Mankind endeavour to procure in the little circle of their friends and acquaintance. The pooreſt Mechanic, nay the Man who lives upon common alms, gets him his ſet of admirers, and delights in that ſuperiority which he enjoys over thoſe who are in ſome reſpects beneath him. This ambition, which is natural to the Soul of Man, might methinks receive a very happy turn; and, if it were rightly directed, contribute as much to a perſon's advantage, as it generally does to his uneaſineſs and diſquiet.

I Shall therefore put together ſome thoughts on this Subject, which I have not met with in other Writers; and ſhall ſet them down as they have occurred to me, without being at the pains to connect or methodiſe them.

ALL ſuperiority and pre-eminence that one Man can have over another, may be reduced to the notion

tion of *Quality*, which, confidered at large, is either that of fortune, body, or mind. The firft is that which confifts in birth, title, or riches; and is the moft foreign to our natures, and what we can the leaft call our own of any of the three kinds of Quality. In relation to the body, Quality arifes from Health, Stength, or Beauty; which are nearer to us, and more a part of ourfelves than the former. Quality, as it regards the mind, has its rife from Knowledge or Virtue; and is that which is more effential to us, and more intimately united with us than either of the other two.

THE Quality of Fortune, though a man has lefs reafon to value himfelf upon it than on that of the body or mind, is however the kind of Quality which makes the moft fhining figure in the eye of the world.

AS Virtue is the moft reafonable and genuine fource of Honour, we generally find in titles an intimation of fome particular merit that fhould recommend Men to the high ftations which they poffefs. Holinefs is afcribed to the Pope; Majefty to Kings; Serenity or Mildnefs of Temper to Princes; Excellence or Perfection to Ambaffadors; Grace to Archbifhops; Honour to Peers; Worfhip or venerable Behaviour to Magiftrates; and Reverence, which is of the fame import as the former, to the inferior Clergy.

IN the founders of great families, fuch attributes of honour are generally correfpondent with the virtues of the perfon to whom they are applied; but in the defcendents they are too often the marks rather of grandeur than merit. The ftamp and denomination ftill continues, but the intrinfic value is frequently loft.

THE Death-bed fhews the Emptinefs of titles in a true light. A poor difpirited finner lies trembling under the apprehenfions of the ftate he is entering on; and is afked by a grave attendant how his Holinefs does? Another hears himfelf addreffed to under

der the title of Highneſs or Excellency, who lies under ſuch mean circumſtances of Mortality as are the Diſgrace of human Nature. Titles at ſuch a time look rather like inſults and Mockery than reſpect.

THE truth of it is, Honours are in this world under no regulation; true Quality is neglected, Virtue is oppreſſed, and Vice triumphant. The laſt Day will rectify this diſorder, and aſſign to every one a ſtation ſuitable to the dignity of his character; ranks will be then adjuſted, and precedency ſet right.

METHINKS we ſhould have an ambition, if not to advance ourſelves in another World, at leaſt to preſerve our poſt in it, and outſhine our inferiors in virtue here, that they may not be put above us in a ſtate which is to ſettle the diſtinction for Eternity.

MEN in Scripture are called *Strangers* and *Sojourners upon earth*, and life a *Pilgrimage*. Several Heathen, as well as Chriſtian Authors, under the ſame kind of metaphor, have repreſented the world as an Inn, which was only deſigned to furniſh us with accommodations in this our paſſage. It is therefore very abſurd to think of ſetting up our reſt before we come to our Journey's end, and not rather to take care of the reception we ſhall there meet, than to fix our thoughts on the little conveniencies and advantages which we enjoy one above another in the way to it.

EPICTETUS makes uſe of another kind of alluſion, which is very beautiful and wonderfully proper to incline us to be ſatisfied with the poſt in which Providence has placed us. We are here, ſays he, as in a Theatre, where every one has a part allotted to him. The great duty which lies upon a man is to act his part in perfection. We may indeed ſay, that our part does not ſuit us, and that we could act another better. But this (ſays the Philoſopher) is not our buſineſs. All that we are concerned in is to excel in the part which is given us. If it be an impro-

per

per one, the fault is not in us, but in him who has *caſt* our ſeveral parts, and is the great Diſpoſer of the Drama.

THE part that was acted by this Philoſopher himſelf was but a very indifferent one, for he lived and died a ſlave. His motive to contentment in this particular, receives a very great enforcement from the above-mentioned conſideration, if we remember that our parts in the other World will be *new caſt*, and that mankind will be there ranged in different ſtations of ſuperiority and preeminence, in proportion as they have here excelled one another in virtue, and performed in their ſeveral poſts of life the duties which belong to them.

THERE are many beautiful Paſſages in the little Apocryphal book, entitled, *The Wiſdom of* Solomon, to ſet forth the vanity of honour, and the like temporal bleſſings, which are in ſo great repute among Men, and to comfort thoſe who have not the poſſeſſion of them. It repreſents in very warm and noble terms this advancement of a good man in the other world, and the great ſurpriſe which it will produce among thoſe who are his ſuperiors in this. 'Then 'ſhall the righteous man ſtand in great boldneſs be'fore the face of ſuch as have afflicted him, and made 'no account of his labours. When they ſee it, they 'ſhall be troubled with terrible fear, and ſhall be a'mazed at the ſtrangeneſs of his ſalvation, ſo far be'yond all that they looked for. And they repenting 'and groning for anguiſh of ſpirit, ſhall ſay within 'themſelves; This was he whom we had ſometime 'in deriſion, and a proverb of reproach. We fools 'accounted his life madneſs, and his end to be with'out honour. How is he numbered among the Chil'dren of God, and his lot is among the Saints!

IF the Reader will ſee the deſcription of a life that is paſſed away in vanity and among the ſhadows of pomp and greatneſs, he may ſee it very finely drawn in the ſame place. In the mean time, ſince it is neceſſary

ceſſary in the preſent conſtitution of things, that order and diſtinction ſhould be kept in the World, we ſhould be happy, if thoſe who enjoy the upper ſtations in it, would endeavour to ſurpaſs others in Virtue, as much as in Rank, and by their humanity and condeſcenſion make their ſuperiority eaſy and acceptable to thoſe who are beneath them; and if, on the contrary, thoſe who are in meaner poſts of life, would conſider how they may better their condition hereafter, and by a juſt deference and ſubmiſſion to their Superiors, make them happy in thoſe Bleſſings with which Providence has thought fit to diſtinguiſh them.

C

No. 220. *Monday, November* 12.

Rumoreſque ſerit varios——— Virg. AEn. 12. v. 228.

A thouſand Rumours ſpreads.

SIR,

'WHY will you apply to my Father for my Love? ' I cannot help it if he will give you my per- ' ſon; but I aſſure you it is not in his power, nor e- ' ven in my own, to give you my Heart. Dear Sir, ' do but conſider the ill conſequence of ſuch a Match; ' you are Fifty-five, I Twenty-one. You are a man ' of buſineſs, and mightily converſant in Arithme- ' tick and making calculations; be pleaſed therefore ' to conſider what proportion your ſpirits bear to ' mine, and when you have made a juſt eſtimate of ' the neceſſary decay on one ſide, and the redundance ' on the other, you will act accordingly. This per- ' haps is ſuch language as you may not expect from ' a young Lady; but my happineſs is at ſtake, and I ' muſt talk plainly. I mortally hate you; and ſo, ' as you and my Father agree, you may take me or

'leave me: But if you will be so good as never to 'see me more, you will for ever oblige,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,'

HENRIETTA.

MR SPECTATOR,

'THERE are so many artifices and modes of false 'Wit, and such a variety of humour discovers 'itself among its votaries, that it would be impossi- 'ble to exhaust so fertile a subject, if you will think 'fit to resume it. The following instances may, if 'you think fit, be added by way of Appendix to 'your Discourses on that subject.

'THAT feat of Poetical activity mentioned by '*Horace*, of an Author who could compose two hun- 'dred verses while he stood upon one leg, has been 'imitated (as I have heard) by a modern Writer; 'who priding himself on the hurry of his invention, 'thought it no small addition to his fame to have each 'piece minuted with the exact number of hours or 'days it cost him in the composition. He could taste 'no Praise till he had acquainted you in how short 'space of time he had deserved it; and was not so 'much led to an ostentation of his art, as of his dis- 'patch.

——Accipe si vis,
Accipiam tabulas; detur nobis locus, hora,
Custodes: videamus uter plus scribere possit.
Hor. Sat. 4. l. 1. v. 14.

Here's Pen and Ink, and Time, and Place; let's try.
Who can write most, and fastest, you or I.
CREECH.

'THIS was the whole of his ambition; and there- 'fore

'fore I cannot but think the flights of this rapid Au-
'thor very proper to be oppoſed to thoſe laborious
'nothings which you have obſerved were the delight
'of the *German* wits, and in which they ſo happily
'got rid of ſuch a tedious quantity of their time.

'I HAVE known a Gentleman of another turn of
'humour, who, deſpiſing the name of an Author,
'never printed his works, but contracted his talent,
'and by the help of a very fine Diamond which he
'wore on his little finger, was a conſiderable Poet
'upon glaſs. He had a very good Epigrammatic
'wit; and there was not a parlour or tavern-window
'where he viſited or dined for ſome Years, which
'did not receive ſome ſketches or memorials of it.
'It was his misfortune at laſt to loſe his genius and
'his ring to a ſharper at play, and he has not attem-
'pted to make a verſe ſince.

'BUT of all contractions or expedients for Wit, I
'admire that of an ingenious Projector whoſe Book
'I have ſeen. This Virtuoſo being a Mathematician,
'has, according to his taſte, thrown the art of Poe-
'try into a ſhort problem, and contrived Tables by
'which any one without knowing a word of gram-
'mar or ſenſe, may, to his great comfort, be able
'to compoſe, or rather to erect *Latin* Verſes. His
'Tables are a kind of Poetical Logarithms, which
'being divided into ſeveral Squares, and all inſcrib-
'ed with ſo many incoherent words, appear to the
'eye ſomewhat like a fortune-telling ſcreen. What
'a joy muſt it be to the unlearned Operator to find
'that theſe words being carefully collected and writ
'down in order according to the problem, ſtart of
'themſelves into Hexameter and Pentameter Verſes?
'A Friend of mine, who is a Student in Aſtrology,
'meeting with this Book, performed the operation,
'by the rules there ſet down; he ſhewed his verſes
'to the next of his acquaintance, who happened to
'underſtand *Latin*; and being informed they deſcrib-
'ed a tempeſt of wind, very luckily prefixed them,

'together with a tranflation, to an Almanack he 'was juft then printing, and was fuppofed to have 'foretold the laft great ftorm,

'I THINK the only improvement beyond this, would 'be that which the late Duke of *Buckingham* men- 'tioned to a ftupid Pretender to Poetry, as the pro- 'ject of a *Dutch* Mechanic, *viz.* a mill to make ver- 'fes. This being the moft compendious method of 'all which have yet been propofed, may deferve the 'thoughts of our modern Virtuofi who are employ- 'ed in new difcoveries for the Public good: And it 'may be worth the while to confider, whether in an 'Ifland where few are content without being thought 'Wits, it will not be a common benefit, that wit as 'well as labour fhould be made cheap.

I am, S I R,

Your humble Servant, &c.

MR SPECTATOR,

'I OFTEN dine at a Gentleman's houfe, where there 'are two young Ladies in themfelves very agree- 'able, but very cold in their behaviour, becaufe they 'underftand me for a perfon that is to break my mind, 'as the phrafe is, very fuddenly to one of them. But 'I take this way to acquaint them, that I am not in 'love with either of them, in hopes they will ufe me 'with that agreeable freedom and indifference which 'they do all the reft of the world, and not to drink 'to one another only, but fometimes caft a kind look, 'with their fervice to,

S I R,

Your humble Servant,

MR SPECTATOR,

'I AM a young Gentleman, and take it for a piece 'of Good-breeding to pull off my Hat when I fee

'see any thing peculiarly charming in any woman, 'whether I know her or not. I take care that there 'is nothing ludicrous or arch in my manner, as if 'I were to betray a Woman into a salutation by 'way of jest or humour; and yet except I am ac-'quainted with her, I find she ever takes it for a 'rule, that she is to look upon this civility and ho-'mage, I pay to her supposed merit, as an imper-'tinence or forwardness which she is to observe and 'neglect. I wish, Sir, you would settle the business 'of salutation; and please to inform me how I shall 'resist the sudden impulse I have to be civil to what 'gives an idea of merit; or tell these creatures how 'to behave themselves in return to the esteem I have 'for them. My affairs are such, that your decision 'will be a favour to me, if it be only to save the un-'necessary expence of wearing out my Hat so fast 'as I do at present. T

I am,

SIR,

Yours, T. D.

P. S. 'THERE are some that do know me, and 'won't bow to me. T

No. 221. *Tuesday, November* 13.

——*Ab Ovo*
Usque ad Mala—— Hor. Sat. 3. *l.* 1 v. 6.

From Eggs, which first are set upon the Board,
To Apples ripe, with which it last is stor'd.

WHEN I have finished any of my Speculations, it is my method to consider which of the ancient Authors have touched upon the Subject that I

treat of. By this means I meet with ſome celebrated thought upon it, or a thought of my own expreſſed in better words, or ſome ſimilitude for the illuſtration of my Subject. This is what gives birth to the Motto of a Speculation, which I rather chooſe to take out of the Poets than the Proſe-writers, as the former generally give a finer turn to a thought than the latter, and by couching it in few words, and in harmonious numbers, make it more portable to the memory.

MY Reader is therefore ſure to meet with at leaſt one good line in every Paper, and very often finds his imagination entertained by a hint that awakens in his memory ſome beautiful paſſage of a Claſſic Author.

IT was a Saying of an ancient Philoſopher, which I find ſome of our Writers have aſcribed to Queen *Elizabeth*, who perhaps might have taken occaſion to repeat it, That a good face is a letter of recommendation. It naturally makes the beholders inquiſitive into the perſon who is the owner of it, and generally propoſſeſſes them in his favour. A handſome Motto has the ſame effect. Beſides that it always gives a ſupernumerary beauty to a Paper, and is ſometimes in a manner neceſſary when the Writer is engaged in what may appear a paradox to vulgar minds, as it ſhews that he is ſupported by good authorities, and is not ſingular in his opinion.

I MUST confeſs, the Motto is of little uſe to an unlearned Reader, for which reaſon I conſider it only as *a Word to the Wiſe*. But as for my unlearned friends, if they cannot reliſh the Motto, I take care to make proviſion for them in the body of my Paper. If they do not underſtand the ſign that is hung out, they know very well by it, that they may meet with entertainment in the houſe; and I think I was never better pleaſed than with a plain Man's compliment, who, upon his friend's telling him that he would like

the

the *Spectator* much better if he understoood the motto, replied, *That good Wine needs no Bush.*

I Have heard of a couple of Preachers in a country Town, who endeavoured which should out-shine one another. and draw together the greatest congregation One of them being well versed in the Fathers, used to quote every now and then a *Latin* sentence to his illiterate hearers, who it seems found themselves so edified by it, that they flocked in greater numbers to this learned Man than to his rival The other finding his congregation mouldering every *Sunday*, and hearing at length what was the occasion of it, resolved to give his Parish a little *Latin* in his turn; but being unacquainted with any of the Fathers, he digested into his Sermons the whole Book of *Quæ Genus*, adding however such explications to it as he thought, might be for the benefit of his people. He afterwards entered upon *As in præsenti*, which he converted in the same manner to the use of his parishioners. This in a very little time thickned his audience, filled his Church, and routed his antagonist.

THE natural love to *Latin*, which is so prevalent in our common people, makes me think that my Speculations fare never the worse among them for that little scrap which appears at the head of them; and what the more encourages me in the use of quotations in an unknown tongue, is, that I heard the Ladies, whose approbation I value more than that of the whole learned world, declare themselves in a more particular manner pleased with my *Greek* Mottos.

DESIGNING this day's work for a Dissertation upon the two extremities of my Paper, and having already dispatch'd my Motto, I shall, in the next place, discourse upon those single Capital Letters, which are placed at the end of it, and which have afforded great matter of Speculation to the curious. I have heard various conjectures upon this subject.

Some

Some tell us that C is the mark of thoſe Papers that are written by the Clergyman, though others aſcribe them to the Club in the general: That the Papers marked with R were written by my friend Sir ROGER: That L ſignifies the Lawyer, whom I have deſcribed in my ſecond Speculation; and that T ſtands for the Trader or Merchant: But the Letter X, which is placed at the end of ſome few of my papers, is that which has puzzled the whole Town, as they cannot think of any name which begins with that letter, except *Xenophon* and *Xerxes*, who can neither of them be ſuppoſed to have had any hand in theſe Speculations.

IN anſwer to theſe inquiſitive gentlemen, who have many of them made inquiries of me by a Letter I muſt tell them the reply of an ancient Philoſopher, who carried ſomething hidden under his cloke. A certain acquaintance deſiring him to let him know what it was he covered ſo carefully; *I cover it*, ſays he, *on purpoſe that you ſhould not know*. I have made uſe of theſe obſcure marks for the ſame purpoſe. They are, perhaps, little amulets or charms to preſerve the Paper againſt the faſcination and malice of evil eyes; for which reaſon I would not have my reader ſurpriſed if hereafter he ſees any of my papers marked with a Q, a Z, a Y, an &c. or with the word *Abracadabra*.

I ſhall, however, ſo far explain myſelf to the Reader, as to let him know that the letters C, L, and X, are Cabaliſtical, and carry more in them than it is proper for the world to be acquainted with. Thoſe who are verſed in the Philoſophy of *Pythagoras*, and ſwear by the *Tetrachtys*, that is the number Four, will know very well that the number *Ten*, which is ſignified by the letter X, (and which has ſo much perplexed the town) has in it many particular powers; that it is called by Platonic Writers the complete number; that One, Two, Three and Four put together make up the number Ten; and that Ten is all: But theſe are not myſteries for ordinary read-

ers

ers to be let into. A man muſt have ſpent many years in hard ſtudy before he can arrive at the knowledge of them.

WE had a Rabbinical Divine in *England*, who was Chaplain to the Earl of *Eſſex* in Queen *Elizabeth*'s time, that had an admirable head for ſecrets of this nature. Upon his taking the Doctor of Divinity's Degree, he preached before the Univerſity of *Cambridge*, upon the *firſt* verſe of the *firſt* Chapter of the *firſt* Book of *Chronicles*, in which, ſays he, you have the three following words,

Adam, Sheth, Enoſh.

He divided this ſhort Text into many parts, and by diſcovering ſeveral Myſteries in each word, made a moſt learned and elaborate Diſcourſe. The name of this profound preacher was Doctor Alabaſter, of whom the reader may find a more particular account in Doctor *Fuller*'s Book of *Engliſh* Worthies. This inſtance will, I hope, convince my readers that there may be a great deal of fine writing in the Capital-Letters which bring up the rear of my Paper, and give them ſome ſatisfaction in that particular. But as for the full explication of theſe matters, I muſt refer them to time, which diſcovers all things. C

No. 222. *Wedneſday, November* 14.

Cur alter fratrum ceſſare, & ludere, & ungi
Præferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus——
Hor Ep 2 l 2 v 183

Why, of two Brothers, one his Pleaſure loves,
Prefers his ſports to Herod's fragrant groves. Creech.

MR SPECTATOR,

'THERE is one thing I have often look'd for in
' your Papers, and have as often wondered to
' find

'find myſelf diſappointed; the rather, becauſe I 'think it a ſubject every way agreeable to your de-'ſign, and by being left unattempted by others, 'ſeems reſerved as a proper employment for you; I 'mean a diſquiſition, from whence it proceeds, that 'Men of the brighteſt parts, and moſt comprehen-'ſive genius, completely furniſhed with talents for 'any province in human affairs; ſuch as by their 'wiſe leſſons of Oeconomy to others have made it e-'vident, that they have the juſteſt notions of life, 'and of true ſenſe in the conduct of it——: from 'what unhappy contradictious cauſe it proceeds, that 'perſons thus finiſhed by Nature and by Art, ſhould 'ſo often fail in the management of that which they 'ſo well underſtand, and want the addreſs to make 'a right application of their own rules. This is 'certainly a prodigious inconſiſtency in behaviour, 'and makes much ſuch a figure in Morals as a mon-'ſtrous birth in Naturals, with this difference only, 'which greatly aggravates the wonder, that it hap-'pens much more frequently; and what a blemiſh 'does it caſt upon Wit and Learning in the general 'account of the world? And in how diſad-'vantageous a light does it expoſe them to the buſy 'claſs of Mankind, that there ſhould be ſo many in-'ſtances of perſons who have ſo conducted their 'lives in ſpite of theſe tranſcendent advantages, as 'neither to be happy in themſelves, nor uſeful to 'their friends; when every body ſees it was intirely 'in their own power to be eminent in both theſe 'characters? For my part, I think there is no re-'flexion more aſtoniſhing, than to conſider one of 'theſe Gentlemen ſpending a fair fortune, running 'in every body's debt without the leaſt apprehenſion 'of a future reckoning, and at laſt leaving not only 'his own Children, but poſſibly thoſe of other peo-'ple, by his means, in ſtarving circumſtances; while 'a fellow whom one would ſcarce ſuſpect to have a 'human Soul, ſhall perhaps raiſe a vaſt eſtate out of

'nothing

'nothing, and be the founder of a Family capable 'of being very confiderable in their Country, and 'doing many illuftrious fervices to it. That this 'obfervation is juft, experience has put beyond all 'difpute. But though the fact be fo evident and 'glaring, yet the caufes of it are ftill in the dark; 'which makes me perfuade myfelf, that it would be 'no unacceptable piece of entertainment to the 'Town, to inquire into the hidden fources of fo un-'accountable an evil.

I am, S I R,

Your moft humble Servant,

WHAT this Correfpondent wonders at, has been matter of admiration ever fince there was any fuch thing as human life. *Horace* reflects upon this inconfiftency very agreeably in the character of *Tigellius*, whom he makes a mighty pretender to œconomy, and tells you, you might one day hear him fpeak the moft philofophic things imaginable concerning being contented with a little, and his contempt of every thing but mere neceffaries, and in half a week after fpend a thoufand Pound. When he fays this of him with relation to expence, he defcribes him as unequal to himfelf in every other circumftance of life. And indeed, if we confider lavifh men carefully, we fhall find it always proceeds from a certain incapacity of poffeffing themfelves, and finding enjoyment in their own minds. Mr *Dryden* has expreffed this very excellently in the character of *Zimri*.

A Man fo various, that he feem'd to be
Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome.
Stiff in Opinion, always in the Wrong,
Was every thing by ftarts, and nothing long;
But in the courfe of one revolving Moon,
Was Chymift, Fidler, Statefman, and Buffoon.

Then

Then all for Women, Painting, Rhiming, Drinking,
Besides ten thousand Freaks that died in thinking.
Blest Madman, who could every Hour employ
In something new to wish or to enjoy!
In squandring Wealth was his peculiar Art,
Nothing went unrewarded but Desert.

THIS loose state of the Soul hurries the extravagant from one pursuit to another; and the reason that his expences are greater than another's, is, that his wants are also more numerous. But what makes so many go on in this way to their lives end, is, that they certainly do not know how contemptible they are in the eyes of the rest of Mankind, or rather, that indeed they are not so contemptible as they deserve. *Tully* says, it is the greatest of wickedness to lessen your paternal estate. And if a Man would thoroughly consider how much worse than banishment it must be to his Child, to ride by the estate which should have been his, had it not been for his Father's injustice to him, he would be smitten with the reflexion more deeply than can be understood by any but one who is a Father. Sure there can be nothing more afflicting, than to think it had been happier for his Son to have been born of any other man living than himself.

IT is not perhaps much thought of, but it is certainly a very important lesson, to learn how to enjoy ordinary life, and to be able to relish your Being without the transport of some passion, or gratification of some appetite. For want of this capacity, the world is filled with Whetters, Tipplers, Cutters, Sippers, and all the numerous train of those who, for want of thinking, are forced to be ever exercising their feeling or tasting. It would be hard on this occasion to mention the harmless smokers of Tobacco and takers of Snuff.

THE slower part of mankind, whom my Correspondent wonders should get estates, are the more immediately

immediately formed for that purſuit: they can expect diſtant things without impatience, becauſe they are not carried out of their way either by violent paſſion or keen appetite to any thing. To men addicted to delights, buſineſs is an interruption: to ſuch as are cold to delights, buſineſs is an entertainment. For which reaſon it was ſaid to one who commended a dull man for his application, *No thanks to him; if he had no Buſineſs, he would have nothing to do.*

T

No. 223. *Saturday, November* 15.

O ſuavis Anima! qualem te dicam bonam
Antehac fuiſſe, tales cum ſint reliquiæ!

Phædr. Fab. 1. l. 3. v. 5.

O ſweet Soul? how good muſt you have been heretofore, when your Remains are ſo delicious?

WHEN I reflect upon the various fate of thoſe multitudes of ancient Writers who flouriſhed in *Greece* and *Italy*, I conſider Time as an immenſe Ocean, in which many noble Authors are intirely ſwallowed up, many very much ſhattered and damaged, ſome quite disjointed and broken into pieces, while ſome have wholly eſcaped the common wreck; but the number of the laſt is very ſmall.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vaſto.

Virg. Aen 1. v. 122.

One here and there floats on the vaſt abyſs.

AMONG the mutilated Poets of Antiquity, there is none whoſe fragments are ſo beautiful as thoſe of *Sappho*. They give us a taſte of her way of Writing, which is perfectly conformable with that extra-

ordinary character we find of her, in the remarks of those great Critics who were conversant with her Works when they were intire. One may see by what is left of them, that she followed Nature in all her thoughts, without descending to those little points, conceits, and turns of Wit with which many of our modern Lyricks are so miserably infected. Her soul seems to have been made up of Love and Poetry: She felt the passion in all its warmth, and described it in all its symptoms. She is called by antient Authors the Tenth muse; and by *Plutarch* is compared to *Cacus* the Son of *Vulcan*, and who breathed out nothing but flame. I do not know, by the character that is given of her Works, whether it is not for the benefit of mankind that they are lost. They were filled with such bewitching tenderness and rapture, that it might have been dangerous to have given them a reading.

AN inconstant Lover, called *Phaon*, occasioned great calamities to this poetical Lady. She fell desperately in love with him, and took a voyage into *Sicily*, in pursuit of him, he having withdrawn himself thither on purpose to avoid her. It was in that Island, and on this occasion, she is supposed to have made the Hymn to *Venus*, with a translation of which I shall present my reader. Her Hymn was ineffectual for the procuring that happiness which she prayed for in it. *Phaon* was still obdurate, and *Sappho* so transported with the violence of her Passion, that she was resolved to get rid of it at any price.

THERE was a promontory in *Arcanania* called *Leucate*, on the top of which was a little Temple dedicated to *Apollo*. In this Temple it was usual for *despairing* Lovers to make their vows in secret, and afterwards to fling themselves from the top of the precipice into the Sea, where they were sometimes taken up alive. This place was therefore called, *The Lover's Leap*; and whether or no the fright they had been n, or the resolution that could push them

to

to ſo dreadful a remedy, or the bruiſes which they often received in their fall, baniſhed all the tender ſentiments of Love, and gave their ſpirits another turn: thoſe who had taken this Leap were obſerved never to relapſe into that paſſion. *Sappho* tried the cure, but periſhed in the experiment.

AFTER having given this ſhort account of *Sappho* ſo far as it regards the following Ode, I ſhall ſubjoin the tranſlation of it as it was ſent me by a Friend, whoſe admirable Paſtorals and *Winter-piece* have been already ſo well received. The Reader will find in it that pathetic ſimplicity which is ſo peculiar to him, and ſo ſuitable to the Ode he has here tranſlated. This Ode in the Greek (beſides thoſe beauties obſerved by Madam *Dacier*) has ſeveral harmonious turns in the words, which are not loſt in the *Engliſh*. I muſt farther add, that the tranſlation has preſerved every image and ſentiment of *Sappho*, notwithſtanding it has all the eaſe and ſpirit of an Original. In a word, if the Ladies have a mind to know the manner of writing practiſed by the ſo much celebrated *Sappho*, they may here ſee it in its genuine and natural beauty, without any foreign or affected ornaments.

An HYMN to *VENUS*.

I.

O Venus, *Beauty of the ſkies,*
To whom a thouſand Temples riſe,
Gayly falſe in gentle ſmiles,
Full of Love-perplexing wiles;
O Goddeſs! from my heart remove
The waſting cares and pains of Love.

II.

If ever thou haſt kindly heard
A Song in ſoft diſtreſs preferr'd,
Propitious to my tuneful vow,
O gentle Goddeſs! hear me now.

Deſcend

Descend thou bright, immortal Guest,
In all thy radiant charms confest.

III.

Thou once didst leave Almighty Jove,
And all the Golden roofs above:
The Carr thy wanton sparrows drew,
Hov'ring in Air they lightly flew;
As to my bower they wing'd their way,
I saw their quiv'ring pinions play,

IV.

The Birds dismist (while you remain)
Bore back their empty Carr again:
Then you, with looks divinely mild,
In ev'ry heav'nly feature smil'd,
And ask'd, what new complaints I made,
And why I call'd you to my Aid?

V.

What frenzy in my bosom raged,
And by what cure to be asswaged?
What gentle Youth I would allure,
Whom in my artful toils secure?
Who does thy tender heart subdue,
Tell me, my Sappho, *tell me who?*

VI.

Tho' now he shuns thy longing arms,
He soon shall court thy slighted charms
Tho' now thy off'rings he despise,
He soon to thee shall sacrifice;
Tho' now he freeze, he soon shall burn,
And be thy Victim in his turn.

VII.

Celestial Visitant, once more
Thy needful presence I implore!
In pity come and ease my grief,
Bring my distemper'd soul relief,
Favour thy suppliant's hidden fires,
And give me all my heart desires.

MA-

MADAM *Dacier* obſerves, there is ſomething very pretty in that circumſtauce of this Ode, wherein *Venus* is deſcribed as ſending away her charriot upon her arrival at *Sappho*'s lodgings, to denote that it was not a ſhort tranſient viſit which ſhe intended to make her. This Ode was preſerved by an eminent *Greek* Critic, who inſerted it intire in his Works, as a pattern of perfection in the ſtructure of it.

LONGINUS has quoted another Ode of this great Poeteſs, which is likewiſe admirable in its kind, and has been tranſlated by the ſame hand with the foregoing one. I ſhall oblige my reader with it in another Paper. In the mean while, I cannot but wonder, that theſe two finiſhed Pieces have never been attempted before by any of our own Countrymen. But the truth of it is, the Compoſitions of the Ancients, which have not in them any of thoſe unnatural Witticiſms that are the delight of ordinary readers, are extremely difficult to render into another tongue, ſo as the beauties of the Original may not appear weak and faded in the tranſlation. C

No. 224. *Friday, November* 16.

——*Fulgente trahit conſtrictos Gloria curru*
Non minus ignotos generoſis.—— Hor. Sat. 6. l. 1. v. 23.

——*Glory's ſhining Chariot ſwiftly draws*
With equal Whirl the noble and the baſe. CREECH.

IF we look abroad upon the great multitude of mankind, and endeavour to trace out the principles of action in every individual, it will, I think, ſeem highly probable that Ambition runs through the whole ſpecies, and that every man in proportion to the vigour of his complexion is more or leſs actuated by it. It is indeed no uncommon thing to meet with men, who,

by the natural bent of their inclinations, and without the difcipline of Philofophy, afpire not to the heights of power and grandeur; who never fet their hearts upon a numerous train of clients and dependencies, nor other gay appendages of greatnefs; who are contented with a competency, and will not moleft their tranquillity to gain an abundance: But it is not therefore to be concluded that fuch a man is not ambitious: His defires may have cut out another channel, and determined him to other purfuits; the motive however may be ftill the fame; and in thefe cafes likewife the man may be equally pufh'd on with the defire of diftinction.

THOUGH the pure confcioufnefs of worthy actions, abftracted from the views of popular applaufe, be to a generous mind an ample reward, yet the defire of diftinction was doubtlefs implanted in our natures as an additional incentive to exert ourfelves in virtuous excellence.

THIS Paffion indeed, like all others, is frequently perverted to evil and ignoble purpofes; fo that we may account for many of the excellencies and follies of life upon the fame innate Principle, to wit, the Defire of being remarkable: For this, as it has been differently cultivated by education, ftudy and converfe, will bring forth fuitable effects as it falls in with an ingenuous difpofition, or a corrupt mind; it does accordingly exprefs itfelf in acts of magnanimity or felfifh cunning, as it meets with a good or a weak underftanding. As it has been employed in embellifhing the mind, or adorning the outfide, it renders the Man eminently praife-worthy or ridiculous. Ambition therefore is not to be confined only to one paffion or purfuit; for as the fame humours, in conftitutions otherwife different, affect the body after different manners, fo the fame afpiring principle within us fometimes breaks forth upon one object, fometimes upon another.

IT cannot be doubted, but that there is a great defire

fire of glory in a ring of wreftlers or Cudgel-players, as in any other more refined competition for fuperiority. No man that could avoid it, would ever fuffer his head to be broken but out of a principle of honour. This is the fecret fpring that pufhes them forward; and the fuperiority which they gain above the undiftinguifh'd many, does more than repair thofe wounds they have received in the combat. 'Tis Mr *Waller's* opinion, that *Julius Cæfar*, had he not been Mafter of the *Roman* Empire, would in all probability have made an excellent wreftler.

> *Great* Julius, *on the mountains bred,*
> *A flock perhaps or herd had led;*
> *He that the world fubdu'd, had been*
> *But the beft wreftler on the green.*

That he fubdued the World, was owing to the accidents of Art and Knowledge; had he not met with thofe advantages, the fame fparks of emulation would have kindled within him, and prompted him to diftinguifh himfelf in fome enterprife of a lower nature. Since therefore no Man's lot is fo unalterably fixt in this life, but that a thoufand accidents may either forward or difappoint his advancement, it is, methinks, a pleafant and inoffenfive Speculation, to confider a great man as divefted of all the adventitious circumftances of fortune, and to bring him down in one's imagination to that low ftation of life, the nature of which bears fome diftant refemblance to that high one he is at prefent poffeffed of. Thus one may view him exercifing in Miniature thofe talents of nature, which being drawn out by Education to their full length, enable him for the difcharge of fome important employment. On the other hand, one may raife uneducated merit to fuch a pitch of Greatnefs as may feem equal to the poffible extent of his improved capacity.

THUS Nature furnishes a man with a general appetite of Glory, Education determines it to this or that particular object. The desire of distinction is not, I think, in any instance more observable than in the variety of outsides and new appearances, which the modish part of the world are obliged to provide, in order to make themselves remarkable; for any thing glaring or particular, either in behaviour or apparel, is known to have this good effect, that it catches the eye, and will not suffer you to pass over the person so adorned without due notice and observation. It has likewise, upon this account, been frequently resented as a very great slight, to leave any Gentleman out of a Lampoon or Satire, who has as much right to be there as his Neighbour, because it supposes the person not eminent enough to be taken notice of. To this passionate fondness for distinction are owing various frolicksome and irregular practices, as sallying out into nocturnal exploits, breaking of windows, singing of catches, beating the watch, getting drunk twice a day, killing a great number of Horses; with many other enterprises of the like fiery nature: For certainly many a Man is more rakish and extravagant than he would willingly be, were there not others to look on and give their approbation.

ONE very common, and at the same time the most absurd Ambition that ever shewed itself in human Nature, is that which comes upon a Man with experience and old Age, the Season when it might be expected he should be wisest; and therefore it cannot receive any of those lessening circumstances which do, in some measure, excuse the disorderly ferments of youthful Blood: I mean the passion for getting money, exclusive of the character of the provident Father, the affectionate Husband, or the generous Friend. It may be remarked, for the comfort of honest Poverty, that this desire reigns most in those who have but few good qualities to recommend

commend them. This is a Weed that will grow in a barren foil. Humanity, Good-nature, and the advantages of a liberal Education, are incompatible with Avarice. 'Tis ftrange to fee how fuddenly this abject paffion kills all the noble fentiments and generous ambitions that adorn human Nature; it renders the Man who is over-run with it a peevifh and cruel Mafter, a fevere Parent, an unfociable Hufband, a diftant and miftruftful Friend. But it is more to the prefent purpofe to confider it as an abfurd paffion of the Heart, rather than as a vicious affection of the Mind. As there are frequent inftances to be met with of a proud humility, fo this paffion, contrary to moft others, affects applaufe, by avoiding all fhow and appearance; for this reafon it will not fometimes endure even the common decencies of apparel. *A covetous Man will call himfelf poor, that you may footh his victory by contradicting him.* Love, and the defire of glory, as they are the moft natural, fo they are capable of being refined into the moft delicate and rational paffions. 'Tis true, the wife Man who ftrikes out of the fecret paths of a private life, for honour and dignity, allured by the fplendor of a Court, and the unfelt weight of public employment, whether he fucceeds in his attempts or no, ufually comes near enough to this painted greatnefs to difcern the dawbing; he is then defirous of extricating himfelf out of the hurry of Life, that he may pafs away the remainder of his Days in tranquillity and retirement.

IT may be thought then but common prudence in a Man not to change a better ftate for a worfe, nor ever to quit that which he knows he fhall take up again with pleafure; and yet if human Life be not a little moved with the gentle gales of hopes and fears, there may be fome danger of its ftagnating in an unmanly indolence and fecurity. It is a known ftory of *Domitian*, that after he had poffeffed himfelf of the *Roman* Empire, his defires turn'd upon catching

Flies

Flies. Active and mafculine Spirits in the vigour of Youth neither can nor ought to remain at reft; if they debar themfelves from aiming at a noble object, their defires will move downwards, and they will feel themfelves actuated by fome low and abject paffion. Thus if you cut off the top branches of a tree, and will not fuffer it to grow any higher, it will not therefore ceafe to grow, but will quickly fhoot out at the bottom. The Man indeed who goes into the World only with the narrow views of felf-intereft, who catches at the applaufe of an idle multitude, as he can find no folid contentment at the end of his journey, fo he deferves to meet with difappointments in his way; but he who is actuated by a noble principle, whofe Mind is fo far enlarged as to take in the profpect of his Country's Good, who is enamoured with that Praife which is one of the fair attendants of Virtue, and values not thofe acclamations which are not feconded by the impartial teftimony of his own Mind; who repines not at the low ftation which Providence has at prefent allotted him, but yet would willingly advance himfelf by juftifiable means to a more rifing and advantageous ground; fuch a Man is warmed with a generous emulation; it is a virtuous movement in him to wifh and to endeavour that his power of doing Good may be equal to his Will.

THE Man who is fitted out by nature, and fent into the world with great abilities, is capable of doing great good or mifchief in it. It ought therefore to be the care of Education to infufe into the untainted Youth early notice of juftice and honour, that fo the poffible advantages of good parts may not take an evil turn, nor be perverted to bafe and unworthy purpofes. It is the bufinefs of Religion and Philofophy not fo much to extinguifh our paffions, as to regulate and direct them to valuable well-chofen objects: When thefe have pointed out to us which courfe we may lawfully fteer, 'tis no harm to fet out

all

all our Sail; if the ſtorms and tempeſts of Adverſity ſhould riſe upon us, and not ſuffer us to make the Haven where we would be, it will however prove no ſmall conſolation to us in theſe circumſtances, that we have neither miſtaken our courſe, nor fallen into calamities of our own procuring.

RELIGION therefore (were we to conſider it no farther than as it interpoſes in the affairs of this life) is highly valuable, and worthy of great Veneration; as it ſettles the various pretenſions, and otherwiſe interfering intereſts of mortal men, and thereby conſults the harmony and order of the great community; as it gives a Man room to play his part, and exert his abilities; as it animates to Actions truly laudable in themſelves, in their effects beneficial to Society; as it inſpires rational Ambition, correct Love, and elegant deſire.

No. 225. *Saturday, November* 17.

Nullum numen abeſt ſi ſit prudentia—— Juv. Sat. 10. v. 365.
Prudence ſupplies the Want of ev'ry God.

I Have often thought if the minds of Men were laid open, we ſhould ſee but little difference between that of the wiſe Man and that of the Fool. There are infinite *Reveries*, numberleſs extravagancies, and a perpetual train of vanities which paſs through both. The great difference is that the firſt knows how to pick and cull his thoughts for converſation, by ſuppreſſing ſome, and communicating others; whereas the other lets them all indifferently fly out in words. This ſort of Diſcretion, however, has no place in private converſation between intimate Friends. On ſuch occaſions the wiſeſt Men very often talk like the weakeſt; for indeed the talking with a Friend is nothing elſe but *thinking aloud*.

TULLY has therefore very juſtly expoſed, a Precept

cept delivered by ſome ancient Writers, That a Man ſhould live with his Enemy in ſuch a manner, as might leave him room to become his Friend; and with his Friend in ſuch a manner, that if he became his Enemy, it ſhould not be in his power to hurt him. The firſt part of this Rule, which regards our behaviour towards an enemy is indeed very reaſonable as well as very prudential; but the latter part of it which regards our behaviour towards a Friend, ſavours more of cunning than of Diſcretion, and would cut a man off from the greateſt pleaſures of Life, which are the freedoms of converſation with a Boſom Friend. Beſides that when a Friend is turned into an Enemy, and, (as the ſon of *Sirach* calls him) a bewrayer of ſecrets, the World is juſt enough to accuſe the perfidiouſneſs of the Friend, rather than the Indiſcretion of the perſon who confided in him.

DISCRETION does not only ſhew itſelf in words, but in all the circumſtances of action; and is like an Under-Agent of Providence to guide and direct us in the ordinary concerns of life.

THERE are many more ſhining qualities in the mind of Man, but there is none ſo uſeful as Diſcretion; it is this indeed which gives a value to all the reſt, which ſets them at work in their proper times and places, and turns them to the advantage of the perſon who is poſſeſſed of them. Without it Learning is Pedantry, and Wit Impertinence; Virtue itſelf looks like Weakneſs; the beſt parts only qualify a Man to be more ſprightly in errors, and active to his own prejudice.

NOR does Diſcretion only make a Man the Maſter of his own parts, but of other Mens. The diſcreet Man finds out the talents of thoſe he converſes with, and knows how to apply them to proper uſes. Accordingly if we look into particular communities and diviſions of Men, we may obſerve that it is the Diſcreet Man, not the Witty, nor the Learned, nor the Brave, who guides the converſation, and gives

meaſures

measures to the society. A Man with great talents, but void of Discretion, is like *Polyphemus* in the Fable, strong and blind, endued with an irresistible force, which for want of sight is of no use to him.

THOUGH a Man has all other perfections, and wants Discretion, he will be of no great consequence in the World; but if he has this single talent in perfection, and but a common share of others, he may do what he pleases in his particular station of Life.

At the same time that I think Discretion the most useful talent a Man can be Master of, I look upon Cunning to be the accomplishment of little, mean, ungenerous minds. Discretion points out the noblest ends to us, and pursues the most proper and laudable methods of attaining them: Cunning has only private selfish aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed. Discretion has large and extended views, and, like a well-formed eye, commands a whole Horizon: Cunning is a kind of short-sightedness, that discovers the minutest objects which are near at hand, but is not able to discern things at a distance. Discretion, the more it is discovered, gives a greater authority to the Person who possesses it: Cunning, when it is once detected, loses its force, and makes a man incapable of bringing about even those events which he might have done, had he passed only for a plain man. Discretion is the Perfection of Reason, and a Guide to us in all the duties of Life; Cunning is a kind of instinct, that only looks out after our immediate interest and welfare. Discretion is only found in men of strong Sense and good Understandings: Cunning is often to be met with in Brutes themselves, and in persons who are but the fewest removes from them. In short Cunning is only the mimick of discretion, and may pass upon weak men, in the same manner as Vivacity is often mistaken for Wit, and Gravity for Wisdom.

THE cast of Mind which is natural to a discreet

man, makes him look forward into Futurity, and consider what will be his condition Millions of ages hence, as well as what it is at present. He knows that the Misery or Happiness which are reserv'd for him in another World, lose nothing of their reality by being placed at so great a distance from him. The objects do not appear little to him because they are remote. He considers that those pleasures and Pains which lie hid in Eternity, approach nearer to him every moment, and will be present with him in their full weight and measure, as much as those Pains and Pleasures which he feels at this very instant. For this reason he is careful to secure to himself that which is the proper happiness of his nature, and the ultimate design of his being. He carries his thoughts to the end of every action, and considers the most distant as well as the most immediate effects of it. He supersedes every little prospect of gain and advantage which offers itself here, if he does not find it consistent with his views of an hereafter. In a word, his Hopes are full of Immortality, his Schemes are large and glorious, and his Conduct suitable to one who knows his true interest, and how to pursue it by proper methods.

I Have, in this essay upon Discretion, considered it both as an Accomplishment and as a Virtue, and have therefore described it in its full extent; not only as it is conversant about worldly affairs, but as it regards our whole Existence; not only as it is the Guide of a mortal Creature, but as it is in general the Director of a reasonable being. It is in this light that Discretion is represented by the wise Man, who sometimes mentions it under the name of Discretion, and sometimes under that of Wisdom. It is indeed (as described in the latter part of this Paper) the greatest Wisdom, but at the same time in the power of every one to attain. Its advantages are infinite, but its Acquisition easy; or to speak of her in the Words of the Apocryphal Writer whom I quoted in my last *Saturday*'s Paper, *Wisdom is glorious, and never*

ver fadeth away, yet she is easily seen of them that love her, and found of such as seek her. She preventeth them that desire her, in making herself first known unto them. He that seeketh her early, shall have no great Travel: for he shall find her sitting at his Doors. To think therefore upon her is Perfection of Wisdom, and whoso watcheth for her shall quickly be without care. For she goeth about seeking such as are worthy of her, sheweth herself favourably unto them in the Ways, and meeteth them in every Thought. C

No. 211. *Monday, November* 1.

——— *Mutum est pictura poema.*

A Picture is a Poem without Words.

I Have very often lamented and hinted my sorrow in several Speculations, that the art of Painting is made so little use of to the improvement of our manners. When we consider that it places the action of the Person represented in the most agreeable aspect imaginable, that it does not only express the Passion or concern as it sits upon him who is drawn, but has under those features the height of the Painter's imagination, what strong images of Virtue and Humanity might we not expect would be instilled into the mind from the labours of the Pencil? This is a Poetry which would be understood with much less capacity, and less expence of time, than what is taught by Writings: But the use of it is generally perverted, and that admirable skill prostituted to the basest and most unworthy ends. Who is the better Man, for beholding the most beautiful *Venus*, the best wrought *Bacchanal*, the Images of sleeping *Cupids*, languishing Nymphs, or any of the representations of Gods, Goddesses, Demigods, Satyrs, *Polyphemes*, Sphinxes, or

 Fawns?

Fawns? But if the Virtues and Vices, which are ſometimes pretended to be repreſented under ſuch draughts, were given us by the Painter in the characters of real life, and the Perſons of Men and Women whoſe actions have rendered them laudable or infamous; we ſhould not ſee a good Hiſtory-piece without receiving an inſtructive Lecture. There needs no other proof of this truth, than the teſtimony of every reaſonable Creature who has ſeen the Cartons in her Majeſty's Gallery at *Hampton-Court:* Theſe are repreſentations of no leſs actions than thoſe of our bleſſed Saviour and his Apoſtles. As I now ſit and recollect the warm Images which the admirable *Raphael* has raiſed, it is impoſſible even from the faint traces in one's memory of what one has not ſeen theſe two Years, to be unmoved at the horror and reverence which appear in the whole aſſembly when the mercenary Man fell down dead; at the amazement of the Man born blind, when he firſt receives ſight; or at the graceleſs indignation of the Sorcerer, when he is ſtruck blind. The Lame, when they firſt find ſtrength in their feet, ſtand doubtful of their new vigour. The heavenly Apoſtles appear acting theſe great things, with a deep ſenſe of the infirmities which they relieve, but no value of themſelves who adminiſter to their weakneſs. They know themſelves to be but inſtruments; and the generous Diſtreſs they are painted in when divine Honours are offered to them, is a repreſentation in the moſt exquiſite degree of the Beauty of Holineſs. When St *Paul* is preaching to the *Athenians*, with what wonderful art are almoſt all the different tempers of mankind repreſented in that elegant Audience? You ſee one credulous of all that is ſaid, another wrapt up in deep ſuſpence, another ſaying there is ſome reaſon in what he ſays, another angry that the Apoſtle deſtroys a favourite opinion which he is unwilling to give up, another wholly convinced and holding out his hands in rapture, while the generality attend, and wait for the opinion of thoſe who are of leading characters

characters in the Assembly. I will not pretend so much as to mention that chart on which is drawn the appearance of our blessed Lord after his Resurrection Present Authority, late Suffering, Humility and Majesty, despotic Command, and divine Love, are at once seated in his celestial aspect. The figures of the eleven Apostles are all in the same passion of admiration, but discover it differently according to their characters. *Peter* receives his Master's orders on his knees with an admiration mixed with a more particular attention: The two next with a more open ecstasy, though still constrained by the awe of the Divine presence: The beloved Disciple, whom I take to be the right of the two first figures, has in his countenance wonder drowned in Love; and the last personage, whose back is towards the Spectators, and his side towards the presence, one would fancy to be St *Thomas*, as abashed by the Conscience of his former Diffidence; which perplexed concern it is possible *Raphael* thought too hard a task to draw but by this acknowledgment of the difficulty to describe it.

THE whole work is an exercise of the highest Piety in the Painter; and all the touches of a religious Mind are expressed in a manner much more forcible than can possibly be performed by the most moving Eloquence. These invaluable pieces are very justly in the hands of the greatest and most pious Sovereign in the world; and cannot be the frequent object of every one at their own leisure: But as an Engraver is to the Painter what a Printer is to an Author, it is worthy Her Majesty's Name, that she has encouraged that noble artist, Monsieur *Dorigny*, to publish these works of *Raphael*. We have of this Gentleman a piece of the Transfiguration, which, I think, is held a work second to none in the world.

METHINKS it would be ridiculous in our people of condition after their large bounties to Foreigners of no Name or Merit, should they overlook this occasion of having, for a trifling Subscription, a work which

it is impoffible for a man of fenfe to behold, without being warmed with the nobleft Sentiments that can be infpired by Love, Admiration, Compaffion, Contempt of this World, and Expectation of a Better.

IT is certainly the greateft honour we can do our country, to diftinguifh ftrangers of Merit who apply to us with modefty and diffidence, which generally accompanies Merit. No opportunity of this kind ought to be neglected; and a modeft behaviour fhould alarm us to examine whether we do not lofe fomething excellent under that difadvantage in the poffeffor of that quality. My fkill in Paintings, where one is not directed by the paffion of the Pictures, is fo inconfiderable, that I am in very great perplexity when I offer to fpeak of any performances of Painters, of Landfkips, Buildings, or fingle Figures. This makes me at a lofs how to mention the pieces which Mr *Boul* expofes to fale by auction on *Wednefday next* in *Shandois-ftreet:* But having heard him commended by thofe who have bought of him heretofore for great integrity in his dealing, and overheard him himfelf (tho' a laudable Painter) fay, Nothing of his own was fit to come into the room with thofe he had to fell, I fear'd I fhould lofe an occafion of ferving a Man of Worth, in omitting to fpeak of his auction. T

No. 220. *Tuefday, November* 20.

Ω μοι ἐγὼ τι πάθω; τί ὁ δύσσοος; ὐχ ὑπακύεις;
Τὰν Βαίταν ἀποδὺς εἰς κύματα τῆνα ἀλεῦμαι
Ὧπερ τὼς θύννως σκοπιάζεται Ὄλπις ὁ γριπεύς.
Κῆκα μὴ 'ποθάνω, τό γε μὰν τεὸν ἆδυ τετυχται.
Theocr.

IN my laft *Thurfday's* Paper I made mention of a place called *The Lover's Leap*, which I find has raifed a great curiofity among feveral of my correfpondents. I there told them that this Leap was ufed

fed to be taken from a promontory of *Leucas.* This *Leucas* was formerly a part of *Acarnania*, being joined to it by a narrow neck of land, which the fea has by length of time overflowed and wafhed away; fo that at prefent *Leucas* is divided from the Continent, and is a little ifland in the *Ionian* fea. The promontory of this ifland, from whence the Lover took his Leap, was formerly called *Leucate.* If the reader has a mind to know both the Ifland and the promontory by their modern titles, he will find in his Map the antient ifland of *Leucas* under the name of St *Mauro*, and the ancient promontory of *Leucate* under the name of *The Cape of St* Mauro.

SINCE I am engaged thus far in Antiquity, I muft obferve that *Theocritus* in the Motto prefixed to my Paper, defcribes one of his defpairing fhepherds addreffing himfelf to his Miftrefs after the following manner: *Alas! What will become of me! Wretch that I am! Will you not hear me? I'll throw off my Clothes, and take a leap into that part of the Sea which is fo much frequented by* Olphis *the fifherman. And tho' I fhould efcape with my life, I know you will be pleafed with it.* I fhall leave it with the Critics to determine whether the place, which this fhepherd fo particularly points out, was not the above-mentioned *Leucate*, or at leaft fome other Lover's Leap, which was fuppofed to have had the fame effect. I cannot believe, as all the Interpreters do, that the Shepherd means nothing farther here than that he would drown himfelf, fince he reprefents the Iffue of his Leap as doubtful, by adding, That if he fhould efcape with life, he knows his Miftrefs would be pleafed with it; which is according to our interpretation, that fhe would rejoice any way to get rid of a Lover who was fo troublefome to her.

AFTER this fhort Preface, I fhall prefent my Reader with fome Letters which I have received upon this Subject. The firft is fent me by a Phyfician.

MR SPECTATOR,

'THE Lover's Leap, which you mention in your
' 223d Paper, was generally, I believe, a very ef-
' fectual cure for Love, and not only for Love, but
' for all other evils. In short, Sir, I am afraid it was
' such a Leap as that which *Hero* took to get rid of
' her passion for *Leander*. A Man is in no danger of
' breaking his heart, who breaks his neck to prevent
' it. I know very well the wonders which ancient
' Authors relate concerning this Leap; and in particu-
' lar, that very many persons who tried it, escaped
' not only with their lives, but their limbs. If by this
' means they got rid of their Love, tho' it may in
' part be ascribed to the reasons you give for it; why
' may not we suppose that the cold bath into which
' they plunged themselves, had also some share in their
' cure? A Leap into the Sea, or into any creek of
' salt waters, very often gives a new motion to the
' the spirits, and a new turn to the blood; for which
' reason we prescribe it in distempers which no other
' Medicine will reach. I could produce a quotation
' out of a very venerable Author, in which the fren-
' zy produced by Love, is compared to that which is
' produced by the biting of a mad Dog. But as this
' comparison is a little too coarse for your Paper, and
' might look as if it were cited to ridicule the Author
' who has made use of it; I shall only hint at it, and
' desire you to consider whether, if the frenzy produ-
' ced by the two different causes be of the same na-
' ture, it may not very properly be cured by the same
' means.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

and Well-wisher,

ÆSCULAPIUS.

MR,

MR SPECTATOR,

I AM a young Woman croffed in Love. My ftory is very long and melancholy. To give you the ‘ heads of it: A young Gentleman, after having made ‘ his applications to me for three Years together, and ‘ fill'd my head with a thoufand dreams of happinefs, ‘ fome few days fince married another. Pray tell me ‘ in what part of the world your Promontory lyes, ‘ which you call *The Lover's Leap*, and whether one ‘ may go to it by land? But, alas, I am afraid it has ‘ loft its Virtue, and that a Woman of our times would ‘ find no more relief in taking fuch a Leap, than in ‘ finging an Hymn to *Venus*. So that I muft cry out ‘ with *Dido* in *Dryden's Virgil*,

Ah! cruel Heaven, that made no cure for Love!

Your difconfolate Servant,

ATHENAIS.

MISTER SPICTATUR,

‘ MY heart is fo full of lofes and paffions for Mrs ‘ *Gwinifrid*, and fhe is fo pettifh and over-run ‘ with cholers againft me, that if I had the good hap-‘ pinefs to have my dwelling (which is placed by my ‘ Creat Crandfather upon the Pottom of an hill) no ‘ farther diftance but twenty Mile from the Lofer's ‘ Leap, I would indeafour to preak my neck upon it ‘ on purpofe. Now, good Mifter Spectatur of *Crete* ‘ *Pritain*, you muft know it there is in *Caernarvanfhire* ‘ a very pig Mountain, the Clory of all *Wales*, which ‘ is named *Penmainmaure*, and you muft alfo know, it ‘ is no great journey on foot from me; but the road ‘ is ftony, and bad for fhooes. Now, there is upon ‘ forehead of this Mountain a very high rock, (like a ‘ Parifh fteeple) that cometh a huge deal over the fea; ‘ fo when I am in my melancholies, and I do throw ‘ myfelf from it, I do defire my fery good Friend to ‘ tell me in his *Spictatur*, if I fhall be cure of my grie-

fous

'fous lofes; for there is the Sea clear as glais, and 'as creen as the leek: Then likewife if I be drown, 'and preak my neck, if Mrs *Gwinifrid* will not lofe 'me afterwards. Pray be fpeedy in your anfwers, 'for I am in crete hafte, and it is my tefires to do my 'pufinefs without lofs of time. I remain with cordi-'al Affections, your ever lofing friend,

Davyth ap Shenkyn.

P. S. 'My Law-fuits heve brought me to *London*, 'but I have loft my caufes; and fo have made my 'refolutions to go down and leap before the frofts be-'gin; for I am apt to take colds.

RIDICULE, perhaps, is a better Expedient againft love than fober advice, and I am of opinion, that *Hudibras* and *Don Quixote* may be as effectual to cure the extravagancies of this paffion, as any of the old Philofophers. I fhall therefore publifh very fpeedily the Tranflation of a little *Greek* Manufcript, which is fent me by a learned Friend. It appears to have been a piece of thofe records which were kept in the Temple of *Apollo*, that ftood upon the Promontory of *Leucate*. The Reader will find it to be a fummary account of feveral perfons who tried the Lovers Leap, and of the fuccefs they found in it. As there feem to be in it fome Anachronifms and Deviations from the ancient Orthography, I am not wholly fatisfied myfelf that it is authentic, and not rather the production of one of thofe *Grecian* Sophifters, who have impofed upon the World feveral fpurious works of this nature. I fpeak this by way of precaution, becaufe I know there are feveral Writers, of uncommon erudition, who would not fail to expofe my ignorance, if they caught me tripping in a matter of fo great moment. C.

Wednefday,

No. 228. *Wednesday, November 21.*

Percunctatorem fugito, nam Garrulus idem est.
Hor. Ep. 18. l. 1. v. 69.

Shun the inquisitive and curious Man;
For what he hears he will relate again.

THERE is a Creature who has all the organs of Speech, a tolerable good capacity for conceiving what is said to it, together with a pretty proper behaviour in all the occurences of common life; but naturally very vacant of thought in itself, and therefore forced to apply itself to foreign assistances. Of this make is that Man who is very inquisitive. You may often observe, that tho' he speaks as good sense as any Man upon any thing with which he is well acquainted, he cannot trust to the range of his own fancy to entertain himself upon that foundation, but goes on still to new inquiries. Thus, tho' you know he is fit for the most polite conversation, you shall see him very well contented to sit by a Jockey, giving an account of the many revolutions in his Horse's health, what potion he made him take, how that agreed with him, how afterwards he came to his stomach and his exercise, or any the like impertinence; and be as well pleased as if you talked to him on the most important truths. This humour is far from making a Man unhappy, tho' it may subject him to rallery; for he generally falls in with a person who seems to be born for him, which is your talkative fellow. It is so ordered, that there is a secret bent, as natural as the meeting of different Sexes, in these two characters, to supply each other's wants. I had the honour the other day to sit in a public room, and saw an inquisitive man look with an air of satisfaction upon the approach of one of

these

these talkers. The Man of ready utterance sat down by him, and rubbing his head, leaning on his arm, and making an uneasy countenance, he began; 'There is no manner of News to-day. I cannot 'tell what is the matter with me, but I slept very ill 'last Night; whether I caught cold or no, I know 'not, but I fancy I do not wear shoes thick enough 'for the Weather, and I have coughed all this Week: 'It must be so, for the custom of washing my head 'Winter and Summer with cold water, prevents 'any injury from the season entring that way; so it 'must come in at my feet; But I take no notice of 'it: As it comes so it goes. Most of our evils pro-'ceed from too much tendarness; and our Faces are 'naturally as little able to resist the cold as other 'parts. The *Indian* answered very well to an *Eu-'ropean*, who asked him how he could go naked; I 'I am all Face.

I OBSERVED this Discourse was as welcome to my general inquirer as any other of more consequence could have been; but some body calling our talker to another part of the room, the Inquirer told the next Man who sat by him, that Mr Such a one, who was just gone from him, used to wash his head in cold water every morning; and so repeated almost *verbatim* all that had been said to him. The truth is, the inquisitive are the funnels of Conversation; they do not take in any thing for their own use, but merely to pass it to another: They are channels through which all the Good and Evil that is spoken in town are conveyed. Such as are offended at them, or think they suffer by their behaviour, may themselves mend that inconvenience; for they are not a malicious people, and if you will supply them, you may contradict any thing they have said before by their own mouths. A farther account of a thing is one of the gratefullest goods that can arrive to them; and it is seldom that they are more particular than to say, The Town will have it, or I have

it from a good hand: So that there is room for the Town to know the matter more particularly, and for a better hand to contradict what was said by a good one.

I Have not known this humour more ridiculous than in a Father, who has been earnestly solicitous to have an account how his Son has passed his leisure hours; if it be in a way thoroughly insignificant, there cannot be a greater joy than an Inquirer discovers in seeing him follow so hopefully his own steps: But this humour among Men is most pleasant when they are saying something which is not wholly proper for a third to hear, and yet is in itself indifferent. The other day there came in a well-dressed young Fellow, and two Gentlemen of this Species immediately fell a whispering his pedigree. I could overhear, by breaks, She was his aunt; then an answer, Ay, she was of the Mother's side: Then again in a little lower voice, His Father wore generally a darker wig; Answer, Not much. But this Gentleman wears higher heels to his shoes.

AS the inquisitive, in my opinion, are such merely from a vacancy in their own imaginations, there is nothing, methinks, so dangerous as to communicate secrets to them; for the same temper of Inquiry makes them as impertinently communicative: But no Man, though he converses with them, need put himself in their power, for they will be contented with matters of less moment as well. When there is Fuel enough, no matter what it is——Thus the ends of sentences in the News-Papers, as, *This wants Confirmation*, *This occasions many Speculations*, and *Time will discover the event*, are read by them, and considered not as mere expletives.

ONE may see now and then this humour accompanied with an insatiable desire of knowing what passes, without turning it to any use in the world but merely their own entertainment. A mind which is gratified this way is adapted to humour and pleasant-

ry, and formed for an unconcerned character in the world; and, like myfelf, to be a mere Spectator. This curiofity without malice or felf-intereft, lays up in the imagination a Magazine of circumftances which cannot but entertain when they are produced in converfation. If one were to know, from the Man of the firft quality to the meaneft fervant, the different intrigues, fentiments, pleafures, and interefts of Mankind, would it not be the moft pleafing entertainment imaginable to enjoy fo conftant a Farce, as the obferving mankind much more different from themfelves in their fecret thoughts and public actions, than in their Night-caps and long Periwigs?

Mr Spectator,

'PLUTARCH tells us, that *Caius Gracchus*, the 'Roman, was frequently hurried by his paffion 'into fo loud and tumultuous a way of fpeaking, and 'fo ftrained his voice as not to be able to proceed. 'To remedy this excefs, he had an ingenious Servant, by name *Licinius*, always attending him with 'a Pitch-pipe, or inftrument to regulate the voice; 'who, whenever he heard his Mafter begin to be 'high, immediately touched a foft note; at which, ''tis faid, *Caius* would prefently abate and grow 'calm.

'UPON recollecting this Story, I have frequent'ly wondered that this ufeful inftrument fhould 'have been fo long difcontinued; efpecially fince 'we find that this good office of *Licinius* has pre'ferved his Memory for many hundred years, which, 'methinks, fhould have encouraged fome one to 'have revived it, if not for the Public Good, yet 'for his own credit. It may be objected, that our 'loud talkers are fo fond of their own noife, that 'they would not take it well to be checked by their 'Servants: but granting this to be true, furely any 'of their hearers have a very good title to play a

'foft

'soft note in their own defence. To be ſhort, no
'*Licinius* appearing and the noiſe increaſing, I was
'reſolved to give this late long vacation to the good
'of my Country; and I have at length, by the aſ-
'ſiſtance of an ingenious artiſt, (who works to the
'Royal Society) almoſt completed my deſign, and
'ſhall be ready in a ſhort time to furniſh the public
'with what number of theſe inſtruments they pleaſe,
'either to lodge at Coffee-houſes, or carry for their
'own private uſe. In the mean time, I ſhall pay
'that reſpect to ſeveral gentlemen, who I know will
'be in danger of offending againſt this inſtrument, to
'give them notice of it by private Letters, in which
'I ſhall only write, *Get a* Licinius.

'I SHOULD now trouble you no longer, but that
'I muſt not conclude without deſiring you to accept
'one of theſe pipes, which ſhall be left for you with
'*Buckley*; and which I hope will be ſerviceable to
'you, ſince as you are ſilent you are moſt open to
'the inſults of the noiſy.

I am, SIR, &c.

W. B.

'I HAD almoſt forgot to inform you, that as an
'improvement in this inſtrument, there will be a
'particular note, which I call a Huſh-note; and
'this is to be made uſe of againſt a long ſtory, ſwear-
'ing, obſceneneſs, and the like.

Thurſday,

No. 229. *Thursday, November 22.*

——Spirat adhuc amor,
Vivantque commissi calores
Aeoliæ fidibus puellæ. Hor. Od. 9. l. 4. v. 10.

Sappho's charming Lyre
Preserves her soft Desire,
And tunes our ravish'd Souls to love. CREECH.

AMONG the many famous Pieces of Antiquity which are still to be seen at *Rome*, there is the trunk of a statue which has lost the arms, legs, and head; but discovers such an exquisite Workmanship in what remains of it, that *Michael Angelo* declared he had learned his whole art from it. Indeed he studied it so attentively, that he made most of his statues, and even his pictures in that *Gusto*, to make use of the *Italian* Phrase; for which reason this maimed statue is still called *Michael Angelo*'s School.

A FRAGMENT of *Sappho*, which I design for the Subject of this Paper, is in as great reputation among the Poets and Critics, as the mutilitated figure abovementioned is among the Statuaries and Painters. Several of our countrymen, and Mr *Dryden* in particular, seem very often to have copied after it in their Dramatic Writings, and in their Poems upon Love.

WHATEVER might have been the occasion of this Ode, the English Reader will enter into the beauties of it, if he supposes it to have been written in the person of a Lover sitting by his Mistress. I shall set to view three different copies of this beautiful original: The first is a translation by *Catullus*, the second by Monsieur *Boileau*, and the last by a gentleman whose translation of the *Hymn to Venus* has been so deservedly admired.

Ad

Ad LESBIAM.

Ille mi par esse Deo videtur,
Ille, si fas est, superare Divos,
Qui sedens adversus identidem te
Spectat, & audit
Dulce ridentem, misero quod omnis
Eripit sensus mihi: nam simul te,
Lesbia adspexi, nihil est super mi
Quod loquar amens.
Lingua sed torpet: tenuis sub artus
Flamma dimanat, sonitu suopte
Tinniunt aures: gemina teguntur
Lumina nocte

MY learned reader will know very well the reason why one of these verses is printed in *Roman* Letter; and if he compares this translation with the Original, will find that the three first stanzas are rendered almost word for word, and not only with the same elegance, but with the same short turn of expression which is so remarkable in the *Greek*, and so peculiar to the *Sapphick* Ode. I cannot imagine for what reason Madam *Dacier* has told us, that this Ode of *Sappho* is preserved entire in *Longinus*, since it is manifest to any one who looks into that Author's Quotation of it, that there must at least have been another stanza, which is not transmitted to us.

The second translation of this Fragment which I shall here cite, is that of Monsieur *Boileau*:

Heureux! qui pres de toi, pour toi seule soupire:
Qui jouit du plaisir de t'entendre parler:
Qui te voit quelquefois doucement lui sourire.
Les Dieux, dens son bonheur, peuvent-ils l'egaler?

Je sens de veine en veine une subtile flamme
Courir par tout mon corps, si-tot que je te vois:
Et dans les doux transports, ou s' egare mon ame,
Je ne sçaurois trouver de langue, ni de voix.

 Un

Un nuage confus se repand sur ma vue,
Je n'entens plus, je tombe en de douces langueurs;
Et pale, sans haleine, interdite, esperdue,
Un frisson me saisit, je tremble, je me meurs.

THE Reader will see that this is rather an Imitation than a Translation. The circumstances do not lye so thick together, and follow one another with that vehemence and emotion as in the Original. In short, Monsieur *Boileau* has given us all the Poetry, but not all the passion of this famous Fragment. I shall, in the last place, present my Reader with the *English* translation.

I.

Blest as th' immortal Gods is he,
The Youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

II.

'Twas this depriv'd my Soul of Rest,
And rais'd such Tumults in my Breast;
For while I gaz'd, in Transport tost,
My Breath was gone, my Voice was lost:

III.

My Bosom glow'd; the subtle Flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame;
O'er my dim Eyes a darkness hung;
My Ears with hollow Murmurs rung.

IV.

In dewy Damps my Limbs were chill'd;
My Blood with gentle Horrors thrill'd;
My feeble Pulse forgot to play;
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

INSTEAD of giving any character of this last Translation, I shall desire my learned Reader to look into

into the Criticisms which *Longinus* has made upon the Original. By that means he will know to which of the Translations he ought to give the preference. I shall only add, that this Translation is written in the very spirit of *Sappho*, and as near the *Greek* as the Genius of our Language will possibly suffer.

LONGINUS has observed, that this Description of Love in *Sappho* is an exact copy of Nature, and that all the circumstances which follow one another in such an hurry of sentiments, notwithstanding they appear repugnant to each other, are really such as happen in the phrensies of Love.

I Wonder, that not one of the Critics or Editors, through whose hands this Ode has passed, has taken occasion from it to mention a circumstance related by *Plutarch*. That Author in the famous Story of *Antiochus*, who fell in love with *Stratonice*, his Mother-in-law, and (not daring to discover his passion) pretended to be confined to his bed by sickness, tells us, that *Erasistratus*, the Physician, found out the nature of his distemper by those symptoms of Love which he had learnt from *Sappho's* Writings. *Stratonice* was in the room of the Love-sick Prince, when these symptoms discovered themselves to his Physician; and it is probable, that they were not very different from those which *Sappho* here describes in a Lover sitting by his Mistress This story of *Antiochus* is so well known, that I need not add the sequel of it, which has no relation to my present subject.

C

Friday,

No. 230. *Friday, November 23.*

Homines ad Deos nulla re propius accedunt, quam ſalutem Hominibus dando. Tull.

Men reſemble the Gods in nothing ſo much, as in doing good to their Fellow-creatures.

HUMAN Nature appears a very deformed, or a very beautiful object, according to the different lights in which it is viewed. When we ſee men of inflamed paſſions, or of wicked deſigns, tearing one another to pieces by open Violence, or undermining each other by ſecret Treachery; when we obſerve baſe and narrow ends purſued by ignominious and diſhoneſt Means; when we behold Men mixed in ſociety as if it were for the deſtruction of it; we are even aſhamed of our Species, and out of humour with our own being: But in another light, when we behold them mild, good, and benevolent, full of a generous regard for the public proſperity, compaſſionating each other's diſtreſſes, and relieving each other's wants, we can hardly believe they are creatures of the ſame kind. In this view they appear Gods to each other, in the exerciſe of the nobleſt Power, that of doing good; and the greateſt compliment we have ever been able to make to our own Being, has been by calling this diſpoſition of mind Humanity. We cannot but obſerve a pleaſure ariſing in our own breaſt upon the ſeeing or hearing of a generous action, even when we are wholly diſintereſted in it. I cannot give a more proper inſtance of this, than by a Letter from *Pliny*, in which he recommends a Friend in the moſt handſome manner, and, methinks, it would be a great pleaſure to know the ſucceſs of this Epiſtle, though each party concerned in it has been ſo many hundred Years in his Grave.

To

To MAXIMUS.

'WHAT I should gladly do for any Friend of
' yours, I think I may now with confidence re-
' quest for a Friend of mine. *Arrianus Marturius* is
' the most considerable man of his country; when I
' call him so, I do not speak with relation to his for-
' tune, though that is very plentiful, but to his in-
' tegrity, justice, gravity, and prudence; his advice
' is useful to me in Business, and his judgment in
' matters of Learning: His fidelity, truth, and
' good understanding, are very great; besides this,
' he loves me as you do, than which I cannot say
' any thing that signifies a warmer affection. He
' has nothing that's aspiring; and though he might
' rise to the highest order of nobility, he keeps him-
' self in an inferior rank; yet I think myself bound
' to use my endeavours to serve and promote him;
' and would therefore find the means of adding
' something to his honours while he neither expects
' nor knows it, nay, though he should refuse it.
' Something, in short, I would have for him that
' may be honourable, but not troublesome; and I
' intreat that you will procure him the first thing of
' this kind that offers, by which you will not only
' oblige me, but him also; for though he does not
' covet it, I know he will be as grateful in acknow-
' ledging your favour as if he had asked it.

MR SPECTATOR,

'THE Reflexions in some of your Papers on the
' servile manner of Education now in use, have
' given birth to an ambition, which, unless you dis-
' countenance it, will, I doubt, engage me in a very
' difficult, tho' not ungrateful Adventure. I am a-
' bout to undertake, for the sake of the *British* Youth,
' to instruct them in such a manner, that the most
' dangerous Page in *Virgil* or *Homer* may be read
' by

'by them with much pleaſure, and with perfect 'ſafety to their perſons.

'COULD I prevail ſo far as to be honoured with 'the protection of ſome few of them, (for I am not 'Hero enough to reſcue many) my deſign is to re-'tire with them to an agreeable ſolitude; tho' with-'in the Neighbourhood of a City, for the conveni-'ence of their being inſtructed in Muſic, Dancing, 'Drawing, Deſigning, or in any other ſuch accom-'pliſhments, which it is conceived may make as pro-'per diverſions for them, and almoſt as pleaſant, as 'the little ſordid games which dirty ſchool-boys are 'ſo much delighted with. It may eaſily be imagin-'ed, how ſuch a pretty ſociety, converſing with 'none beneath themſelves, and ſometimes admitted 'as perhaps not unentertaining parties amongſt bet-'ter company, commended and careſſed for their 'little performances, and turned by ſuch converſa-'ſations to a certain gallantry of the ſoul, might be 'brought early acquainted with ſome of the moſt 'polite *Engliſh* Writers. This having given them 'ſome tolerable taſte of Books, they would make 'themſelves maſters of the *Latin* Tongue by me-'thods far eaſier than thoſe in *Lilly*, with as little 'difficulty or reluctance as young Ladies learn to 'ſpeak *French*, or to ſing *Italian* Operas. When 'they had advanced thus far, it would be time to 'form their taſte ſomething more exactly: One that 'had any true reliſh of fine Writing, might, with 'great pleaſure both to himſelf and them, run o-'ver together with them the beſt *Roman* Hiſtorians, 'Poets, and Orators, and point out their more re-'markable Beauties, give them a ſhort ſcheme of 'Chronology, a little view of Geography, Medals, 'Aſtronomy, or what elſe might beſt feed the buſy 'inquiſitive humour ſo natural to that Age. Such 'of them as had the leaſt ſpark of genius, when it 'was once awakened by the ſhining thoughts and 'great ſentiments of thoſe admired Writers, could

'not,

'not, I believe, be eaſily withheld from attempting 'that more difficult ſiſter Language, whoſe exalted 'beauties they would have heard ſo often celebrated 'as the pride and wonder of the whole learned 'World. In the mean while, it would be requiſite 'to exerciſe their ſtile in Writing any light pieces 'that aſk more of fancy than of judgment: and 'that frequently in their native Language, which 'every one methinks ſhould be moſt concerned to 'cultivate, eſpecially Letters in which a Gentleman 'muſt have ſo frequent occaſions to diſtinguiſh him-'ſelf. A ſet of genteel good-natured Youths fallen 'into ſuch a manner of life, would form almoſt a 'little Academy, and doubtleſs prove no ſuch con-'temptible companions, as might not often tempt a 'wiſer Man to mingle himſelf in their diverſions, 'and draw them into ſuch ſerious ſports as might 'prove nothing leſs inſtructing than the graveſt Leſ-'ſons. I doubt not but it might be made ſome of 'their favourite Plays, to contend which of them 'ſhould recite a beautiful part of a Poem or Ora-'tion, moſt gracefully, or ſometimes to join in ac-'ting a ſcene of *Terence*, *Sophocles*, or our own '*Shakeſpear*. The cauſe of *Milo* might again be 'pleaded before more favourable Judges, *Cæſar* a 'ſecond time be taught to tremble, and another 'race of *Athenians* be afreſh enraged at the ambi-'tion of another *Philip*. Amidſt theſe noble amu-'ſements, we could hope to ſee the early Dawnings 'of their imagination daily brighten into ſenſe, their 'innocence improve into Virtue, and their unexpe-'rienced Good-nature directed to a generous Love 'of their Country.

T *I am*, &c.

Saturday,

No. 231. *Saturday, November 24.*

O Pudor O Pietas! Mart.

O Modesty! O Piety!

LOOKING over the Letters which I have lately received from my correſpondents, I met with the following one, which is written with ſuch a ſpirit of politeneſs, that I could not but be very much pleaſed with it myſelf, and queſtion not but it will be as acceptable to the Reader.

MR SPECTATOR,

'YOU who are no Stranger to Public Aſſemblies, cannot but have obſerved the awe they often ſtrike on ſuch as are obliged to exert any talent before them. This is a ſort of elegant diſtreſs, to which ingenuous minds are the moſt liable, and may therefore deſerve ſome remarks in your Paper. Many a brave fellow, who has put his enemy to flight in the field, has been in the utmoſt diſorder upon making a ſpeech before a body of his friends at home: One would think there was ſome kind of faſcination in the eyes of a large circle of people, when darting altogether upon one perſon. I have ſeen a new Actor in a Tragedy ſo bound up by it as to be ſcarce able to ſpeak or move, and have expected he would have died above three Acts before the dagger or cup of poiſon were brought in. It would not be amiſs, if ſuch an one were at firſt introduced as a Ghoſt, or a Statue, till he recovered his ſpirits, and grew fit for ſome living part.

'AS this ſudden deſertion of one's ſelf ſhews a diffidence, which is not diſpleaſing, it implies at the ſame time the greateſt reſpect to an audience that

'that can be. It is a ſort of mute eloquence, which 'pleads for their favour much better than words 'could do; and we find their generoſity naturally 'moved to ſupport thoſe who are in ſo much perplex-'ity to entertain them. I was extremely pleaſed 'with a late inſtance of this kind at the Opera of '*Almahide*, in the encouragement given to a young 'ſinger, whoſe more than ordinary concern on her 'firſt appearance, recommended her no leſs than her 'agreeable voice, and juſt performance. Meer baſh-'fulneſs without merit is aukward; and merit with-'out modeſty, inſolent. But modeſt merit has a 'double claim to acceptance, and generally meets 'with as many patrons as beholders.

I am, &c.

IT is impoſſible that a perſon ſhould exert himſelf to advantage in an aſſembly, whether it be his part either to ſing or ſpeak, who lies under too great oppreſſions of modeſty. I remember, upon talking with a friend of mine concerning the force of pronunciation, our diſcourſe led us into the enumeration of the ſeveral organs of ſpeech which an orator ought to have in perfection, as the tongue, the teeth, the lips, the noſe, the palate, and the wind-pipe. Upon which, ſays my freind, you have omitted the moſt material organ of them all, and that is the forehead.

BUT notwithſtanding an exceſs of modeſty obſtructs the Tongue, and renders it unfit for its offices, a due proportion of it is thought ſo requiſite to an Orator, that Rhetoricians have recommended it to their diſciples as a particular in their Art. *Cicero* tell us, that he never liked an Orator who did not appear in ſome little confuſion at the beginning of his ſpeech, and confeſſes that he himſelf never entered upon an Oration without trembling and concern. It is indeed a kind of deference which is due to a great Aſſembly, and ſeldom fails to raiſe a benevolence in

the audience towards the perſon who ſpeaks. My Correſpondent has taken notice that the braveſt Men often appear timorous on theſe occaſions, as indeed we may obſerve, that there is generally no creature more impudent than a Coward.

——*Lingua melior, ſed frigida bello*
Dextera—— Virg. Æn. 11. v. 338.

————Bold at the Council-board;
But cautious in the Field, he ſhunn'd the Sword.
DRYDEN.

A BOLD Tongue and a feeble Arm are the qualifications of *Drances* in *Virgil*; as *Homer*, to expreſs a Man both timorous and ſaucy, makes uſe of a kind of point, which is very rarely to be met with in his Writings; namely, that he had the Eyes of a Dog but the Heart of a Deer.

A JUST and reaſonable modeſty does not only recommend eloquence, but ſets off every great talent which a man can be poſſeſſed of. It heightens all the virtues which it accompanies; like the ſhades in Paintings, it raiſes and rounds every Figure, and makes the Colours more beautiful, though not ſo glaring as they would be without it.

MODESTY is not only an ornament, but alſo a guard to Virtue. It is a kind of quick and delicate *Feeling* in the Soul, which makes her ſhrink and withdraw herſelf from every thing that has danger in it. It is ſuch an exquiſite ſenſibility, as warns her to ſhun the firſt appearance of every thing which is hurtful.

I CANNOT at preſent recollect either the place or time of what I am going to mention; but I have read ſomewhere in the Hiſtory of ancient *Greece*, that the Women of the country were ſeized with an unaccountable melancholy, which diſpoſed ſeveral of them to make away with themſelves. The Senate, after having tried many expedients to prevent this Self-Murder, which was ſo frequent among them, publiſhed

published an Edict, That if any Woman whatever should lay violent hands upon herself, her corps should be exposed naked in the street, and dragged about the City in the most public manner. This Edict immediately put a stop to the practice which was before so common. We may see in this instance the strength of Female Modesty, which was able to overcome the violence even of madness and despair. The fear of shame in the Fair Sex, was in those days more prevalent than that of Death.

IF Modesty has so great an influence over our actions, and is in many cases so impregnable a fence to Virtue; what can more undermine Morality than that politeness which reigns among the unthinking part of mankind, and treats as unfashionable the most ingenuous part of our behaviour; which recommends impudence as good-breeding, and keeps a Man always in countenance, not because he is innocent, but because he is shameless?

SENECA thought modesty so great a check to vice, that he prescribes to us the practice of it in secret, and advises us to raise it in ourselves upon imaginary occasions, when such as are real do not offer themselves; for this is the meaning of his precept, that when we are by ourselves, and in our greatest solitudes, we should fancy that *Cato* stands before us and sees every thing we do. In short, if you banish Modesty out of the world, she carries away with her half the virtue that is in it.

AFTER these reflexions on Modesty, as it is a Virtue, I must observe, that there is a vicious Modesty, which justly deserves to be ridiculed, and which those persons very often discover, who value themselves most upon a well-bred confidence. This happens when a Man is ashamed to act up to his reason, and would not upon any consideration be surprised in the practice of those duties, for the performance of which he was sent into the world. Many an impudent Libertine would blush to be caught in

a ferious difcourfe, and would fcarce be able to fhew his head, after having difclofed a religious Thought. Decency of behaviour, all outward fhow of Virtue, and abhorrence of vice, are carefully avoided by this fet of fhame-faced people, as what will difparage their gaiety of temper, and infallibly bring them to difhonour. This is fuch a poornefs of fpirit, fuch a defpicable cowardife, fuch a degenerate abject ftate of mind, as one would think human Nature incapable of, did we not meet with frequent inftances of it in ordinary converfation.

THERE is another kind of vicious Modefty which makes a Man afhamed of his perfon, his birth his profeffion, his poverty, or the like misfortunes, which it was not in his choice to prevent, and is not in his power to rectify. If a Man appears ridiculous by any of the aforementioned circumftances, he becomes much more fo by being out of countenance for them. They fhould rather give him occafion to exert a noble Spirit, and to palliate thofe imperfections which are not in his power, by thofe perfections which are; or to ufe a very witty Allufion of an eminent Author, he fhould imitate *Cæfar*, who, becaufe his head was bald, cover'd that defect with laurels.

No. 232. *Monday, November* 26.

Nihil largiundo gloriam adeptus eft. Salluft.

By beftowing nothing he acquired Glory.

MY wife and good Friend, Sir *Andrew Freeport*, divides himfelf almoft equally between the Town and the Country: His time in town is given up to the public, and the management of his private fortune; and after every three or four days fpent in this manner, he retires for as many to his Seat within a few miles

miles of the town, to the enjoyment of himſelf, his family, and his friend. This buſineſs and pleaſure, or rather, in Sir *Andrew*, labour and reſt, recommend each other: They take their turns with ſo quiet a viciſſitude, that neither becomes a habit, or takes poſſeſſion of the whole Man; nor is it poſſible he ſhould be ſurfeited with either. I often ſee him at our Club in good-humour, and yet ſometimes too with an air of care in his looks: But in his Country Retreat he is alway unbent, and ſuch a companion as I could deſire; and therefore I ſeldom fail to make one with him when he is pleaſed to invite me.

THE other Day, as ſoon as we were got into his Chariot, two or three Beggars on each ſide hung upon the doors, and ſolicited our charity with the uſual Rhetoric of a ſick Wife or Huſband at home, three or four helpleſs little Children all ſtarving with cold and hunger. We were forced to part with ſome Money to get rid of their importunity; and then we proceeded on our Journey with the bleſſings and acclamations of theſe people.

"WELL then, ſays Sir *Andrew*, we go off with "the Prayers and good Wiſhes of the Beggars, and "perhaps too our healths will be drunk at the next "Ale-houſe: So all we ſhall be able to value our-"ſelves upon, is, that we have promoted the trade "of the Victualler and the Exciſes of the Govern-"ment. But how few ounces of wool do we ſee "upon the backs of thoſe poor creatures? And when "they ſhall next fall in our way, they will hardly "be better dreſs'd; they muſt always live in rags "to look like objects of compaſſion. If their fami-"lies too are ſuch as they are repreſented, 'tis cer-"tain they cannot be better clothed, and muſt be a "great deal worſe fed: One would think Potatoes "ſhould be all their bread, and their Drink the pure "element; and then what goodly cuſtomers are the "farmers like to have for their Wool, Corn, and "Cattle? Such cuſtomers, and ſuch a conſumption

"cannot chuse but advance the landed intereft, and "hold up the rents of the Gentlemen.

"But of all men living, we Merchants, who live "by buying and felling, ought never to encourage "beggars. The Goods which we export are indeed "the product of the lands, but much the greateft "part of their value is the labour of the people: "but how much of thofe peoples labour fhall we ex- "port whilft we hire them to fit ftill? The very "Alms they receive from us, are the wages of idle- "nefs. I have often thought that no man fhould "be permitted to take relief from the Parifh, or to "afk it in the ftreet, till he has firft purchafed as "much as poffible of his own livelihood by the la- "bour of his own hands; and then the Public "ought only to be taxed to make good the deficien- "cy. If this rule was ftrictly obferved, we fhould "fee every where fuch a multitude of new labourers, "as would in all probability reduce the prices of all "our Manufactures. It is the very life of Mer- "chandife to buy cheap and fell dear. The Mer- "chant ought to make his out-fet as cheap as poffi- "ble, that he may find the greater profit upon his "returns; and nothing will enable him to do this "like the reduction of the price of labour upon all "our Manufactures. This too would be the "ready way to increafe the number of our Foreign "Markets: the abatement of the price of the Ma- "nufacture would pay for the carriage of it to more "diftant countries; and this confequence would be "equally beneficial both to the landed and trading "interefts. As fo great an addition of labouring "hands would produce this happy confequence both "to the Merchant and the Gentleman; our libera- "lity to common Beggars, and every other ob- "ftruction to the increafe of labourers muft be e- "qually pernicious to both.

SIR *Andrew* then went on to affirm, that the re- duction of the prices of our manufactures by the ad- dition

dition of so many new hands, would be no inconvenience to any man: But observing I was something startled at the assertion, he made a short pause, and then resumed the discourse. " It may seem, says " he, a Paradox, that the price of labour should be " reduced without an abatement of wages, or that " wages can be abated without any inconvenience " to the Labourer, and yet nothing is more certain " than that both these things may happen. The " wages of the Labourers make the greatest part of " of the price of every thing that is useful; and if " in proportion with the wages the prices of all o- " ther things shall be abated, every Labourer with " less wages would still be able to purchase as many " necessaries of life; where then would be the in- " convenience? But the price of labour may be re- " duced by the addition of more hands to a manu- " facture, and yet the wages of persons remain as " high as ever. The admirable Sir *William Petty* " has given examples of this in some of his Writings: " One of them, as I remember, is that of a watch, " which I shall endeavour to explain so as shall suit " my present purpose. It is certain, that a single " watch could not be made so cheap in proportion " by one only Man, as a hundred Watches by a " hundred; for as there is vast variety in the work, " no one person could equally suit himself to all the " parts of it; the manufacture would be tedious, " and at last but clumsily performed: But if an " hundred watches were to be made by a hundred " men, the cases may be assigned to one, the dials " to another, the wheels to another, the springs to " another, and every other part to a proper Artist; " as there would be no need of perplexing any one " person with too much variety, every one would " be able to perform his single part with greater skill " and expedition; and the hundred watches would " be finished in one fourth part of the time of the " first one, and every one of them at one fourth

" part

"part of the coſt, though the wages of every man "were equal. The reduction of the price of the "manufacture would increaſe the demand of it, all "the ſame hands would be ſtill employed and as "well paid. The ſame rule will hold in the clo-"thing, the ſhipping, and all other trades whatſo-"ever. And thus an addition of hands to our Ma-"nufactures will only reduce the price of them; "the labourer will ſtill have as much wages, and "will conſequently be enabled to purchaſe more con-"veniencies of life; ſo that every intereſt in the Na-"tion would receive a benefit from the increaſe of "our working people.

"BESIDES, I ſee no occaſion for this charity "to common Beggars, ſince every Beggar is an in-"habitant of a Pariſh, and every Pariſh is taxed to "the maintenance of their own poor. For my own "part, I cannot be mightily pleaſed with the laws "which have done this, which have provided better "to feed than employ the Poor. We have a tradi-"tion from our Foreſathers, that after the firſt of "thoſe laws was made, they were inſulted with that "famous ſong;

Hang ſorrow, and caſt away Care,
The pariſh is bound to find us, &c.

"And if we will be ſo good-natured as to maintain "them without work, they can do no leſs in return "than ſing us *The Merry Beggars.*

"WHAT then? Am I againſt all acts of charity? "God forbid! I know of no virtue in the Goſpel that "is in more pathetic expreſſions recommended to our "practice. *I was hungry and ye gave me no Meat,* "*thirſty and ye gave me no Drink, naked and ye clothed* "*me not, a ſtranger and ye took me not in, ſick and in* "*priſon and ye viſited me not.* Our Bleſſed Saviour "treats the exerciſe or neglect of Charity towards a "poor man as the performance or breach of this du-"ty towards himſelf. I ſhall endeavour to obey the

"will

"will of my Lord and Master: And therefore if an "industrious Man shall submit to the hardest labour "and coarsest fare, rather than endure the shame of "taking relief from the parish, or asking it in the "street, this is the Hungry, the Thirsty, the Naked; "and I ought to believe, if any Man has come hither "for shelter against persecution or oppression, this is "the stranger, and ought to take him in. If any "Countryman of our own is fallen into the hands of "infidels, and lives in a state of miserable captivity, "this is the Man in prison, and I should contribute to "his ransom. I ought to give to an Hospital of In-"valids, to recover as many useful subjects as I can; "but I shall bestow none of my bounties upon an "Alms-house of idle people; and for the same reason "I shall not think it a reproach to me if I had with-"held my Charity from those common Beggars. But "we prescribe better rules than we are able to prac-"tise; we are ashamed not to give into the mistaken "customs of our Country: But at the same time, I "cannot but think it a reproach worse than that of "common Swearing, that the idle and the abandon-"ed are suffered in the name of Heaven, and all that "is sacred, to extort from Christian and tender minds "a supply to a profligate way of life, that is always to "be supported, but never relieved.

No. 233. *Tuesday, November* 27.

————Tanquam haec sint nostri medicina furoris,
Aut Deus ille malis hominum mitescere discat.

Virg. Ecl. 10. v. 60.

As if by these my Sufferings I cou'd ease,
Or by my Pains the God of Love appease.

Dryden.

I Shall, in this Paper, discharge myself of the promise I have made to the public, by obliging them with

with a Tranflation of the little *Greek* Manufcript, which is faid to have been a piece of thofe records that were preferved in the Temple of *Apollo*, upon the Promontory of *Leucate*: It is a fhort hiftory of the Lover's Leap, and is infcribed, *An account of Perfons Male and Female, who offered up their vows in the Temple of the* Pythian Apollo, *in the Forty-fixth Olympiad, and leaped from the Promontory of* Leucate *into the* Ionian *fea, in order to cure themfelves of the paffion of Love.*

THIS account is very dry in many parts, as only mentioning the name of the Lover who leaped, the Perfon he leaped for, and relating, in fhort, that he was either cured, or killed, or maimed by the fall. It indeed gives the names of fo many who died by it, that it would have looked like a Bill of Mortality, had I tranflated it at full length; I have therefore made an abridgement of it, and only extracted fuch particular paffages as have fomething extraordinary, either in the cafe, or in the cure, or in the fate of the Perfon who is mentioned in it. After this fhort preface take the account as follows.

BATTUS, the Son of *Menalcas* the *Sicilian*, leaped for *Bombyca* the Mufician; Got rid of his paffion with the lofs of his right leg and arm, which were broken in the fall.

MELISSA, in Love with *Daphnis*, very much bruifed, but efcaped with life.

CYNISCA, the wife of *Æfchines*, being in Love with *Lycus*; and *Æfchines* her Hufband being in Love with *Eurilla*; (which had made this married Couple very uneafy to one another for feveral Years) both the Hufband and the Wife took the leap by confent; they both of them efcaped, and have lived very happily together ever fince.

LARISSA, a Virgin of *Theffaly*, deferted by *Plexippus*, after a courtfhip of three years; fhe ftood upon the brow of the Promontory for fome time, and after having thrown down a Ring, a Bracelet, and

a little picture, with other presents which she had received from *Plexippus*, she threw herself into the sea, and was taken up alive.

N. B. Larissa, before she leaped, made an offering of a Silver *Cupid* in the Temple of *Apollo*.

SIMÆTHA, in Love with *Daphnis* the *Myndian*, perished in the fall.

CHARIXUS, the Brother of *Sappho*, in Love with *Rhodope* the Courtesan, having spent his whole estate upon her, was advised by his Sister to leap in the beginning of his amour, but would not hearken to her till he was reduced to his last talent; being forsaken by *Rhodope*, at length resolved to take the Leap. Perished in it.

ARIDÆUS, a beautiful Youth of *Epirus*, in Love with *Praxinoe*, the Wife of *Thespis*, escaped without Damage, saving only that two of his foreteeth were struck out and his nose a little flatted.

CLEORA, a Widow of *Ephesus*, being inconsolable for the death of her Husband, was resolved to take this Leap in order to get rid of her passion for his memory; but being arrived at the Promontory, she there met with *Dimmachus* the *Miletian*, and after a short conversation with him, laid aside the thoughts of her Leap, and married him in the Temple of *Apollo*.

N. B. Her Widow's Weeds are still seen hanging up in the western corner of the Temple.

OLPHIS, the fisherman, having received a box on the ear from *Thestylis* the day before, and being determined to have no more to do with her, leaped, and escaped with life.

ATALANTA, an old Maid, whose cruelty had several years before driven two or three despairing Lovers to this Leap; being now in the fifty fifth year of her age, and in Love with an Officer of *Sparta*, broke her neck in the fall.

HIPPARCHUS being passionately fond of his own Wife, who was enamoured of *Bathyllus*, leaped, and died.

died of his fall; upon which his Wife married her gallant.

TETTYX, the Dancing-mafter, in Love with *Olympia* an *Athenian* Matron, threw himfelf from the rock with great agility, but was crippled in the fall.

DIAGORAS, the Ufurer, in Love with his cook-maid; he peeped feveral times over the precipice, but his heart mifgiving him, he went back, and married her that Evening.

CINÆDUS, after having entred his own Name in the *Pythian* records, being afked the Name of the Perfon whom he leaped for, and being afhamed to difcover it, he was fet afide, and not fuffered to leap.

EUNICA, a Maid of *Paphos*, aged Nineteen, in Love with *Eurybates*. Hurt in the fall, but recovered.

N. B. This was the fecond time of her Leaping.

HESPERUS, a young Man of *Tarentum*. in Love with his Mafter's Daughter. Drowned, the boats not coming in foon enough to his relief.

SAPPHO, the *Lesbian*, in Love with *Phaon*, arrived at the Temple of *Apollo*, habited like a bride in garments as white as fnow. She wore a garland of Myrtle on her head, and carried in her hand the little Mufical inftrument of her own invention. After having fung an Hymn to *Apollo*, fhe hung up her garland on one fide of his Altar, and her harp on the other. She then tuck'd up her veftments, like a *Spartan* Virgin, and amidft thoufands of fpectators, who were anxious for her fafety, and offered up vows for her deliverance, marched directly forwards to the utmoft fummit of the Promontory, where after having repeated a ftanza of her own verfes, which we could not hear, fhe threw herfelf off the rock with fuch an intrepidity as was never before obferved in any who had attempted that dangerous Leap. Many who were prefent related, that they faw her fall into the fea, from whence fhe never rofe again; though there were others who affirmed, that fhe never came to the bottom of her Leap, but that fhe was changed into

into a Swan as ſhe fell, and that they ſaw her hover- in the air under that ſhape But whether or no the whiteneſs and fluttering of her garments might not deceive thoſe who looked upon her, or whether ſhe might not really be metamorphoſed into that muſical and melancholy Bird, is ſtill a doubt among the *Leſbians.*

ALCÆUS, the famous *Lyric* Poet, who had for ſome time been paſſionately in Love with *Sappho*, arrived at the Promontory of *Leucate* that very Evening, in order to take the Leap upon her account; but hearing that *Sappho* had been there before him, and that her body could be no where found, he very generouſly lamented her fall, and is ſaid to have written his Hundred and twenty fifth ode upon that occaſion.

Leaped in this Olympiad 250.	
Males	124
Females	126
Cured	120
Males	51
Females	69

C

No. 234. *Wedneſday, November* 28.

Vellem in amicitia ſic erraremus. Hor. Sat. 3. l. 1. v. 41.

I wiſh this Error in our Friendſhip reign'd. CREECH.

YOU very often hear people, after a Story has been told with ſome entertaining circumſtances, tell it over again with particulars that deſtroy the jeſt, but give light into the truth of the narration. This ſort of veracity, though it is impertinent, has ſomething amiable in it, becauſe it proceeds from the love of truth, even in frivolous occaſions. If ſuch honeſt amendments do not promiſe an agreeable companion, they do a ſincere Friend; for which reaſon one ſhould

allow them fo much of our time, if we fall into their company, as to fet us right in matters that can do us no manner of harm, whether the facts be one way or the other. Lies which are told out of arrogance and oftentation a Man fhould detect in his own defence, becaufe he fhould not be triumphed over; Lies which are told out of malice he fhould expofe, both for his own fake and that of the reft of Mankind, becaufe every man fhould rife againft a common enemy: But the officious Lie many have argued is to be excufed, becaufe it does fome Man good, and no Man hurt. The Man who made more than ordinary fpeed from a fight in which the *Athenians* were beaten, and told them they had obtained a complete victory, and put the whole city into the utmoft joy and exultation, was check'd by the Magiftrates for his falfehood; but excufed himfelf by faying, O *Athenians*! Am I your enemy becaufe I gave you two happy Days? This fellow did to a whole people what an acquaintance of mine does every Day he lives in fome eminent degree to particular perfons. He is ever lying people into good humour, and, as *Plato* faid, it was allowable in Phyficians to lie to their patients to keep up their fpirits, I am half doubtful whether my friend's behaviour is not as excufable. His manner is to exprefs himfelf furprifed at the chearful countenance of a Man whom he obferves diffident of himfelf: and generally by that means makes his lie a truth. He will, as if he did not know any thing of the circumftance, afk one whom he knows at variance with another, what is the meaning that Mr Such a one, naming his adverfary, does not applaud him with that heartinefs which formerly he has heard him? He faid indeed (continues he) I would rather have that man for my friend than any man in *England*; but for an enemy——This melts the perfon he talks to, who expected nothing but dowright raillery from that fide. According as he fees his practices fucceed, he goes to the oppofite party, and tells him, he cannot imagine how it happens

pens that ſome people know one another ſo little; you ſpoke with ſo much coldneſs of a Gentleman who ſaid more good of you, than, let me tell you, any Man living deſerves. The ſucceſs of one of theſe incidents was, that the next time that one of the adverſaries ſpied the other, he hems after him in the public ſtreet, and they muſt crack a bottle at the next tavern, that uſed to turn out of the other's way to avoid one another's eye-ſhot. He will tell one beauty ſhe was commended by another, nay, he will ſay ſhe gave the Woman he ſpeaks to, the preference in a particular for which ſhe herſelf is admired. The pleaſanteſt confuſion imaginable is made through the whole Town by my Friend's indirect offices; you ſhall have a viſit returned after half a Year's abſence, and mutual railing at each other every day of that time. They meet with a thouſand lamentations for ſo long a ſeparation, each party naming herſelf for the greateſt delinquent, if the other can poſſibly be ſo good as to forgive her, which ſhe has no reaſon in the world, but from the knowledge of her goodneſs, to hope for. Very often a whole train of railers of each ſide tire their Horſes in ſetting matters right which they have ſaid during the war between the parties; and a whole circle of acquaintance are put into a thouſand pleaſing paſſions and ſentiments, inſtead of the pangs of anger, envy, detraction, and malice.

THE worſt Evil I ever obſerved this Man's falſehood occaſion, has been that he turned Detraction into Flattery. He is well-ſkilled in the manners of the world, and by overlooking what men really are, he grounds his artifices upon what they have a mind to be. Upon this foundation, if two diſtant friends are brought together, and the cement ſeems to be weak, he never reſts till he finds new appearances to take off all remains of ill-will, and that by new miſunderſtandings they are thoroughly reconciled.

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR, *Devonſhire, Nov.* 14, 1711.

'THERE arrived in this Neighbourhood two 'Days ago one of your gay Gentlemen of 'the Town, who being attended at his entry with a 'Servant of his own, beſides a countryman he had 'taken up for a guide, excited the curioſity of the 'village to learn whence and what he might be. The 'Countryman (to whom they applied as moſt eaſy 'of acceſs) knew little more than that the Gentleman 'came from *London* to travel and ſee faſhions, and was, 'as he heard ſay, a Free thinker: What Religion that 'might be, he could not tell; and for his own part, 'if they had not told him the man was a Free-think-'er, he ſhould have gueſſed by his way of talking, he 'was little better than a Heathen; excepting only 'that he had been a good Gentleman to him, and 'made him drunk twice in one day over and above 'what they had bargained for.

'I do not look upon the ſimplicity of this, and ſeve-'ral odd inquiries with which I ſhall not trouble you, 'to be wondered at, much leſs can I think that our 'Youths of fine Wit, and enlarged Underſtandings, 'have any reaſon to laugh. There is no Neceſſity 'that every Squire in *Great Britain* ſhould know what 'the word Free-thinker ſtands for; but it were much 'to be wiſhed, that they who value themſelves upon 'that conceited title were a little better inſtructed in 'what it ought to ſtand for; and that they would not 'perſuade themſelves a Man is really and truly a 'Free-thinker in any tolerable ſenſe, merely by vir-'tue of his being an Atheiſt, or an Infidel of any o-'ther diſtinction. It may be doubted with good rea-'ſon, whether there ever was in nature a more abject 'ſlaviſh, and bigotted generation than the tribe of '*Beaux Eſprits*, at preſent ſo prevailing in this iſland. 'Their pretenſion to be Free-thinkers, is no other than

rakes

'rakes have to be free-livers, and savages to be free-'men, that is, they can think whatever they have a 'mind to, and give themselves up to whatever conceit 'the extravagancy of their inclination, or their fancy 'shall suggest; they can think as wildly as they talk 'and act, and will not endure that their Wit should 'be controlled by such formal things as decency and 'common sense: deduction, coherence, consisten-'cy, and all the rules of reason they accordingly dis-'dain, as too precise and mechanical for men of a li-'beral education.

'THIS, as far as I could ever learn from their 'Writings, or my own observation, is a true account 'of the *British* Free thinker. Our Visitant here, who 'gave occasion to this Paper, has brought with him 'a new system of common sense, the particulars of 'which I am not yet acquainted with, but will lose 'no opportunity of informing myself whether it con-'tain any thing worth Mr SPECTATOR's notice. In 'the mean time, Sir, I cannot but think it would be 'for the good of mankind, if you would take this sub-'ject into your own consideration, and convince the 'hopeful youth of our Nation, that licentiousness is 'not freedom; or, if such a paradox will not be un-'derstood, that a prejudice towards Atheism is not im-'partiality.

I am, SIR, Your most humble Servant,

T PHILONOUS.

No. 235. *Thursday, November* 29.

——Populares
Vincentem strepitus—— Hor. Ars. Poet. v. 81.

Awes the tumultuous Noises of the Pit. Roscommon.

THERE is nothing which lyes more within the Province of a Spectator than public shows and di-

 versions;

verſions; and as among theſe there are none which can pretend to vie with thoſe elegant entertainments that are exhibited in our Theatres, I think it particularly incumbent on me to take notice of every thing that is remarkable in ſuch numerous and refined aſſemblies.

It is obſerved, that of late Years there has been a certain perſon in the upper gallery of the Play-houſe, who when he is pleaſed with any thing that is acted upon the Stage, expreſſes his approbation by a loud knock upon the benches or the wainſcoat which may be heard over the whole theatre. This perſon is commonly known by the name of the *Trunk-maker in the upper Gallery*. Whether it be that the blow he gives on theſe occaſions reſembles that which is often heard in the Shops of ſuch Artiſans, or that he was ſuppoſed to have been a real Trunk-maker, who after the finiſhing of his day's work uſed to unbend his mind at theſe public diverſions with his hammer in his hand, I cannot certainly tell. There are ſome, I know, who have been fooliſh enough to imagine it is a ſpirit which haunts the upper gallery, and from time to time makes thoſe ſtrange noiſes; and the rather becauſe he is obſerved to be louder than ordinary every time the ghoſt of *Hamlet* appears. Others have reported, that it is a dumb Man, who has choſen this way of uttering himſelf when he is tranſported with any thing he ſees or hears. Others will have it to be the Play-houſe thunderer, that exerts himſelf after this manner in the upper Gallery, when he has nothing to do upon the roof.

BUT having made it my buſineſs to get the beſt information I could in a matter of this moment, I find that the Trunk-maker, as he is commonly called, is a large black man, whom no body knows. He generally leans forward on a huge oaken plant with great attention to every thing that paſſes upon the Stage. He is never ſeen to ſmile; but upon hearing any thing that pleaſes him, he takes up his ſtaff with both hands,

and lays it upon the next piece of timber that ſtands in his way with exceeding vehemence: After which, he compoſes himſelf in his former poſture, till ſuch time as ſomething new ſets him again at work.

IT has been obſerved, his blow is ſo well timed, that the moſt judicious Critic could never except againſt it. As ſoon as any ſhining thought is expreſſed in the Poet, or any uncommon grace appears in the Actor, he ſmites the bench or wainſcoat. If the audience does not concur with him, he ſmites a ſecond time, and if the audience is not yet awaked, he looks round him with great wrath, and repeats the blow a third time, which never fails to produce the clap. He ſometimes lets the audience begin the clap of themſelves, and at the concluſion of their applauſe ratifies it with a ſingle thwack.

HE is of ſo great uſe to the Play-houſe, that it is ſaid a former Director of it, upon his not being able to pay his attendance by reaſon of ſickneſs, kept one in pay to officiate for him till ſuch time as he recovered; but the perſon ſo employed, tho' he laid about him with incredible violence, did it in ſuch wrong places, that the audience ſoon found out that it was not their old friend the Trunk-maker.

IT has been remarked, that he has not yet exerted himſelf with vigour this ſeaſon. He ſometimes plies at the opera; and upon *Nicolini*'s firſt appearance, was ſaid to have demoliſhed three benches in the fury of his applauſe. He has broken half a dozen oaken plants upon *Dogget*, and ſeldom goes away from a Tragedy of *Shakeſpear*, without leaving the wainſcoat extremely ſhattered.

THE Players do not only connive at his obſtreperous approbation, but very chearfully repair at their own coſt whatever damages he makes. They had once a thought of erecting a kind of wooden anvil for his uſe, that ſhould be made of a very ſounding plank, in order to render his ſtrokes more deep and mellow; but as this might not have been diſtinguiſhed from the

the mufic of a Kettle-drum, the project was laid a-fide.

IN the mean while, I cannot but take notice of the great ufe it is to an audience, that a perfon fhould thus prefide over their heads like the Director of a confort, in order to awaken their attention, and beat time to their applaufes; or, to raife my fimile, I have fometimes fancied the Trunk-maker in the upper gallery to be like *Virgil*'s Ruler of the Winds, feated upon the top of a mountain, who, when he ftruck his fceptre upon the fide of it, roufed an hurricane, and fet the whole cavern in an uproar.

IT is certain the Trunk maker has faved many a good play, and brought many a graceful Actor into reputation, who would not otherwife have been taken notice of. It is very vifible, as the audience is not a little abafhed, if they find themfelves betrayed into a clap, when their friend in the upper gallery does not come into it; fo the Actors do not value themfelves upon the clap, but regard it as a meer *Brutum fulmen*, or empty noife, when it has not the found of the oaken plant in it. I know it has been given out by thofe who are enemies to the Trunk-maker, that he has fometimes been bribed to be in the intereft of a bad Poet, or a vicious player; but this is a furmife which has no foundation; his ftrokes are always juft, and his admonitions feafonable; he does not deal about his blows at random, but always hits the right nail upon the head. The inexpreffible force wherewith he lays them on, fufficiently fhews the evidence and ftrength of his conviction. His zeal for a good Author is indeed outrageous, and breaks down every fence and partition, every board and plank, that ftands within the expreffion of his applaufe.

AS I do not care for terminating my thoughts in barren Speculations, or in reports of pure matter of fact, without drawing fomething from them for the advantage of my countrymen, I fhall take the liber-

ty

ty to make an humble propofal, that whenever the Trunk-maker fhall depart this life, or whenever he fhall have loft the fpring of his arm by ficknefs, old age, infirmity, or the like, fome able-bodied Critic fhould be advanced to this poft, and have a competent falary fettled on him for life, to be furnifhed with Bamboos for Operas, Crab-tree-cudgels for Comedies, and Oaken Plants for Tragedy, at the public expence. And to the end that this place fhould be always difpofed of according to merit I would have none preferred to it, who has not given convincing proofs both of a found judgment and a ftrong arm, and who could not, upon occafions, either knock down an Ox, or write a Comment upon *Horace*'s Art of Poetry. In fhort, I would have him a due compofition of *Hercules* and *Apollo*, and fo rightly qualified for this important office, that the *Trunk-maker* may not be miffed by our pofterity. C

No. 236. *Friday, November* 30.

—*Dare jura maritis.* Hor. Ars Poet. v. 398.

With Laws connubial Tyrants to reftrain.

Mr Spectator,

'YOU have not fpoken in fo direct a manner upon the fubject of Marriage as that important 'cafe deferves. It would not be improper to obferve 'upon the peculiarity in the youth of *Great Britain*, 'of railing and laughing at that inftitution; and 'when they fall into it, from a profligate habit of 'mind, being infenfible of the fatisfaction in that 'way of life, and treating their Wives with the moft 'barbarous difrefpect.

'PARTICULAR circumftances and caft of temper, muft teach a man the probability of mighty

'uneafineffes

‘ uneasinesses in that state, (for unquestionably some ‘ there are whose very dispositions are strangely a-‘ verse to conjugal friendship;) but no one, I be-‘ lieve, is by his own natural complexion prompted ‘ to teize and torment another for no reason but be-‘ ing nearly allied to him: And can there be any ‘ thing more base, or serve to sink a Man so much ‘ below his own distinguishing characteristic, (I mean ‘ reason) than returning evil for good in so open a ‘ manner as that of treating an helpless creature with ‘ unkindness, who has had so good an opinion of ‘ him as to believe what he said relating to one of ‘ the greatest concerns of life, by delivering her ‘ happiness in this world to his care and protection? ‘ Must not that Man be abandoned even to all man-‘ ner of humanity, who can deceive a Woman with ‘ appearances of affection and kindness, for no other ‘ end but to torment her with more ease and au-‘ thority? Is any thing more unlike a Gentleman, ‘ than when his honour is engaged for the perform-‘ ing his promises, because nothing but that can o-‘ blige him to it, to become afterwards false to his ‘ word, and be alone the occasion of misery to one ‘ whose happiness he but lately pretended was dearer ‘ to him than his own? Ought such a one to be ‘ trusted in his common affairs? or treated but as ‘ one whose honesty consisted only in his incapacity ‘ of being otherwise?

‘ THERE is one cause of this usage no less ab-‘ surd than common, which takes place among the ‘ more unthinking Men; and that is the desire to ‘ appear to their friends free and at liberty, and ‘ without those trammels they have so much ridicu-‘ led. To avoid this they fly into the other extreme, ‘ and grow tyrants that they may seem Masters. ‘ Because an uncontrollable command of their own ‘ actions is a certain sign of intire dominion, they ‘ won't so much as recede from the government even ‘ in one muscle of their faces. A kind look they be-

‘ lieve

'lieve would be fawning, and a civil anſwer, yielding the ſuperiority. To this muſt we attribute an auſterity they betray in every action: What but this can put a man out of humour in his Wife's company, tho' he is ſo diſtinguiſhingly pleaſant every where elſe? The bitterneſs of his replies, and the ſeverity of his frowns to the tendereſt of Wives, clearly demonſtrate, that an ill-grounded fear of being thought too ſubmiſſive, is at the bottom of this, as I am willing to call it, affected moroſeneſs; but if it be ſuch only, put on to convince his acquaintance of his intire dominion, let him take care of the conſequence, which will be certain, and worſe than the preſent evil; his ſeeming indifference will by degrees grow into real contempt, and, if it doth not wholly alienate the affections of his Wife for ever from him, make both him and her more miſerable than if it really did ſo.

'HOWEVER inconſiſtent it may appear, to be thought a well-bred perſon has no ſmall ſhare in this clowniſh behaviour: A Diſcourſe therefore relating to good-breeding towards a loving and a tender Wife, would be of great uſe to this ſort of Gentlemen. Could you but once convince them, that to be civil at leaſt is not beneath the character of a Gentleman, nor even tender affection towards one who would make it reciprocal, betrays any ſoftneſs of effeminacy that the moſt maſculine diſpoſition need be aſhamed of; could you ſatisfy them of the generoſity of voluntary civility, and the greatneſs of ſoul that is conſpicuous in benevolence without immediate obligations; could you recommend to people's practice the ſaying of the Gentleman quoted in one of your Speculations, *That he thought it incumbent upon him to make the Inclinations of a Woman of Merit go along with her Duty:* Could you, I ſay, perſuade theſe men of the beauty and reaſonableneſs of this ſort of behaviour, I have ſo much Charity for ſome of them at leaſt,

'to

'to believe you would convince them of a thing 'they are only aſhamed to allow: Beſides, you 'would recommend that ſtate in its trueſt, and conſequently its moſt agreeable colours; and the Gentlemen who have for any time been ſuch profeſſed 'enemies to it, when occaſion ſhould ſerve, would 'return you their thanks for aſſiſting their intereſt 'in prevailing over their prejudices. Marriage in 'general would by this means be a more eaſy and 'comfortable condition; the Huſband would be no 'where ſo well ſatisfied as in his own parlour, nor 'the Wife ſo pleaſant as in the company of her 'Huſband: A deſire of being agreeable in the Lover would be increaſed in the Huſband, and the 'Miſtreſs be more amiable by becoming the Wife. 'Beſides all which, I am apt to believe we ſhould 'find the race of Men grow wiſer as their progenitors grew kinder, and the affections of their Parents would be conſpicuous in the Wiſdom of their 'Children; in ſhort, Men would in general be much 'better humoured than they are, did not they ſo frequently exercife the worſt turns of their temper 'where they ought to exert the beſt.

MR SPECTATOR,

'I AM a Woman who left the admiration of this 'whole Town, to throw myſelf (for love of 'wealth) into the arms of a Fool. When I married him, I could have had any one of ſeveral 'men of ſenſe who languiſhed for me; but my caſe 'is juſt. I believed my ſuperior underſtanding 'would form him into a tractable creature. But, 'alas, my Spouſe has cunning and ſuſpicion, the 'inſeparable companions of little minds; and every 'attempt I make to divert, by putting on an agreeable Air, a ſudden Chearfulneſs, or kind Behaviour, he looks upon as the firſt acts towards an 'inſurrection againſt his undeſerved dominion over

'me.

'me. Let every one who is ſtill to chuſe, and hopes 'to govern a Fool, remember

TRISTISSA.

MR SPECTATOR, *St Martin's, Novemb.* 25.

'THIS is to complain of an evil practice which I 'think very well deſerves a redreſs, though you 'have not as yet taken any notice of it: If you 'mention it in your Paper, it may perhaps have a 'very good effect. What I mean is the diſturbance 'ſome people give to others at Church, by their re- 'petition of the Prayers after the Miniſter, and that 'not only in the Prayers, but alſo the Abſolution 'and the Commandments fare no better, which are 'in a particular manner the Prieſt's office: This I 'have known done in ſo audible a manner, that 'ſometimes their voices have been as loud as his. 'As little as you would think it, this is frequently 'done by people ſeemingly devout. This irreligious 'inadvertency is a thing extremely offenſive: But I 'do not recommend it as a thing I give you liberty 'to ridicule, but hope it may be amended by the bare 'mention.

SIR,

T *Your very humble Servant,*

T. S.

No. 237. *Saturday, December* 1.

Viſu carentem magna pars veri latet.

Seneca in OEdip.

The Blind ſee Truth by halves.

IT is very reaſonable to believe, that part of the pleaſure which happy minds ſhall enjoy in a fu-

ture State, will ariſe from an enlarged contemplation of the Divine Wiſdom in the Government of the World, and a diſcovery of the ſecret and amazing ſteps of Providence, from the Beginning to the end of time. Nothing ſeems to be an entertainment more adapted to the nature of man, if we conſider that curioſity is one of the ſtrongeſt and moſt laſting appetites implanted in us, and that admiration is one of our moſt pleaſing paſſions; and what a perpetual ſucceſſion of enjoyments will be afforded to both theſe, in a ſcene ſo large and various as ſhall then be laid open to our view in the Society of ſuperior Spirits, who perhaps will join with us in ſo delightful a proſpect!

IT is not impoſſible, on the contrary, that part of the puniſhment of ſuch as are excluded from bliſs, may conſiſt not only in their being denied this privilege, but in having their appetites at the ſame time vaſtly increaſed, without any ſatisfaction afforded to them. In theſe, the vain Purſuit of Knowledge ſhall, perhaps, add to their infelicity, and bewilder them into Labyrinths of error, darkneſs, diſtraction and uncertainty of every thing but their own evil ſtate. *Milton* has thus repreſented the fallen Angels reaſoning together in a kind of reſpite from their torments, and creating to themſelves a new diſquiet amidſt their very amuſements; he could not properly have deſcribed the ſports of condemned Spirits, without that caſt of horror and melancholy he has ſo judiciouſly mingled with them.

Others apart ſat on a Hill retired
In Thoughts more elevate, and reaſon'd high
Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and Fate,
Fixt Fate, Freewill, Foreknowledge abſolute,
And found no End in wandering Mazes loſt.

IN our preſent condition, which is a middle ſtate, our minds are, as it were chequered with truth and

falſehood:

falſehood: and as our faculties are narrow, and our views imperfect, it is impoſſible but our curioſity muſt meet with many repulſes. The buſineſs of mankind in this life being rather to act than to know, their portion of knowledge is dealt to them accordingly.

FROM hence it is that the reaſon of the inquiſitive has ſo long being exerciſed with difficulties, in accounting for the promiſcuous diſtribution of good and evil to the Virtuous and the Wicked in this world. From hence comes all thoſe pathetic complaints of ſo many tragical events, which happen to the wiſe and the good; and of ſuch ſurpriſing proſperity, which is often the reward of the guilty and the fooliſh; that reaſon is ſometimes puzzled, and at a loſs what to pronounce upon ſo myſterious a diſpenſation.

PLATO expreſſes his abhorrence of ſome Fables of the Poets, which ſeem to reflect on the Gods as the Authors of injuſtice; and lays it down as a principle, That whatever is permitted to befal a juſt man, whether poverty, ſickneſs, or any of thoſe things which ſeem to be evils, ſhall either in Life or Death conduce to his good. My Reader will obſerve how agreeable this Maxim is to what we find delivered by a greater authority. *Seneca* has written a Diſcourſe purpoſely on this Subject, in which he takes pains, after the Doctrine of the *Stoics*, to ſhew that Adverſity is not in itſelf an evil; and mentions a noble Saying of *Demetrius*, That *nothing would be more unhappy than a man who had never known affliction.* He compares Proſperity to the indulgence of a fond Mother to a Child, which often proves his ruin; but the affection of the Divine Being to that of a wiſe Father who would have his Sons exerciſed with labour, diſappointment, and pain, that they may gather ſtrength and improve their fortitude. On this occaſion the Philoſopher riſes into that celebrated ſentiment, That there is not on earth a ſpectacle more

worthy the regard of a Creator intent on his works than a brave Man ſuperior to his ſufferings; to which he adds, That it muſt be a pleaſure to *Jupiter* himſelf to look down from Heaven, and ſee *Cato* amidſt the ruins of his Country preſerving his integrity.

THIS thought will appear yet more reaſonable, if we conſider human life as a State of Probation, and Adverſity as the poſt of honour in it, aſſigned often to the beſt and moſt ſelect ſpirits.

BUT what I would chiefly inſiſt on here, is, that we are not at preſent in a proper ſituation to judge of the Counſels by which Providence acts, ſince but little arrives at our Knowledge, and even that little we diſcern imperfectly; or according to the elegant Figure in Holy Writ, *We ſee but in part, and as in a Glaſs darkly*. It is to be conſidered, that Providence in its Oeconomy regards the whole ſyſtem of time, and things together, ſo that we cannot diſcover the beautiful connexion between incidents which lye widely ſeparate in time, and by loſing ſo many links of the chain, our reaſonings become broken and imperfect. Thus thoſe parts of the moral World which have not an abſolute, may yet have a relative Beauty, in reſpect of ſome other parts concealed from us, but open to his Eye before whom *Paſt*, *Preſent*, and *To Come*, are ſet together in one point of view: and thoſe events the permiſſion of which ſeems now to accuſe his goodneſs, may in the conſummation of things both magnify his Goodneſs, and exalt his Wiſdom. And this is enough to check our preſumption, ſince it is in vain to apply our meaſures of regularity to matters of which we know neither antecedents nor the the conſequents, the beginning nor the end.

I SHALL relieve my readers from this abſtracted thought, by relating here a Jewiſh tradition concerning Moſes, which ſeems to be a kind of parable, illuſtrating what I have laſt mentioned. That great Prophet, it is ſaid, was called up by a voice from heaven

heaven to the top of a mountain; where, in a conference with the Supreme Being, he was permitted to propoſe to him ſome queſtions concerning his adminiſtration of the Univerſe. In the midſt of this divine colloquy he was commanded to look down on the plain below. At the foot of the mountain there iſſued out a clear ſpring of water, at which a ſoldier alighted from his horſe to drink. He was no ſooner gone than a little boy came to the ſame place, and finding a purſe of gold which the ſoldier had dropped, took it up and went away with it. Immediately after this came an infirm old man, weary with age and travelling, and having quenched his thirſt, ſat down to reſt himſelf by the ſide of the ſpring. The ſoldier miſſing his purſe returns to ſearch for it, and demands it of the old man, who affirms he had not ſeen it, and appeals to Heaven in witneſs of his innocence. The ſoldier not believing his proteſtations, kills him. Moſes fell on his face with horror and amazement, when the Divine voice thus prevented his expoſtulation: 'Be not ſurpriſed, Moſes, nor 'aſk why the Judge of the whole Earth has ſuffered 'this thing to come to paſs: The child is the occa'ſion that the blood of the old man is ſpilt; but 'know, that the old man whom thou ſaweſt, was 'the murderer of that child's Father.

C

No. 238. *Monday, December 3.*

Nequicquam populo bibulas donaveris Aures;
Reſpue quod non es——— Perſius, Sat. 4. v. 50.

Pleaſe not thyſelf the flatt'ring Crowd to hear;
'Tis fulſom Stuff, to pleaſe thy itching Ear.
Survey thy Soul, not what thou doſt appear,
But what thou art.——— Dryden.

AMONG all the Diſeaſes of the Mind, there is not one more epidemical or more pernicious than the

the Love of flattery. For as where the juices of the body are prepared to receive a malignant influence, there the Disease rages with most violence; so in this distemper of the Mind, where there is ever a propensity and inclination to suck in the poison, it cannot be but that the whole order of reasonable action must be overturn'd, for, like Music, it

——So softens and disarms the Mind,
That not one Arrow can Resistance find

FIRST we flatter ourselves, and then the flattery of others is sure of success. It awakens our Self-love within, a party which is ever ready to revolt from our better judgment, and join the enemy without. Hence it is, that the profusion of favours we so often see poured upon the Parasite, are represented to us, by our Self-love, as justice done to the Man, who so agreeably reconciles us to ourselves. When we are overcome by such soft insinuations and ensnaring compliances, we gladly recompence the artifices that are made use of to blind our reason, and which triumph over the weaknesses of our Temper and inclinations.

BUT were every Man persuaded from how mean and low a principle this passion is derived, there can be no doubt but the Person who should attempt to gratify it, would then be as contemptible as he is now successful. 'Tis the desire of some quality we are not possessed of, or inclination to be something we are not, which are the causes of our giving ourselves up to that Man, who bestows upon us the characters and qualities of others; which perhaps suit us as ill and were as little design'd for our wearing, as their clothes. Instead of going out of our own complexional Nature into that of others, 'twere a better and more laudable industry to improve our own, and instead of a miserable copy become a good original; for there is no Temper, no disposition so rude and untractable, but

may

may in its own peculiar caſt and turn be brought to ſome agreeable Uſe in Converſation, or in the affairs of Life. A Perſon of a rougher deportment, and leſs tied up to the uſual ceremonies of behaviour, will, like *Manly* in the Play, pleaſe by the Grace which Nature gives to every action wherein ſhe is complied with; the briſk and lively will not want their admirers, and even a more reſerved and melancholy Temper may at ſometimes be agreeable.

WHEN there is not vanity enough awake in a Man to undo him, the flatterer ſtirs up that dormant weakneſs, and inſpires him with Merit enough to be a Coxcomb. But if flattery be the moſt ſordid act that can be complied with, the art of praiſing juſtly is as commendable: For 'tis laudable to praiſe well; as Poets at one and the ſame time give Immortality, and receive it themſelves for a reward: Both are pleaſed, the one whilſt he receives the recompence of Merit, the other whilſt he ſhows he knows how to diſcern it; but above all, that Man is happy in this art, who, like a ſkilful Painter, retains the Features and Complexion, but ſtill ſoftens the Picture into the moſt agreeable likeneſs.

THERE can hardly, I believe, be imagin'd a more deſirable pleaſure, than that of Praiſe unmix'd with any poſſibility of flattery. Such was that which *Germanicus* enjoyed, when, the Night before a Battle, deſirous of ſome ſincere mark of the eſteem of his Legions for him, he is deſcribed by *Tacitus* liſtening in a diſguiſe to the Diſcourſe of a Soldier, and wrapt up in the fruition of his Glory, whilſt with an undeſigned ſincerity they praiſed his noble and majeſtic Mien, his affability, his valour, conduct, and ſucceſs in War. How muſt a Man have his heart full-blown with joy in ſuch an article of Glory as this? What a ſpur and encouragement ſtill to proceed in thoſe ſteps which had already brought him to ſo pure a taſte of the greateſt of mortal enjoyments?

It ſometimes happens, that even Enemies and en-

vious Perſons beſtow the ſincereſt marks of eſteem when they leaſt deſign it. Such afford a greater pleaſure, as extorted by Merit, and freed from all ſuſpicion of favour or flattery. Thus it is with *Malvolio*; he has Wit, Learning, and Diſcernment, but temper'd with an allay of Envy, Self-love and Detraction: *Malvolio* turns pale at the Mirth and Good-humour of the Company, if it center not in his Perſon; he grows jealous and diſpleaſed when he ceaſes to be the only Perſon admired, and looks upon the commendations paid to another as a Detraction from his Merit, and an attempt to leſſen the ſuperiority he affects; but by this very Method, he beſtows ſuch Praiſe as can never be ſuſpected of flattery. His uneaſineſs and diſtaſtes are ſo many ſure and certain ſigns of another's title to that Glory he deſires, and has the mortification to find himſelf not poſſeſſed of.

A Good Name is fitly compared to a precious ointment, and when we are praiſed with ſkill and decency, 'tis indeed the moſt agreeable perfume, but if too ſtrongly admitted into a brain of a leſs vigorous and happy texture, 'twill, like too ſtrong an odour, overcome the ſenſes, and prove pernicious to thoſe nerves 'twas intended to refreſh. A generous mind is of all others the moſt ſenſible of Praiſe and Diſpraiſe; and a noble Spirit is as much invigorated with its due proportion of Honour and applauſe, as 'tis depreſſed by neglect and Contempt. But 'tis only Perſons far above the common level who are thus affected with either of theſe extremes; as in a Thermometer, 'tis only the pureſt and moſt ſublimated Spirit that is either contracted or dilated by the benignity or inclemency of the ſeaſon.

Mr Spectator,

'THE Tranſlations which you have lately given 'us from the *Greek*, in ſome of your laſt Pa'pers, have been the occaſion of my looking into

'some of those Authors; amongst whom I chanced 'on a collection of letters, which pass under the 'name of *Aristinætus*. Of all the remains of An-'tiquity, I believe there can be nothing produc'd of 'an air so gallant and polite; each Letter contains 'a little novel or adventure, which is told with all 'the beauties of Language and heightened with a 'luxuriance of Wit. There are several of them 'translated, but with such wide deviations from the 'Original, and in a stile so far differing from the 'Author's, that the Translator seems rather to have 'taken hints for the expressing his own sense and 'thoughts, than to have endeavoured to render those 'of *Aristinætus*. In the following Translation, I 'have kept as near the meaning of the *Greek* as I 'could, and have only added a few words to make 'the sentences in *English* sit together a little better 'than they would otherwise have done. The Story 'seems to be taken from that of *Pigmalion* and the 'Statue in *Ovid*: Some of the thoughts are of the 'same turn, and the whole is written in a kind of 'Poetical Prose.

Philopinax to *Chromation*.

"NEVER was a man more overcome with so fan-"tastical a passion as mine. I have painted a "beautiful Woman, and am despairing, dying for "the Picture. My own Skill has undone me; 'tis "not the dart of *Venus*, but my own Pencil has "thus wounded me. Ah me! with what anxiety "am I necessitated to adore my own Idol? How "miserable am I, whilst every one must as much "pity the Painter, as he praises the Picture, and "own my torment more than equal to my art. But "why do I thus complain? Have there not been "more unhappy and unnatural passions than mine? "Yes, I have seen the representations of *Phædra*, "*Narcissus*, and *Pasiphae*. *Phædra* was unhappy in "her

" her Love; that of *Pasiphaæ* was monſtrous; and " whilſt the other caught at his beloved likeneſs, he " deſtroyed the watery image, which ever eluded " his embraces. The Fountain repreſented *Narciſ-* " *ſus* to himſelf, and the Picture both that and him, " thirſting after his adored image. But I am yet " leſs unhappy, I enjoy her preſence continually, " and if I touch her, I deſtroy not the beauteous " form, but ſhe looks pleaſed, and a ſweet ſmile ſits " in the charming ſpace which divides her Lips. " One would ſwear that voice and ſpeech were iſſu- " ing out, and that one's ears felt the melodious " ſound. How often have I, deceived by a Lover's " Credulity, hearkened if ſhe had not ſomething to " whiſper me? and when fruſtrated of my hopes, " how often have I taken my revenge in Kiſſes from " her Cheeks and eyes, and ſoftly wooed her to my " embrace, whilſt ſhe (as to me it ſeem'd) only with- " held her tongue the more to inflame me. But " Madman that I am, ſhall I be thus taken with " the repreſentation only of a beauteous Face, and " flowing Hair, and thus waſte myſelf and melt to " Tears for a Shadow? Ah, ſure 'tis ſomething " more, 'tis a reality! for ſee her beauties ſhine out " with new luſtre, and ſhe ſeems to upbraid me with " ſuch unkind reproaches. O may I have a living " Miſtreſs of this form, that when I ſhall compare " the work of Nature with that of Art, I may be " ſtill at a loſs which to chooſe, and be long per- " plex'd with the pleaſing uncertainty.

T

Tueſday,

No. 239. *Tuesday, December* 4.

——*Bella, horrida bella!* Virg. Aen. 6. v. 86.

Wars, horrid Wars! Dryden.

I HAVE ſometimes amuſed myſelf with conſidering the ſeveral methods of managing a Debate which have obtained in the world.

THE firſt races of Mankind uſed to diſpute, as our ordinary people do now a-days, in a kind of wild Logic, uncultivated by rules of Art.

SOCRATES introduced a catechetical method of arguing. He would aſk his adverſary queſtion upon queſtion, till he had convinced him out of his own mouth that his opinions were wrong. This way of debating drives an Enemy up into a corner, ſeizes, all the paſſes through which he can make an eſcape, and forces him to ſurrender at diſcretion.

ARISTOTLE changed the method of attack, and invented a great variety of little weapons, called Syllogiſms. As in the *Socratic* way of diſpute you agree to every thing which your opponent advances in the *Ariſtotelic* you are ſtill denying and contradicting, ſome part or other of what he ſays. *Socrates* conquers you by ſtratagem, *Ariſtotle* by force: The one takes the town by ſap, the other ſword in hand.

THE Univerſities of *Europe* for many Years, carried on their debates by Syllogiſm, inſomuch that we ſee the knowledge of ſeveral Centuries laid out into objections and anſwers, and all the good ſenſe of the Age cut and minced into almoſt an infinitude of diſtinctions.

WHEN our Univerſities found that there was no end of wrangling this way, they invented a kind of argument, which is not reducible to any mood or Figure in *Ariſtotle*. It was called the *Argumentum Baſilinum*

filinum (others write it *Bacilinum* or *Baculinum*) which is pretty well exprefs'd in our *Englifh* word *Club-Law*. When they were not able to confute their Antagonift, they knock'd him down. It was their method in thefe polemical debates, firft to difcharge their Syllogifms, and afterwards to betake themfelves to their Clubs, till fuch time as they had one way or other confounded their gainfayers. There is in *Oxford* a narrow defile, (to make ufe of a military term) where the Partifans ufed to encounter, for which reafon it ftill retains the name of *Logick-Lane*. I have heard an old Gentleman, a Phyfician, make his boafts, that when he was a young fellow he marched feveral times at the head of a troop of *Scotifts*, and cudgel'd a body of *Smiglefians* half the length of *High-Street*, 'till they had difperfed themfelves for fhelter into their refpective garrifons.

THIS Humour, I find, went very far in *Erafmus*'s Time. For that Author tells us, That upon the revival of *Greek* Letters, moft of the Univerfities in *Europe* were divided into *Greeks* and *Trojans*. The latter were thofe who bore a mortal enmity to the Language of the *Græcians*, infomuch that if they met with any who underftood it, they did not fail to treat him as a foe. *Erafmus* himfelf had, it feems, the misfortune to fall into the hands of a party of *Trojans*, who laid him on with fo many blows and buffets that he never forgot their hoftilities to his dying Day.

THERE is a way of managing an argument not much unlike the former, which is made ufe of by States and communities, when they draw up a Hundred thoufand difputants on each fide, and convince one another by dint of fword. A certain Grand Monarch was fo fenfible of his ftrength in this way of reafoning, that he writ upon his Great Guns—*Ratio ultima Regum, the Logic of Kings*; but, God be thanked, he is now pretty well baffled at his own weapons. When one has to do with a Philofopher of this kind,

one

one ſhould remember the old Gentleman's Saying, who had been engaged in an argument with one of the *Roman* Emperors. Upon his friend's telling him, That he wonder'd he would give up the queſtion, when he had viſibly the better of the Diſpute: *I am never aſham'd*, ſays he, *to be confuted by one who is Maſter of fifty Legions.*

I Shall but juſt mention another kind of Reaſoning, which may be called arguing by Poll; and another which is of equal force, in which Wagers are made uſe of as arguments, according to the celebrated line in *Hudibras.*

BUT the moſt notable way of managing a controverſy, is that which we may call *Arguing by Torture.* This is a Method of Reaſoning which has been made uſe of with the poor Refugees, and which was ſo faſhionable in our Country during the Reign of Queen *Mary*, that in a paſſage of an Author quoted by Monſieur *Bayle*, it is ſaid the price of wood was raiſed in *England*, by reaſon of the executions that were made in *Smithfield*. Theſe diſputants convince their adverſaries with a *Sorites*, commonly called a pile of Faggots. The Rack is alſo a kind of ſyllogiſm which has been uſed with good effect, and has made multitudes of converts. Men were formerly diſputed out of their doubts, reconciled to Truth by force of Reaſon, and won over to opinions by the candour, ſenſe and ingenuity of thoſe who had the right on their ſide; but this Method of conviction operated too ſlowly. Pain was found to be much more enlightning than Reaſon. Every ſcruple was looked upon as obſtinacy, and not to be removed but by ſeveral engines invented for that purpoſe. In a word, the application of whips, racks, gibbets, gallies, dungeons, fire and faggot, in a diſpute, may be look'd upon as Popiſh refinements upon the old Heathen Logick.

THERE is another way of reaſoning which ſeldom fails, tho' it be of a quite different nature to that I have laſt mentioned. I mean, convincing a

Man by ready money, or as it is ordinarily called, bribing a man to an opinion. This method has often proved fuccefsful, when all the others have been made ufe of to no purpofe. A Man who is furnifhed with arguments from the Mint, will convince his Antagonift much fooner than one who draws them from reafon and Philofophy. Gold is a wonderful clearer of the Underftanding; it diffipates every doubt and fcruple in an inftant; accommodates itfelf to the meaneft capacities; filences the loud and clamorous, and brings over the moft obftinate and inflexible. *Philip* of *Macedon* was a Man of moft invincible reafon this way. He refuted by it all the Wifdom of *Athens*, confounded their Statefmen, ftruck their Orators dumb, and at length argued them out of all their liberties.

HAVING here touched upon the feveral methods of difputing, as they have prevailed in different Ages of the World, I fhall very fuddenly give my Reader an account of the whole art of cavilling; which fhall be a full and fatisfactory Anfwer to all fuch Papers and Pamphlets as have yet appeared againft the SPECTATOR. C

No. 240. *Wednefday, December 5.*

——Aliter not fit, Avite, liber. Mart. Ep. 17. l. 1.

Of fuch materials, Sir, are books compofed.

MR SPECTATOR,

'I AM of one of the moft genteel Trades in the 'City, and underftand thus much of liberal Edu'cation, as to have an ardent ambition of being 'ufeful to Mankind, and to think that the chief end 'of Being as to this life. I had thefe good impref'fions given me from the handfome behaviour of a

'learned,

'learned, generous, and wealthy Man, towards me 'when I firſt began the world. Some diſſatisfaction 'between me and my parents made me enter into 'it with leſs reliſh of buſineſs than I ought; and to 'turn off this uneaſineſs I gave myſelf to criminal 'pleaſures, ſome exceſſes, and a general looſe con- 'duct. I know not what the excellent Man above- 'mentioned ſaw in me, but he deſcended from the 'ſuperiority of his wiſdom and merit, to throw 'himſelf frequently into my company. This made 'me ſoon hope that I had ſomething in me worth 'cultivating, and his converſation made me ſenſible of 'ſatisfactions in a regular way, which I had never 'before imagined. When he was grown familiar 'with me, he opened himſelf like a good Angel, 'and told me, he had long laboured to ripen me in- 'to a preparation to receive his friendſhip and ad- 'vice, both which I ſhould daily command, and the 'uſe of any part of his fortune, to apply the mea- 'ſures he ſhould propoſe to me, for the improve- 'ment of my own. I aſſure you, I cannot recol- 'lect the goodneſs and confuſion of the good Man 'when he ſpoke to this purpoſe to me, without melt- 'ing into tears; but in a word, Sir, I muſt haſten 'to tell you, that my heart burns with gratitude to- 'wards him, and he is ſo happy a Man, that it can 'never be in my power to return him his favours in 'kind, but I am ſure I have made him the moſt a- 'greeable ſatisfaction I could poſſibly, in being rea- 'dy to ſerve others to my utmoſt ability, as far as 'is conſiſtent with the prudence he preſcribes to me. 'Dear Mr SPECTATOR, I do not owe to him only 'the good will and eſteem of my own relations, '(who are people of diſtinction) the preſent eaſe and 'plenty of my circumſtances, but alſo the govern- 'ment of my paſſions, and regulation of my deſires. 'I doubt not, Sir, but in your imagination ſuch 'virtues as theſe of my worthy friend, bear as great 'a figure as actions which are more glittering in the

'common Eſtimation. What I would aſk of you, 'is to give us a whole *Spectator* upon Heroic Virtue 'in common life, which may incite men to the ſame 'generous nclinations, as have by this admirabl 'perſon been ſhewn to, and rais'd in,

SIR, Your moſt humble Servant,

Mr SPECTATOR,

'I AM a Country Gentleman, of a good plentiful 'eſtate, and live as the reſt of my neighbours 'with great hoſpitality. I have been ever reckoned 'among the ladies the beſt company in the World, 'and have acceſs as a ſort of favourite. I never 'came in public but I ſaluted them, though in 'great Aſſemblies, all around, where it was ſeen 'how genteely I avoided hampering my ſpurs in 'their Petticoats, whilſt I moved amongſt them; 'and on the other ſide how prettily they curtſied 'and received me, ſtanding in proper rows, and 'advancing as faſt as they ſaw their elders, or their 'betters, diſpatch'd by me. But ſo it is, Mr SPEC-'TATOR, that all our good-breeding is of late loſt 'by the unhappy arrival of a Courtier, or Town 'Gentleman, who came lately among us: This 'perſon whenever he came into a room made a pro-'found bow, and fell back, then recovered with a 'ſoft air, and made a bow to the next, and ſo to one 'or two more, and then took the groſs of the room, 'by paſſing by them in a continued bow till he ar-'rived at the perſon he thought proper particularly 'to entertain. This he did with ſo good a grace 'and aſſurance, that it is taken for the preſent fa-'ſhion; and there is no young Gentlewoman with-'in ſeveral miles of this place has been kiſſed ever 'ſince his firſt appearance among us. We Country 'Gentlemen cannot begin again and learn theſe fine 'and reſerved airs; and our converſation is at a 'ſtand,

'stand, till we have your judgment for or against
'kissing, by way of civility or salutation; which
'is impatiently expected by your friends of both
'sexes, but by none so much as

Your humble Servant,
RUSTIC SPRIGHTLY.

MR SPECTATOR, *Decemb. 3, 1711.*

'I WAS the other Night at *Philaster*, where I expected to hear your famous Trunk-maker, but was unhappily disappointed of his company, and saw another person who had the like ambition to distinguish himself in a noisy manner, partly by the vociferation or talking loud, and partly by his bodily agility. This was a very lusty fellow, but withal a sort of Beau, who getting into one of the side-boxes on the Stage before the curtain drew, was disposed to shew the whole Audience his activity by leaping over the spikes; he pass'd from thence to one of the entring doors, where he took snuff with a tolerable good grace, display'd his fine clothes, made two or three faint passes at the curtain with his cane, then faced about and appear'd at t'other door: Here he affected to survey the whole house, bow'd and smil'd at random, and then shew'd his teeth, which were some of them indeed very white: After this he retired behind the Curtain, and obliged us with several views of his person from every opening.

'DURING the time of acting, he appear'd frequently in the Prince's Apartment, made one at the Hunting-match, and was very forward in the Rebellion. If there were no injunctions to the contrary, yet this practice must be confess'd to diminish the pleasure of the audience, and for that reason presumptuous and unwarrantable: But since her Majesty's late command has made it criminal, you have authority to take notice of it.

SIR, Your humble Servant,
CHARLES EASY.

T.

No. 241. *Thursday, December 6.*

——Semperque relinqui
Sola sibi, semper longam incomitata videtur
Ire viam—— Virg. Aen. 4. v. 466.

——— She seems alone
To wander in her Sleep through Ways unknown,
Guideless and dark. Dryden.

Mr Spectator.

'THOUGH you have considered virtuous Love in most of its distresses, I do not remember that you have given us any Dissertation upon the absence of Lovers, or laid down any methods how they should support themselves under those long separations which they are sometimes forced to undergo. I am at present in this unhappy circumstance, having parted with the best of Husbands, who is abroad in the service of his Country, and may not possibly return for some Years. His warm and generous affection while we were together, with the tenderness which he expressed to me at parting, make his absence almost insupportable. I think of him every moment of the Day, and meet him every Night in my dreams. Every thing I see puts me in mind of him. I apply myself with more than ordinary diligence to the care of his Family and his Estate; but this, instead of relieving me, gives me but so many occasions of wishing for his return. I frequent the rooms where I used to converse with him, and not meeting him there, sit down in his chair, and fall a weeping. I love to read the books he delighted in, and to converse with the persons whom he esteemed. I visit his Picture a hundred times a-day, and place myself over-against it whole hours together. I pass a great part of my time in the walks where

'I used

'used to lean upon his arm, and recollect in my 'mind the Discourses which have there passed be-'tween us: I look over the several prospects and 'points of view which we used to survey together, 'fix my Eye upon the objects which he has made 'me take notice of, and call to mind a thousand a-'greeable remarks which he has made on those oc-'casions. I write to him by every conveyance, and 'contrary to other people, am always in good-hu-'mour when an East-Wind blows, because it seldom 'fails of bringing me a Letter from him. Let me 'intreat you, Sir, to give me your advice upon this 'occasion, and to let me know how I may relieve 'myself in this my Widowhood.

I am, S I R,

Your very humble Servant,

ASTERIA.

ABSENCE is what the Poets call Death in Love, and has given occasion to abundance of beautiful complaints in those Athors who have treated of this passion in Verse. *Ovid's* Epistles are full of them. *Otway's Monimia* talks very tenderly upon this subject.

——————It was not kind
To leave me like a Turtle, here alone,
To droop and mourn the Absence of my Mate.
When thou art from me, every Place is desert:
And I, methinks, am savage and forlorn.
Thy Presence only 'tis can make me blest,
Heal my unquiet Mind, and tune my Soul.

THE Consolations of Lovers on these occasions are very extraordinary. Besides those mentioned by *Asteria*, there are many other motives of comfort, which are made use of by absent Lovers.

I remember in one of *Scudery's* Romances, a couple of honourable Lovers agreed at their parting

to

to ſet aſide one half Hour in the Day to think of each other during a tedious abſence. The Romance tells us, that they both of them punctually obſerved the time thus agreed upon; and that whatever company or buſineſs they were engaged in, they left it abruptly as ſoon as the Clock warned them to retire. The Romance further adds, That the Lovers expected the return of this ſtated Hour with as much impatience, as if it had been a real aſſignation, and enjoyed an imaginary happineſs that was almoſt as pleaſing to them as what they would have found from a real meeting. It was an inexpreſſible ſatiſfaction to thoſe divided Lovers, to be aſſured that each was at the ſame time employed in the ſame kind of contemplation, and making equal returns of tenderneſs and affection.

IF I may be allowed to mention a more ſerious expedient for the alleviating of Abſence, I ſhall take notice of one which I have known two perſons practiſe, who joined Religion to that elegance of ſentiments with which the paſſion of Love generally inſpires its Votaries. This was, at the return of ſuch an Hour, to offer up a certain Prayer for each other, which they had agreed upon before their parting. The Huſband, who is a man that makes a figure in the polite World, as well as in his own family, has often told me, that he could not have ſupported an abſence of three Years without this expedient.

STRADA, in one of his Proluſions, gives an account of a chimerical correſpondence between two Friends by the help of a certain Loadſtone, which had ſuch virtue in it, that if it touched two ſeveral Needles, when one of the Needles ſo touched began to move, the other, though at never ſo great a diſtance, moved at the ſame time, and in the ſame manner. He tells us, that the two friends, being each of them poſſeſſed of one of theſe Needles, made a kind of a Dial-plate, inſcribing it with the four and twenty Letters, in the ſame manner as the hours of the

the day are marked upon the ordinary Dial-plate. They then fixed one of the Needles on each of these Plates in such a manner, that it could move round without impediment, so as to touch any of the four and twenty Letters. Upon their separating from one another into distant Countries, they agreed to withdraw themselves punctually into their closets at a certain Hour of the Day, and to converse with one another by means of this their invention. Accordingly when they were some hundred Miles asunder, each of them shut himself up in his closet at the time appointed, and immediately cast his eye upon his Dial-plate. If he had a mind to write any thing to his friend, he directed his needle to every Letter that formed the Words which he had occasion for, making a little pause at the end of every word or sentence, to avoid confusion. The friend, in the mean while, saw his own sympathetic Needle moving of itself to every Letter which that of his correspondent pointed at. By this means they talked together across a whole Continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an instant over Cities or Mountains, Seas or Deserts.

IF Monsieur *Scudery*, or any other Writer of Romance, had introduced a Necromancer, who is generally in the train of a Knight-Errant, making a present to two Lovers of a couple of these above-mentioned Needles, the Reader would not have been a little pleased to have seen them corresponding with one another when they were guarded by spies and watches, or separated by castles and adventures.

In the mean-while, if ever this invention should be revived or put in practice, I would propose, that upon the Lover's Dial-plate there should be written not only the four-and-twenty Letters, but several entire words which have always a place in passionate Epistles, as *Flames*, *Darts*, *Die*, *Languish*, *Absence*, *Cupid*, *Heart*, *Eyes*, *Hang*, *Drown*, and the like. This would very much abridge the Lover's pains in this

this way of writing a Letter, as it would enable him to exprefs the moft ufeful and fignificant words with a fingle touch of the Needle. C

No. 242. *Friday, December 7.*

Creditur, ex medio quia res arceffit, habere
Sudoris minimum—— Hor. Ep. 1. l. 2. v. 168

To write on vulgar themes, is thought an eafy tafk.

Mr Spectator,

'YOUR Speculations do not fo generally prevail over Mens manners as I could wifh. A former Paper of yours concerning the mifbehaviour of people, who are neceffarily in each other's company in travelling, ought to have been a lafting admonition againft tranfgreffions of that kind: But I had the fate of your Quaker, in meeting with a rude fellow in a Stage-Coach, who entertained two or three Women of us (for there was no Man befides himfelf) with language as indecent as ever was heard upon the Water. The impertinent obfervations which the Coxcomb made upon our fhame and confufion were fuch, that it is an unfpeakable grief to reflect upon them. As much as you have declaimed againft Duelling, I hope you will do us the juftice to declare, that if the brute has courage enough to fend to the place where he faw us all alight together to get rid of him, there is not one of us but has a Lover who fhall avenge the infult. It would certainly be worth your confideration, to look into the frequent misfortunes of this kind, to which the modeft and innocent are expofed, by the licentious behaviour of fuch as are as much Strangers to good-breeding as to Virtue.

'Could

'Could we avoid hearing what we do not approve, as 'easily as we can seeing what is disagreeable, there 'were some consolation; but since in a Box at a 'Play, in an Assembly of Ladies, or even in a Pew 'at Church, it is in the power of a gross Coxcomb 'to utter what a Woman cannot avoid hearing, how 'miserable is her condition who comes within the 'power of such impertinents? And how necessary is 'it to repeat invectives against such a behaviour? If 'the Licentious had not utterly forgot what it is 'to be modest, they would know that offended Mo-'desty labours under one of the greatest sufferings 'to which human life can be exposed. If one of 'these Brutes could reflect thus much, tho' they 'want shame, they would moved, by their pity, to 'abhor an impudent behaviour in the presence of 'the Chaste and Innocent. If you will oblige us 'with a *Spectator* on this subject, and procure it to 'be pasted against every Stage-Coach in *Great-Bri-'tain*, as the law of the journey, you will highly 'oblige the whole Sex, for which you have professed 'so great an esteem: and in particular, the two la-'dies my late Fellow Sufferers, and,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

REBECCA RIDINGHOOD.

MR SPECTATOR,

'THE matter which I am now going to send you, 'is an unhappy Story in low life, and will re-'commend itself, so that you must excuse the man-'ner of expressing it. A poor idle drunken Weaver 'in *Spittle-Fields* has a faithful laborious Wife, who 'by her frugality and industry had laid by her as 'much money as purchased her a ticket in the pre-'sent lottery. She had hid this very privately in the 'bottom of a trunk, and had given her number to

'a friend

'a friend and confident, who had promiſed to keep 'the ſecret, and bring her News of the ſucceſs. 'The poor adventurer was one day gone abroad, 'when her careleſs Huſband, ſuſpecting ſhe had ſa-'ved ſome money, ſearches every corner, till at 'length he finds this ſame Ticket; which he imme-'diately carries abroad, ſells, and ſquanders away 'the Money without the Wife's ſuſpecting any thing 'of the matter. A day or two after this, this 'friend who was a Woman, comes and brings the 'Wife word, that ſhe had a benefit of Five Hun-'dred Pounds. The poor creature overjoyed, flies 'up ſtairs to her Huſband, who was then at work, 'and deſires him to leave his loom for that Evening, 'and come and drink with a friend of his and hers 'below. The Man received this chearful invitation 'as bad Huſbands ſometimes do, and after a croſs 'word or two, told her he wou'd not come. His 'Wife with tenderneſs renewed her importunity, 'and at length ſaid to him, My Love! I have with-'in theſe few months, unknown to you, ſcraped to-'gether as much money as has bought us a ticket in 'the Lottery, and now here is Mrs *Quick* come to 'tell me, that 'tis come up this Morning a Five 'hundred Pound prize. The Huſband replies im-'mediately, You lye, you ſlut, you have no ticket, for 'I have ſold it. The poor Woman upon this faints 'away in a fit, recovers, and is now run diſtracted. 'As ſhe had no deſign to defraud her Huſband, but 'was willing only to participate in his good fortune, 'every one pities her, but thinks her Huſband's pu-'niſhment but juſt. This Sir, is matter of fact, and 'would, if the perſons and circumſtances were 'greater, in a well-wrought Play be called *Beauti-'ful Diſtreſs*. I have only ſketched it out with chalk, 'and know a good hand can make a moving Picture 'with worſe materials.

SIR, &c.

Mr.

MR SPECTATOR,

'I AM what the World calls a warm fellow, and
'by good fuccefs in trade I have raifed myfelf to a
'capacity of making fome figure in the World; but
'no matter for that, I have now under my Guardi-
'anfhip a couple of Nieces, who will certainly make
'me run mad; which you will not wonder at, when
'I tell you they are Female Virtuofos, and during
'the three Years and a half that I have had them
'under my care, they never in the leaft inclined their
'thoughts towards any one fingle part of the cha-
'racter of a notable Woman. Whilft they fhould
'have been confidering the proper ingredients for a
'Sack-poffet, you fhould hear a difpute concerning
'the magnetic Virtue of the Loadftone, or perhaps
'the preffure of the Atmofphere: Their language is
'peculiar to themfelves, and they fcorn to exprefs
'themfelves on the meaneft trifle with words that are
'not of a *Latin* Derivation. But this were fuppor-
'table ftill, would they fuffer me to enjoy an unin-
'terrupted ignorance; but, unlefs I fall in with their
'abftracted ideas of things (as they call them) I muft
'not expect to fmoke one Pipe in quiet. In a late fit
'of the Gout I complained of the Pain of that Dif-
'temper, when my Niece *Kitty* begged leave to af-
'fure me, that whatever I might think, feveral great
'Philofophers, both ancient and modern, were of o-
'pinion, that both Pleafure and Pain were imaginary
'diftinctions, and that there was no fuch thing as
'either *in rerum Natura*. I have often heard them
'affirm that the Fire was not hot; and one day when
'I, with the Authority of an old fellow, defired one
'of them to put my blue cloke on my knees, fhe an-
'fwered, Sir, I will reach the cloke; but take notice,
'I do not do it as allowing your Defcription; for it
'might as well be called yellow as blue; for colour
'is nothing but the various infractions of the rays of
'the Sun. Mifs *Molly* told me one day; That to

'say snow was white, is allowing a vulgar error, for
'as it contains a great quantity of nitrous particles,
'it might more reasonably be supposed to be black.
'In short, the young Hussеys would persuade me,
'that to believe one's eyes is a sure way to be de-
'ceived; and have often advised me, by no means,
'to trust any thing so fallible as my Senses. What
'I have to beg of you now is, to turn one Specula-
'tion to the due regulation of Female Literature, so
'far at least, as to make it consistent with the quiet
'of such whose fate it is to be liable to its insults;
'and to tell us the difference between a Gentleman
'that should make cheese-cakes and raise paste, and
'a Lady that reads *Locke*, and understands the Ma-
'thematics. In which you will extremely oblige.

Your hearty Friend and humble Servant,

ABRAHAM THRIFTY.

No. 243. *Saturday, December* 8.

Formam quidem ipsam, Marce fili, & tanquam faciem Honesti vides: quæ si oculis cerneretur, mirabiles amores (ut ait Plato) excitaret sapientiæ. Tull. Offic.

You see, my Son Marcus, *the very shape and countenance, as it were of Virtue; which, if it cou'd be made the object of Sight, would (as* Plato *says) excite in us a wonderful Love of Wisdom.*

I DO not remember to have read any Discourse written expresly upon the Beauty and Loveliness of Virtue, without considering it as a duty, and as the Means of making us happy both now and hereafter. I design therefore this Speculation as an essay upon that Subject, in which I shall consider Virtue no farther than as it is in itself of an amiable Nature, after having premised, that I understand by the word Vir-

tue

tue fuch a general notion as is affixed to it by the Writers of Morality, and which by devout Men generally goes under the name of Religion, and by Men of the World under the name of Honour.

HYPOCRISY itfelf does great Honour, or rather juftice to Religion, and tacitly acknowledges it to be an Ornament to human Nature. The Hypocrite would not be at fo much pains to put on the appearance of Virtue, if he did not know it was the moft proper and effectual Means to gain the Love and efteem of Mankind.

WE learn from *Hierocles*, it was a common Saying among the Heathens, that the Wife Man hates no body, but only loves the Virtuous.

TULLY has a very beautiful gradation of thoughts to fhew how amiable Virtue is. We love a virtuous Man, fays he, who lives in the remoteft parts of the earth, though we are altogether out of the reach of his Virtue, and can receive from it no manner of benefit; nay one who died feveral ages ago, raifes a fecret fondnefs and benevolence for him in our minds, when we read his Story: Nay what is ftill more, one who has been the enemy of our country, provided his Wars were regulated by Juftice and Humanity, as in the inftance of *Pyrrhus* whom *Tully* mentions on this occafion in oppofition to *Hannibal*. Such is the natural beauty and Lovelinefs of Virtue.

STOICISM, which was the pedantry of Virtue, afcribes all good qualifications, of what kind foever, to the virtuous Man. Accordingly *Cato*, in the character *Tully* has left him, carried matters fo far, that he would not allow any one but a virtuous man to be handfome. This indeed looks more like a Philofophical rant, than the real opinion of a Wife Man; yet this was what *Cato* very ferioufly maintained. In fhort, the Stoicks thought they could not fufficiently reprefent the excellence of Virtue, if they did not comprehend in the notion of it all poffible perfections; and therefore did not only fuppofe, that it

was tranſcendently beautiful in itſelf, but that it made the very body amiable, and baniſhed every kind of deformity from the perſon in whom it reſided.

IT is a common Obſervation, that the moſt abandoned to all ſenſe of Goodneſs, are apt to wiſh thoſe who are related to them of a different character; and it is very obſervable, that none are more ſtruck with the charms of Virtue in the fair Sex, than thoſe who by their very admiration of it are carried to a deſire of ruining it.

A virtuous mind in a fair body is indeed a fine picture in a good light, and therefore it is no wonder that it makes the beautiful ſex all over charms.

AS Virtue in general is of an amiable and lovely nature, there are ſome particular kinds of it which are more ſo than others, and theſe are ſuch as diſpoſe us to do good to Mankind. Temperance and Abſtinence, Faith and Devotion, are in themſelves perhaps as laudable as any other virtues; but thoſe which make a man popular and beloved, are Juſtice, Charity, Munificence, and, in ſhort, all the good qualities that render us beneficial to each other. For which reaſon, even an extravagant man, who has nothing elſe to recommend him but a falſe generoſity, is often more beloved and eſteemed than a perſon of a much more finiſhed character, who is defective in this particular.

THE two great ornaments of Virtue, which ſhew her in the moſt advantageous views, and make her altogether lovely, are Chearfulneſs and Good-nature. Theſe generally go together, as a man cannot be agreeable to others who is not eaſy within himſelf. They are both very requiſite in a virtuous mind, to keep out melancholy from the many ſerious thoughts it is engaged in, and to hinder its natural hatred of Vice from ſouring into ſeverity and cenſoriouſneſs.

IF Virtue is of this amiable nature, what can we think of thoſe who can look upon it with an eye of hatred and ill-will, or can ſuffer their averſion for a party

party to blot out all the Merit of the Perſon who is engaged in it. A Man muſt be exceſſively ſtupid, as well as uncharitable, who believes that there is no Virtue but on his own ſide, and that there are not men as honeſt as himſelf who may differ from him in political principles. Men may oppoſe one another in ſome particulars, but ought not to carry their hatred to thoſe qualities which are of ſo amiable a nature in themſelves, and have nothing to do with the points in diſpute. Men of Virtue, though of different intereſts, ought to conſider themſelves as more nearly united with one another, than with the vicious part of mankind, who embark with them in the ſame civil concerns. We ſhould bear the ſame Love towards a Man of Honour, who is a living Antagoniſt, which *Tully* tells us in the formentioned paſſage every one naturally does to an enemy that is dead. In ſhort, we ſhould eſteem Virtue though in a foe, and abhor Vice though in a friend.

I ſpeak this with an eye to thoſe cruel treatments which men of all ſides are apt to give the characters of thoſe who do not agree with them. How many perſons of undoubted Probity, and exemplary Virtue, on either ſide, are blackned and defamed? How many men of Honour expoſed to public obloquy and reproach? Thoſe therefore who are either the inſtruments or abettors in ſuch infernal dealings, ought to be looked upon as perſons who make uſe of Religion to promote their cauſe, not of their cauſe to promote Religion.

C

Monday,

No. 244. *Monday, December* 10.

——*Judex & callidus audis.* Hor. Sat. 7. l. 2. v. 101.

A judge of Painting you, and man of Skill. Creech.

Mr Spectator, *Covent-Garden, Decemb.* 7.

'I Cannot, without a double injustice, forbear 'expressing to you the satisfaction which a whole 'Clan of Virtuosos have received from those hints 'which you have lately given the Town on the Car-'tons of the inimitable *Raphael*. It should be, me-'thinks, the business of a *Spectator* to improve the 'pleasures of sight, and there cannot be a more im-'mediate way to it than recommending the study 'and observation of excellent Drawings and Pictures. 'When first I went to view those of Raphael which 'you have celebrated, I must confess I was but bare-'ly pleased; the next time I liked them better, but 'at last I grew better acquainted with them, I fell 'deeply in love with them, like wise speeches, they 'sunk deep into my heart; for you know, Mr Spec-'tator, that a Man of Wit may extremely affect one 'for the present, but if he has not discretion, his me-'rit soon vanishes away, while a Wise Man that has 'not so great a stock of Wit, shall nevertheless give 'you a far greater and more lasting satisfaction: just 'so it is in a Picture that is smartly touched but not 'well studied; one may call it a witty Picture, tho' 'the painter in the mean time may be in danger of 'being called a fool. On the other hand, a Picture 'that is throughly understood in the whole, and well 'performed in the particulars, that is begun on the 'foundation of Geometry, carried on by the rules of 'Perspective, Architecture, and Anatomy, and per-'fected by a good harmony, a just and natural co-

'louring

‘ louring, and ſuch paſſions, and expreſſions of the
‘ mind as are almoſt peculiar to *Raphael*; this is what
‘ you may juſtly ſtile a wiſe Picture, and which ſel-
‘ dom fails to ſtrike us dumb, till we can aſſemble all
‘ our faculties to make but a tolerable judgment upon
‘ it. Other Pictures are made for the eyes only, as
‘ rattles are made for Childrens ears; and certainly
‘ that picture that only pleaſes the eye, without re-
‘ preſenting ſome well-choſen part of nature or other,
‘ does but ſhew what fine colours are to be ſold at the
‘ colour-ſhop, and mocks the works of the Creator.
‘ If the beſt imitator of Nature is not to be eſteemed
‘ the beſt Painter, but he that makes the greateſt
‘ ſhow and glare of colours; it will neceſſarily follow,
‘ that he who can array himſelf in the moſt gaudy
‘ draperies is beſt dreſt, and he that can ſpeak loudeſt
‘ the beſt orator. Every man, when he looks on a pic-
‘ ture ſhould examine it according to that ſhare of
‘ reaſon he is maſter of, or he will be in danger of
‘ making a wrong judgment. If Men as they walk
‘ abroad would make more frequent obſervations on
‘ thoſe beauties of Nature which every moment pre-
‘ ſent themſelves to their view, they would be better
‘ judges when they ſaw her well imitated at home:
‘ This would help to correct thoſe errors which moſt
‘ pretenders fall into, who are ever haſty in their
‘ judgments, and will not ſtay to let Reaſon come in
‘ for a ſhare in the deciſion. ’Tis for want of this that
‘ Men miſtake in this caſe, and in common life, a wild
‘ extravagant pencil for one that is truly bold and
‘ great, an impudent fellow for a Man of true cou-
‘ rage and bravery, haſty and unreaſonable actions
‘ for enterpriſes of ſpirit and reſolution, gaudy colour-
‘ ing for that which is truly beautiful, a falſe and in-
‘ ſinuating Diſcourſe for ſimple truth elegantly re-
‘ commended. The parallel will hold through all the
‘ parts of life and Painting too; and the Virtuous a-
‘ bove-mentioned will be glad to ſee you draw it with
‘ your terms of Art. As the Shadows in Picture re-
‘ preſent

‘ preſent the ſerious or melancholy, ſo the lights do the bright and lively thoughts: As there ſhould be but one forcible light in a Picture which ſhould catch the eye and fall on the Hero, ſo there ſhould be but one object of our Love, even the Author of Nature. Theſe and the like reflections well improved, might very much contribute to open the beauty of that Art, and prevent young people from being poiſoned by the ill Guſto of an extravagant Workman that ſhould be impoſed upon us.

I am, SIR, Your moſt humble Servant.

MR SPECTATOR,

‘ THOUGH I am a Woman, yet I am one of thoſe who confeſs themſelves highly pleaſed with a Speculation you obliged the world with ſometime ago, from an old *Greek* poet you call *Simonides*, in relation to the ſeveral natures and diſtinctions of our own Sex. I could not but admire how juſtly the characters of Women in this age, fall in with the times of *Simonides*, there being no one of thoſe ſorts I have not at ſome time or other of my life met with a ſample of. But, Sir, the ſubject of this preſent Addreſs, are a ſet of Women comprehended, I think, in the Ninth Specie of that Speculation, called the Apes; the deſcription of whom I find to be, “That they are ſuch as are both ugly and ill-natured, who have nothing beautiful themſelves, and endeavour to detract from or ridicule every thing that appears ſo in others.” Now, Sir, this Sect, as I have been told, is very frequent in the great Town where you live; but as my circumſtance of life obliges me to reſide altogether in the country, though not many Miles from *London*, I can't have met with a great number of 'em, nor indeed is it a deſirable acquaintance, as I have lately found by experience. You muſt know, Sir, that at the beginning of this Summer a family of theſe Apes came and ſettled for the

‘ ſeaſon

‘ ſeaſon not far from the place where I live. As they
‘ were ſtrangers in the country, they were viſited by
‘ the Ladies about ’em, of whom I was, with an hu-
‘ manity uſual in thoſe that paſs moſt of their time
‘ in ſolitude. The Apes lived with us very agreea-
‘ ably, our own way, till towards the end of the Sum-
‘ mer, when they began to bethink themſelves of re-
‘ turning to Town; then it was, Mr Spectator, that
‘ they began to ſet themſelves about the proper and
‘ diſtinguiſhing buſineſs of their character; and, as
‘ ’tis ſaid of evil ſpirits, that they are apt to carry a-
‘ way a piece of the houſe they are about to leave,
‘ the, Apes, without regard to common mercy, civi-
‘ lity, or gratitude, thought fit to mimick and fall foul
‘ on the faces, dreſs, and behaviour of their innocent
‘ neighbours, beſtowing abominable cenſures and diſ-
‘ graceful appellations commonly called Nick-names,
‘ on all of them; and in ſhort, like true fine Ladies,
‘ made their honeſt plainneſs and ſincerity matter of
‘ Ridicule. I could not but acquaint you with theſe
‘ grievances, as well at the deſire of all the parties in-
‘ jured, as from my own inclination. I hope, Sir, if
‘ you can’t propoſe entirely to reform this evil, you
‘ will take ſuch notice of it in ſome of your future
‘ Speculations, as may put the deſerving part of our
‘ Sex on their guard againſt theſe creatures; and at
‘ the ſame time the Apes may be ſenſible, that this
‘ ſort of mirth is ſo far from an innocent diverſion,
‘ that it is in the higheſt degree that vice which is ſaid
‘ to comprehend all others.

I am, SIR, Your humble Servant,

T CONSTANTIA FIELD.

Tueſday,

No. 245. *Tueſday, December* 11.

Ficta Voluptatis cauſa ſint proxima veris. Hor. Ars. Poet. v. 338.

Fictions, to pleaſe, ſhou'd wear the face of Truth.

THERE is nothing which one regards ſo much with an eye of mirth and pity as Innocence, when it has in it a daſh of Folly. At the ſame time that one eſteems the Virtue, one is tempted to laugh at the ſimplicity which accompanies it. When a man is made up wholly of the Dove, without the leaſt grain of the Serpent in his compoſition, he becomes ridiculous in many circumſtances of life, and very often diſcredits his beſt actions. The *Cordeliers* tell a ſtory of their Founder *St Francis*, that as he paſſed the ſtreets in the duſk of the evening, he diſcovered a young fellow with a Maid in a corner; upon which the good Man, ſay they, lifted up his hands to Heaven with a ſecret thankſgiving, that there was ſtill ſo much Chriſtian Charity in the world. The innocence of the ſaint made him miſtake the Kiſs of a lover for a ſalute of Charity. I am heartily concerned when I ſee a virtuous Man without a competent knowledge of the world; and if there be any uſe in theſe my Papers, it is this, that without repreſenting Vice under any falſe alluring notions, they give my Reader an inſight into the ways of men, and repreſent human Nature in all its changeable colours. The Man who has not been engaged in any of the follies of the world, or, as *Shakeſpear* expreſſes it, *hackney'd in the ways of Men*, may here find a picture of its follies and extravagancies. The Virtuous and the Innocent may know in Speculation what they could never arrive at by practice, and by this means avoid the ſnares of the crafty, the corruptions of the vicious, and the reaſonings of the prejudiced. Their minds may be opened without being vitiated.

IT

IT is with an eye to my following correſpondent, Mr *Timothy Doodle*, who ſeems a very well-meaning man, that I have written this ſhort preface, to which I ſhall ſubjoin a letter from the ſaid Mr *Doodle*,

SIR,

'I COULD heartily wiſh that you would let us know your opinion upon ſeveral innocent diverſions which are in uſe among us, and which are very proper to paſs away a Winter Night for thoſe who do not care to throw away their time at an Opera, or at the Play-houſe. I would gladly know in particular, what notion you have of hot-cockles; as alſo whether you think that queſtions and Commands, Mottoes, Similes, and Croſs Purpoſes have not more mirth and wit in them, than thoſe public diverſions which are grown ſo very faſhionable among us. If you would recommend to our Wives and Daughters, who read your Papers with a great deal of pleaſure, ſome of thoſe ſports and paſtimes that may be practiſed within doors, and by the fire-ſide, we who are Maſters of Families ſhould be hugely obliged to you. I need not tell you that I would have theſe ſports and paſtimes not only merry but innocent, for which reaſon I have not mentioned either Whiſk or Lanterloo, nor indeed ſo much as One and Thirty. After having communicated to you my requeſt upon this Subject, I will be ſo free as to tell you how my Wife and I paſs away theſe tedious Winter Evenings with a great deal of pleaſure. Tho' ſhe be young and handſome, and good humoured to a miracle, ſhe does not care for gadding abroad like others of her Sex. There is a very friendly Man, a Colonel in the Army, whom I am mightily obliged to for his civilities, that comes to ſee me almoſt every Night; for he is not one of thoſe giddy young fellows that cannot live out of a Play-houſe. When we are together, we very often

'make

'make a party at blind-Man's-Buff, which is a ſport 'that I like the better, becauſe there is a good deal 'of exerciſe in it. The Colonel and I are blinded 'by turns, and you will laugh your heart out to ſee 'what pains my Dear takes to hoodwink us, ſo that 'it is impoſſible for us to ſee the leaſt glimpſe of 'light. The poor Colonel ſometimes hits his noſe 'againſt a Poſt, and makes us die with laughing. I 'have generally the good luck not to hurt myſelf, 'but am very often above half an hour before I can 'catch either of them; for you muſt know we hide 'ourſelves up and down in corners, that we may 'have the more Sport. I only give you this hint 'as a ſample of ſuch innocent diverſions as I would 'have you recommend; and am,

Moſt eſteemed SIR, your ever loving Friend,

TIMOTHY DOODLE.

THE following Letter was occaſioned by the laſt *Thurſday's* Paper upon the abſence of Lovers, and the methods therein mentioned of making ſuch abſence ſupportable.

SIR,

'AMONG the ſeveral ways of Conſolation which 'abſent Lovers make uſe of while their Souls 'are in that ſtate of departure, which you ſay is 'Death in Love, there are ſome very material ones 'that have eſcaped your notice. Among theſe, the 'firſt and moſt received is a crooked Shilling, which 'has adminiſtred great comfort to our Forefathers, 'and is ſtill made uſe of on this occaſion with very 'good effect in moſt parts of Her Majeſty's domini'ons. There are ſome, I know, who think a 'Crown-piece cut into two equal parts, and pre'ſerved by the diſtant lovers, is of more ſovereign 'Virtue than the former. But ſince opinions are

'divided

'divided in this particular, why may not the ſame 'perſons make uſe of both? The figure of a Heart, 'whether cut in Stone or caſt in Metal, whether 'bleeding upon an altar, ſtuck with darts, or held 'in the hand of a *Cupid*, has always been looked 'upon as Taliſmanick in diſtreſſes of this nature. I 'am acquainted with many a brave fellow, who car-'ries his Miſtreſs in the lid of his Snuff-box, and 'by that expedient has ſupported himſelf under the 'abſence of a whole Campaign. For my own part, 'I have tried all theſe remedies, but never found ſo 'much benefit from any as from a Ring, in which 'my Miſtreſs's hair is platted together very artifici-'ally in a kind of True-Lover's knot. As I have 'received great benefit from this ſecret, I think my-'ſelf obliged to communicate it to the public, for 'the good of my fellow-ſubjects. I deſire you will 'add this Letter as an Appendix to your conſolations 'upon abſence, and am,

Your very humble Servant, T. B.

I Shall conclude this Paper with a Letter from an Univerſity Gentleman, occaſioned by my laſt *Tueſday*'s paper, wherein I gave ſome account of the great feuds which happened formerly in thoſe learned bodies, between the modern *Greeks* and *Trojans*.

SIR,

'THIS will give you to underſtand, that there is 'at preſent in the Society, whereof I am a 'member, a very conſiderable body of *Trojans*, who, 'upon a proper occaſion, would not fail to declare 'ourſelves. In the mean while we do all we can to 'annoy our enemies by ſtratagem, and are reſolved 'by the firſt opportunity to attack Mr *Joſhua Barnes*, 'whom we look upon as the *Achilles* of the oppoſite 'party. As for myſelf, I have had the reputation 'ever ſince I came from ſchool, of being a truſty

'*Trojan*, and am resolved never to give quarter to 'the smallest particle of *Greek*, where-ever I chance 'to meet it. It is for this reason I take it very ill 'of you, that you sometimes hang out *Greek* Co-'lours at the head of your Paper, and sometimes 'give a word of the enemy even in the body of it. 'When I meet with any thing of this nature, I throw 'down your Speculations upon the table, with that 'form of words which we make use of when we de-'clare War upon an Author.

Græcum est, non potest legi.

'I give you this hint, that you may for the future 'abstain from any such hostilities at your peril.

Troilus.

No. 246. *Wednesday, December* 12.

———Οὐκ ἄρα σοί γε πατὴρ ἦν ἱππότα Πηλεὺς,
Οὐδὲ Θέτις μήτηρ, γλαυκὴ δέ σ' ἔτικτε θάλασσα,
Πέτραι τ' ἠλίβατοι, ὅτι τοι νόος ἐςὶν ἀπηνής.

Hom. Il. 16. 34.

No amorous Hero ever gave thee Birth,
Nor ever tender Goddess brought thee forth:
Some rugged Rock's hard Entrails gave thee Form,
And raging Seas produc'd thee in a Storm:
A Soul well suiting thy tempestuous Kind,
So rough thy Manners, so untam'd thy Mind.

Pope.

Mr Spectator,

'As your Paper is part of the equipage of the 'Tea-Table, I conjure you to print what I 'now write to you; for I have no other way to 'communicate what I have to say to the fair Sex on 'the most important circumstance of life, even the 'care of children. I do not understand that you

'profess

'profeſs your Paper is always to conſiſt of matters 'which are only to entertain the Learned and po- 'lite, but that it may agree with your deſign to 'publiſh ſome which may tend to the information 'of mankind in general; and when it does ſo, you 'do more than writing wit and humour. Give me 'leave then to tell you, that of all the abuſes that 'ever you have as yet endeavoured to reform, cer- 'tainly not one wanted ſo much your aſſiſtance as 'the abuſe in nurſing Children. It is unmerciful to 'ſee, that a Woman endowed with all the perfections 'and bleſſings of Nature, can, as ſoon as ſhe is de- 'livered, turn off her innocent, tender, and help- 'leſs infant, and give it up to a Woman that is (ten 'thouſand to one) neither in health nor good con- 'dition, neither ſound in mind nor body, that has 'neither honour nor reputation, neither Love nor 'Pity for the poor Babe, but more regard for the 'Money than for the whole child, and never will 'take farther care of it than what by all the encou- 'ragement of money and preſents ſhe is forced to; 'like *Æſop*'s Earth, which would not nurſe the Plant 'of another Ground, altho' never ſo much impro- 'ved, by reaſon that Plant was not of its own pro- 'duction. And ſince another's Child is no more 'natural to a Nurſe than a plant to a ſtrange and 'different ground, how can it be ſuppoſed that the 'Child ſhould thrive; and if it thrives, muſt it not 'imbibe the groſs humours and qualities of the 'Nurſe, like a Plant in a different ground, or like 'a Graft upon a different ſtock! Do not we obſerve, 'that a lamb ſucking a goat changes very much its 'nature, nay even its ſkin and wool into the goat- 'kind? The power of a Nurſe over a Child, by in- 'fuſing into it, with her milk, her qualities and diſ- 'poſition, is ſufficiently and daily obſerved: Hence 'came that old Saying concerning an ill-natured 'and malicious fellow, that he had imbibed his ma- 'lice with his Nurſe's Milk, or that ſome brute or

 'other

'other had been his nurſe. Hence *Romulus* and *Remus* were ſaid to have been nurſed by a Wolf, *Telephus* the ſon of *Hercules* by a Hind, *Pelias* the ſon of *Neptune* by a Mare, and *Ægiſthus* by a Goat; not that they had actually ſuck'd ſuch creatures, as ſome ſimpletons have imagin'd, but that their nurſes had been of ſuch a nature and temper, and infuſed ſuch into them.

'MANY inſtances may be produced from good authorities and daily experience, that Children actually ſuck in the ſeveral paſſions and depraved inclinations of their Nurſes, as anger, malice, fear, melancholy, ſadneſs, deſire, and averſion. This *Diodorus*, *lib.* 2. witneſſes, when he ſpeaks, ſaying, That *Nero* the Emperor's Nurſe had been very much addicted to drinking; which habit *Nero* received from his Nurſe, and was ſo very particular in this, that the people took ſo much notice of it, as inſtead of *Tiberius Nero*, they call'd him *Biberius Mero*. The ſame *Diodorus* alſo relates of *Caligula*, predeceſſor to *Nero*, that his Nurſe uſed to moiſten the nipples of her breaſt frequently with blood, to make *Caligula* take the better hold of them: which, ſays *Diodorus*, was the cauſe that made him ſo blood-thirſty and cruel all his life-time after, that he not only committed frequent Murders by his own hand, but likewiſe wiſhed that all human kind wore but one neck, that he might have the pleaſure to cut it off. Such like degeneracies aſtoniſh the Parents, who not knowing after whom the Child can take, ſee one to incline to ſtealing, another to drinking, cruelty, ſtupidity; yet all theſe are not minded. Nay it is eaſy to demonſtrate, that a Child, altho' it be born from the beſt of parents, may be corrupted by an ill-temper-ed Nurſe. How many Children do we ſee daily brought into fits, conſumptions, rickets, &c. merely by ſucking their nurſes when in a paſſion or fury? But indeed almoſt any diſorder of the nurſe is

'a diſorder

'a diforder to the Child, and few nurfes can be 'found in this Town but what labour under fome 'diftemper or other. The firft queftion that is ge-'nerally afked a young Woman that wants to be a 'nurfe, Why fhe fhould be a nurfe to other peoples 'Children? is anfwered, by her having an ill huf-'band, and that fhe muft make fhift to live. I 'think now this very anfwer is enough to give any 'body a fhock, if duly confidered; for an ill Huf-'band may, or ten to one if he does not, bring 'home to his Wife an ill diftemper, or at leaft vex-'ation and difturbance. Befides as fhe takes the 'Child out of meer neceffity, her food will be ac-'cordingly, or elfe very coarfe at beft; whence 'proceeds an ill-concocted and coarfe food for the 'child, for as the blood, fo is the milk; and hence 'I am very well affured proceeds the fcurvy, the 'evil, and many other diftempers. I beg of you, 'for the fake of the many poor Infants that may 'and will be faved, by weighing this cafe ferioufly, 'to exhort the people with the utmoft vehemence to 'let the Children fuck their own Mothers, both for 'the benefit of Mother and Child. For the gene-'ral argument, that a Mother is weakened by giving 'fuck to her Children, is vain and fimple; I will 'maintain that the mother grows ftronger by it, and 'will have her health better than fhe would have o-'therwife: She will find it the greateft cure and 'prefervative for the vapours and future mifcarria-'ges, much beyond any other remedy whatfoever: 'Her Children will be like giants, whereas other-'wife they are but living fhadows and like unripe 'fruit; and certainly if a Woman is ftrong enough 'to bring forth a Child, fhe is beyond all doubt 'ftrong enough to nurfe it afterwards. It grieves 'me to obferve and confider how many poor Chil-'dren are daily ruined by carelefs nurfes; and yet 'how tender ought they to be of a poor Infant, 'fince the leaft hurt or blow, efpecially upon the

'head, may make it senseless, stupid, or otherwise 'miserable for ever?

'BUT I cannot well leave this subject as yet; for 'it seems to me very unnatural, that a Woman that 'has fed a child as part of herself for nine months, 'should have no desire to nurse it farther, when 'brought to light and before her eyes, and when by 'its cry it implores her assistance and the office of a 'Mother. Do not the very cruellest of Brutes tend 'their young ones with all the care and delight ima-'ginable? for how can she be call'd a Mother that 'will not nurse her young ones? The earth is called 'the Mother of all things, not because she produces, 'but because she maintains and nurses what she pro-'duces. The generation of the Infant is the effect of 'desire, but the care of it argues Virtue and choice. 'I am not ignorant but that there are some cases of 'necessity where a Mother cannot give suck, and then 'out of two evils the least must be chosen; but there 'are so very few, that I am sure in a Thousand there 'is hardly one real instance; for if a Woman does but 'know that her Husband can spare about three or six 'Shillings a Week extraordinary, (altho' this is but 'seldom considered) she certainly, with the assistance 'of her Gossips, will soon persuade the good Man to 'send the child to nurse, and easily impose upon him 'by pretending indisposition. This cruelty is suppor-'ted by fashion, and Nature gives place to custom,

SIR,

T *Your humble Servant,*

Thursday,

No. 247. *Thurſday, December* 13.

———Τῶν δ' ἀκάματ☉ ῥέει αὐδὴ
Ἐκ ϛομάτων ἡδεῖα———— Heſiod.

Their untired Lips a wordy Torrent pour.

WE are told by ſome ancient Authors, that *Socrates* was inſtructed in eloquence by a woman, whoſe name, if I am not miſtaken, was *Aſpaſia*. I have indeed very often looked upon that Art as the moſt proper for the Female Sex, and I think the Univerſities would do well to conſider whether they ſhould not fill the rhetoric chairs with She Profeſſors.

IT has been ſaid in the Praiſe of ſome Men, that they could talk whole hours together upon any thing; but it muſt be owned to the Honour of the other Sex, that there are many among them who can talk whole hours together upon nothing. I have known a Woman branch out into a long extempore diſſertation upon the edging of a petticoat, and chide her ſervant for breaking a china Cup, in all the figures of Rhetoric.

WERE Women admitted to plead, in Courts of Judicature, I am perſuaded they would carry the Eloquence of the bar to greater heights than it has yet arrived at. If any one doubts this, let him but be preſent at thoſe debates which frequently ariſe among the Ladies of the *Britiſh* Fiſhery.

THE firſt kind therefore of Female Orators which I ſhall take notice of, are thoſe who are employed in ſtirring up the paſſions, a part of Rhetoric in which *Socrates* his Wife had perhaps made a greater proficiency than his above-mentioned Teacher.

THE ſecond kind of Female Orators are thoſe who deal in invectives, and who are commonly known by the

the name of the cenſorious. The imagination and elocution of this ſet of Rhetoricians is wonderful. With what a fluency of invention, and copiouſneſs of Expreſſion, will they enlarge upon every little ſlip in the behaviour of another? With how many different circumſtances, and with what variety of phraſes, will they tell over the ſame ſtory? I have known an old Lady make an unhappy Marriage the ſubject of a Month's Converſation. She blamed the Bride in one place; pitied her in another; laughed at her in a third; wondered at her in a fourth; was angry with her in a fifth; and in ſhort, wore out a pair of coach-horſes in expreſſing her concern for her. At length, after having quite exhauſted the ſubject on this ſide, ſhe made a viſit to the new-married pair, praiſed the Wife for the prudent choice ſhe had made, told her the unreaſonable reflexions which ſome malicious people had caſt upon her, and deſired that they might be better acquainted. The cenſure and approbation of this kind of Women are therefore only to be conſidered as helps to diſcourſe.

A third kind of Female Orators may be comprehended under the word *Goſſips*. Mrs *Fiddle Faddle* is perfectly accompliſhed in this ſort of eloquence; ſhe lanches out into deſcriptions of Chriſtenings, runs diviſions upon an Head-dreſs, knows every diſh of meat that is ſerved up in her neighbourhood, and entertains her company a whole afternoon together with the wit of her little Boy, before he is able to ſpeak.

THE Coquette may be looked upon as a fourth kind of Female Orator. To give herſelf the larger field for diſcourſe, ſhe hates and loves in the ſame breath, talks to her lap-dog or parrot, is uneaſy in all kinds of weather, and in every part of the Room: She has falſe quarrels and feigned obligations to all the men of her acquaintance; ſighs when ſhe is not ſad, and laughs when ſhe is not merry. The Coquette is in particular a great miſtreſs of that part of Oratory

which is called action, and indeed seems to speak for no other purpose, but as it gives her an opportunity of stirring a limb, or varying a feature, of glancing her Eyes, or playing with her fan.

AS for News-mongers, Politicians, Mimicks, Story-tellers, with other characters of that Nature, which give birth to loquacity, they are as commonly found among the Men as the Women; for which reason I shall pass them over in silence.

I have often been puzzled to assign a cause why Women should have this talent of a ready utterance in so much greater perfection than Men: I have sometimes fancied that they have not a retentive power, or the faculty of suppressing their thoughts, as Men have, but that they are necessitated to speak every thing they think, and if so, it would perhaps furnish a very strong argument to the *Cartesians*, for the supporting of their Doctrine, that the Soul always thinks. But as several are of opinion that the Fair Sex are not altogether strangers to the art of dissembling and concealing their thoughts, I have been forced to relinquish that opinion, and have therefore endeavoured to seek after some better reason. In order to it, a friend of mine, who is an excellent Anatomist, has promised me by the first opportunity to dissect a Woman's Tongue, and to examine whether there may not be in it certain juices which render it so wonderfully voluble or flippant, or whether the fibres of it may not be made up of a finer or more pliant thread, or whether there are not in it some particular muscles which dart it up and down by such sudden glances and vibrations; or whether in the last place, there may not be certain undiscovered channels running from the head and the heart, to this little instrument of loquacity, and conveying into it a perpetual affluence of animal Spirits. Nor must I omit the reason which *Hudibras* has given, why those who can talk on trifles speak with the greatest fluency; namely, that the Tongue is like

like a Race Horſe, which runs the faſter the leſſer weight it carries.

WHICH of theſe reaſons ſoever may be looked upon as the moſt probable, I think the *Iriſhman's* thought was very natural, who after ſome hours converſation with a Female Orator, told her, that he believed her tongue was very glad when ſhe was aſleep, for that it had not a moment's reſt all the while ſhe was awake.

THAT excellent old ballad of *The Wanton Wife of Bath*, has the following remarkable lines.

I think, quoth Thomas, *Womens Tongues*
Of Aſpen leaves are made.

AND *Ovid*, though in the deſcription of a very barbarous circumſtance, tells us, That when the tongue of a beautiful Female was cut out, and thrown upon the ground, it could not forbear muttering even in that poſture.

——*Comprenſam forcipe linguam*
Abſtulit enſe fero. Radix micat ultima linguæ.
Ipſa jacet, terræque tremens immurmurat atræ;
Utque ſalire ſolet mutilatæ cauda colubræ
Palpitat—— Met. l. 6. v. 556.

——The Blade had cut
Her Tongue ſheer of, cloſe to the trembling root:
The mangl'd Part ſtill quiver'd on the Ground,
Murmuring with a faint imperfect Sound;
And, as a Serpent wreathes his wounded Train,
Uneaſy, panting, and poſſeſs'd with Pain.
CROXAL.

IF a Tongue would be talking without a mouth, what could it have done when it had all its Organs of Speech, and accomplices of ſound about it? I might here mention the ſtory of the Pippen Woman, had not I ſome reaſon to look upon it as fabulous.

I muſt confeſs I am ſo wonderfully charmed with the

the Mufic of this little inftrument, that I would by no means difcourage it. All that I aim at by this Differtation is, to cure it of feveral difagreeable Notes and in particular of thofe little jarrings and diffonances which arife from Anger, Cenforioufnefs, Goffiping and Coquetry. In fhort, I would always have it tuned by good-nature, truth, difcretion and fincerity.

No. 248. *Friday, December* 14.

Hoc maximè Officii eft, ut quifque maxime opis indigeat, ita ei potiffimum opitulari. Tull.

It is a principal point of duty, to affift another moft, when he ftands moft in need of affiftance.

THERE are none who deferve Superiority over others in the efteem of Mankind, who do not make it their endeavour to be beneficial to fociety; and who upon all occafions which their circumftances of life can adminifter, do not take a certain unfeigned pleafure in conferring benefits of one kind or other. Thofe whofe great Talents and high Birth have placed them in confpicuous ftations of Life, are indifpenfably obliged to exert fome noble inclinations for the fervice of the world, or elfe fuch advantages become misfortunes, and fhade and privacy are a more eligible portion. Where opportunities and inclinations are given to the fame perfon, we fometimes fee fublime inftances of Virtue, which fo dazzle our Imaginations, that we look with fcorn on all which in lower fcenes of life we may ourfelves be able to practife. But this is a vicious way of thinking; and it bears fome fpice of romantic Madnefs, for a Man to imagine that he muft grow ambitious, or feek adventures to be able to do great actions. It is in

in every Man's power in the world who is above mere poverty, not only to do things worthy but heroic. The great foundation of civil Virtue is Self-denial; and there is no one above the necessities of life, but has opportunities of exercising that noble quality, and doing as much as his circumstances will bear for the ease and convenience of other Men; and he who does more than ordinary Men practise upon such occasions as occur in his life, deserves the value of his friends as if he had done enterprises which are usually attended with the highest Glory. Men of public spirit differ rather in their circumstances than their virtue; and the Man who does all he can in a low station, is more a Hero than he who omits any worthy action he is able to accomplish in a great one. It is not many Years ago since *Lapirius*, in wrong of his elder Brother, came to a great estate by gift of his Father, by reason of the dissolute behaviour of the First-born. Shame and contrition reformed the life of the disinherited Youth, and he became as remarkable for his good qualities as formerly for his errors. *Lapirius*, who observed his Brother's amendment, sent him on a New-Year's day in the Morning the following Letter:

Honoured Brother,

'I Inclose to you the Deeds whereby my father 'gave me this House and Land: Had he lived 'till now, he would not have bestowed it in that 'manner; he took it from the man you were, and 'I restore it to the man you are. I am,

S I R, Your affectionate Brother,

and humble Servant, P. T.

AS great and exalted Spirits undertake the pursuit of hazardous actions for the good of others, at the same time gratifying their passion for Glory; so do

do worthy minds in the domeſtic way of life deny themſelves many advantages, to ſatisfy a generous benevolence which they bear to their friends oppreſſed with diſtreſſes and calamities. Such Natures one may call ſtores of Providence, which are actuated by a ſecret Celeſtial influence to undervalue the ordinary gratifications of wealth, to give comfort to an heart loaded with affliction, to ſave a falling family, to preſerve a branch of Trade in their neighbourhood, and give work to the induſtrious, preſerve the portion of the helpleſs Infant, and raiſe the head of the mourning Father. People whoſe hearts are wholly bent towards pleaſure, or intent upon gain, never hear of the noble occurrences among men of Induſtry and Humanity. It would look like a City Romance, to tell them of the generous Merchant, who the other day ſent this billet to an eminent Trader under difficulties to ſupport himſelf, in whoſe fall many hundreds beſides himſelf had periſhed: But becauſe I think there is more ſpirit and true gallantry in it than in any Letter I have ever read from *Strephon* to *Phillis*, I ſhall inſert it even in the mercantile honeſt ſtile in which it was ſent.

SIR,

'I Have heard of the caſualties which have involved you in extreme diſtreſs at this time; and 'knowing you to be a man of great Good-nature, 'Induſtry and Probity, have reſolved to ſtand by 'you. Be of good chear, the bearer brings with 'him five thouſand Pounds, and has my order to 'anſwer your drawing as much more on my ac- 'count. I did this in haſte, for fear I ſhould come 'too late for your relief; but you may value your- 'ſelf with me to the ſum of fifty thouſand Pounds; 'for I can very chearfully run the hazard of being 'ſo much leſs rich than I am now, to ſave an honeſt 'man whom I love.

Your Friend and Servant, W. P.

I think

I think there is ſomewhere in *Montaigne* mention made of a Family-book, wherein all the occurrences that happened from one generation of that houſe to another were recorded. Were there ſuch a method in the families which are concerned in this generoſity, it would be an hard taſk for the greateſt in *Europe* to give, in their own, an inſtance of a benefit better placed, or conferred with a more graceful Air. It has been heretofore urged how barbarous and inhuman is any unjuſt ſtep made to the diſadvantage of a Trader; and by how much ſuch an act towards him is deteſtable, by ſo much an act of kindneſs towards him is laudable. I remember to have heard a Bencher of the *Temple* tell a Story of a Tradition in their houſe, where they had formerly a cuſtom of chuſing Kings for ſuch a Seaſon, and allowing him his expences at the charge of the Society: One of our Kings, ſaid my Friend, carried his Royal inclination a little too far, and there was a Committee ordered to look into the management of his Treaſury. Among other things it appeared, that his Majeſty walking *incog.* in the cloiſter, had overheard a poor man ſay to another, ſuch a ſmall ſum would make me the happieſt man in the World. The King out of his Royal Compaſſion privately inquired into his character, and finding him a proper Object of Charity, ſent him the Money. When the committee read the report, the houſe paſſed his accounts with a plaudite without farther examination upon the recital of this article in them.

		l.	s.	d.
T	*For making a Man happy*	10 :	00 :	00

Saturday,

No. 249. *Saturday, December* 15.

Γέλως ἄκαιρος ἐν βροτοῖς δεινὸν κακὸν — Frag. Vet. Poet.

Mirth out of ſeaſon is a grievous ill.

WHEN I make choice of a Subject that has not been treated on by others, I throw together my Reflexions on it without any order or method, ſo that they may appear rather in the looſeneſs and freedom of an Eſſay, than in the regularity of a ſet Diſcourſe. It is after this manner that I ſhall conſider Laughter and Ridicule in my preſent Paper.

MAN is the merrieſt ſpecies of the Creation, all above and below him are ſerious. He ſees things in a different light from other beings, and finds his mirth ariſing from objects that perhaps cauſe ſomething like pity or diſpleaſure in higher natures. Laughter is indeed a very good counterpoiſe to the ſpleen; and it ſeems but reaſonable that we ſhould be capable of receiving joy from what is no real good to us, ſince we can receive grief from what is no real evil.

I HAVE in my forty ſeventh Paper raiſed a Speculation on the notion of a modern Philoſopher, who deſcribes the firſt motive of Laughter to be a ſecret compariſon which we make between ourſelves, and the perſons we laugh at; or, in other words, that ſatisfaction which we receive from the opinion of ſome preeminence in ourſelves, when we ſee the abſurdities of another, or when we reflect on any paſt abſurdities of our own. This ſeems to hold in moſt caſes, and we may obſerve that the vaineſt part of Mankind are the moſt addicted to this paſſion.

I HAVE read a Sermon of a Conventual in the Church of *Rome*, on thoſe words of the Wiſe Man,

I said of laughter, it is mad; and of mirth, what does it? Upon which he laid it down as a point of Doctrine, that Laughter was the effect of Original Sin, and that *Adam* could not laugh before the Fall.

LAUGHTER, while it lasts, slackens and unbraces the mind, weakens the faculties, and causes a kind of remissness and dissolution in all the powers of the Soul: And thus far it may be looked upon as a weakness in the composition of human Nature. But if we consider the frequent reliefs we receive from it, and how often it breaks the gloom which is apt to depress the mind and damp our spirits, with transient unexpected Gleams of joy, one would take care not to grow too wise for so great a pleasure of Life.

THE talent of turning men into Ridicule, and exposing to laughter those one converses with, is the qualification of little ungenerous tempers. A young Man with this cast of mind cuts himself off from all manner of improvement. Every one has his flaws and weaknesses; nay, the greatest blemishes are often found in the most shining characters; but what an absurd thing is it to pass over all the valuable parts of a Man, and fix our attention on his infirmities? To observe his imperfections more than his Virtues? and to make use of him for the sport of others, rather than for our own improvement?

WE therefore very often find, that persons the most accomplished in Ridicule are those who are very shrewd at hitting a blot, without exerting any thing masterly in themselves. As there are many eminent Critics who never writ a good Line, there are many admirable buffoons that animadvert upon every single defect in another, without ever discovering the least Beauty of their own. By this means, these unlucky little wits often gain reputation in the esteem of vulgar minds, and raise themselves above persons of much more laudable characters.

IF the Talent of Ridicule were employed to laugh men

men out of vice and folly, it might be of some use to the world; but insted of this, we find that it is generally made use of to laugh Men out of Virtue and good Sense, by attacking every thing that is solemn and serious, decent and praise-worthy in human Life.

WE may observe, that in the first Ages of the World, when the great souls and master-pieces of human nature were produced, Men shined by a noble simplicity of behaviour, and were strangers to those little embellishments which are so fashionable in our present conversation. And it is very remarkable, that notwithstanding we fall short at present of the Ancients in Poetry, Painting, Oratory, History, Architecture, and all the noble Arts and Sciences which depend more upon Genius than experience, we exceed them as much in Doggrel, Humour, Burlesque, and all the trivial arts of ridicule. We meet with more rallery among the Moderns, but more good sense among the Ancients.

THE two great branches of Ridicule in writing are Comedy and Burlesque. The first ridicules persons by drawing them in their proper characters, the other by drawing them quite unlike themselves. Burlesque is therefore of two kinds; the first represents mean Persons in the accoutrements of Heroes, the other describes great Persons acting and speaking like the basest among the People. *Don Quixote* is an instance of the first, and *Lucian*'s God's of the second. It is a dispute among the Critics, whether Burlesque Poetry runs best in Heroic Verse, like that of the *Dispensary*; or Doggrel, like that of *Hudibras*. I think where the low character is to be raised the Herioc is the proper measure; but when an Hero is to be pulled down and degraded, it is done best in Doggrel.

IF *Hudibras* had been set out with as much wit and humour in Heroic verse as he is in Doggrel, he would have made a much more agreeable Figure

than he does; though the generality of his Readers are so wonderfully pleased with the double rhimes, that I do not expect many will be of my opinion in this particular.

I SHALL conclude this Essay upon Laughter with observing, that the Metaphor of laughing, applied to fields and meadows when they are in flower, or to trees when they are in blossom, runs through all Languages; which I have not observed of any other Metaphor, excepting that of fire and burning when they are applied to Love. This shews that we naturally regard Laughter, as what is in itself both amiable and beautiful. For this reason likewise *Venus* has gained the title of Φιλομμειδὴς, the Laughter-loving Dame, as *Waller* has translated it, and is represented by *Horace* as the goddess who delights in laughter. *Milton*, in a joyous Assembly of imaginary persons, has given us a very Poetical Figure of Laughter. His whole band of Mirth is so finely described, that I shall set down the Passage at length.

But come thou Goddess, fair and free,
In Heaven ycleped Euphrosyne,
And by Men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus *at a Birth,*
With two Sister Graces more,
To Ivy-crowned Bacchus *bore:*
Haste thee Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's *Cheek,*
And love to live in Dimple sleek:
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his Sides.
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastick Toe:
And in thy right Hand lead with thee
The mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty;

And

And if I give thee Honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy Crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved Pleasures free.

No. 250. *Monday, December* 17.

Disce docendus adhuc, quæ censet amiculus, ut si
Cæcus iter monstrare velit; tamen aspice si quid
Et nos, quod cures proprium fecisse, loquamur.

Hor. Ep. 17. l. 1. v. 3.

Yet hear what thy unskilful Friend can say,
As if one blind pretends to show the way;
Yet see a while, if what is fairly shown
Be good, and such as you may make your own. CREECH.

MR SPECTATOR,

'YOU see the nature of my request by the *Latin* 'Motto which I address to you. I am very 'sensible I ought not to use many words to you, 'who are one of but few; but the following piece, 'as it relates to Speculation in propriety of Speech, 'being a Curiosity in its kind, begs your patience. 'It was found in a poetical Virtuoso's closet among 'his rarities; and since the several Treatises of 'thumbs, ears, and noses have obliged the world, 'this of Eyes is at your service.

'THE first Eye of consequence (under the invi-'sible Author of all) is the visible Luminary of the 'Universe. This glorious Spectator is said never to 'open his eyes at his rising in a Morning, without 'having a whole Kingdom of Adorers in *Persian* 'Silk waiting at his levee. Millions of Creatures 'derive their sight from this Original, who, besides 'his being the great director of Optics, is the surest 'test whether eyes be of the same species with that

'of

'of an Eagle, or that of an Owl: The one he emboldens with a manly assurance to look, speak, act or plead before the faces of a numerous Assembly; the other he dazzles out of countenance into a sheepish dejectedness. The Sun proof eye dares lead up a dance in a full court; and without blinking at the lustre of Beauty, can distribute an Eye of proper complaisance to a room crowded with company, each of which deserves particular regard; while the other sneaks from conversation, like a fearful debtor, who never dares to look out, but when he can see no body, and no body him.

'THE next instance of Optics is the famous *Argus*, who (to speak the Language of *Cambridge*) was one of an Hundred; and being used as a spy in the affairs of jealousy, was obliged to have all his eyes about him. We have no account of the particular colours, casts and turns of this body of eyes; but as he was pimp for his Mistress *Juno*, 'tis probable he used all the modern leers, sly glances, and other ocular activities to serve his purpose. Some look upon him as the then King at Arms to the Heathenish Deities; and make no more of his eyes than as so many spangles of his Herald's Coat.

'THE next upon the Optic List is old *Janus*, who stood in a double-sighted capacity, like a person placed betwixt two opposite looking-glasses, and so took a sort of retrospective cast at one view. Copies of this double-faced way are not yet out of fashion with many professions, and the ingenious Artists pretend to keep up this species by double-headed canes and spoons; but there is no mark of this Faculty, except in the emblematical way of a wise General having an Eye to both front and rear, or a pious Man taking a review and prospect of his past and future state at the same time.

'I MUST own, that the Names, Colours, Qualities, and Turns of Eyes vary almost in every head;

'for,

‘ for, not to mention the common appellations of the black, the blue, the white, the gray, and the like; the moſt remarkable are thoſe that borrow their titles from Animals, by virtue of ſome particular quality of reſemblance they bear to the Eyes of the reſpective creatures; as that of a greedy rapacious aſpect takes its name from the Cat, that of a ſharp piercing nature from the Hawk, thoſe of an amorous roguiſh look derive their title even from the Sheep, and we ſay ſuch an one has a Sheep's Eye, not ſo much to denote the innocence as the ſimple ſlyneſs of the caſt: Nor is this metaphorical inoculation a modern invention, for we find *Homer* taking the freedom to place the Eye of an Ox, Bull, or Cow in one of his principal Goddeſſes, by that frequent expreſſion of

Βοῶπις πότνιὰ Ἥρη——
The Ox-eyed venerable *Juno*.

‘ NOW as to the peculiar qualities of the Eye, that fine part of our conſtitution ſeems as much the receptacle and ſeat of our paſſions, appetites and inclinations as the mind itſelf; and at leaſt it is the outward portal to introduce them to the houſe within, or rather the common Thoroughfare to let our Affections paſs in and out. Love, Anger, Pride, and Avarice, all viſibly move in thoſe little Orbs. I know a young Lady that can't ſee a certain Gentleman paſs by without ſhewing a ſecret deſire of ſeeing him again by a dance in her Eye-balls; nay, ſhe cannot for the heart of her help looking half the ſtreet's length after any Man in a gay dreſs. You cannot behold a covetous ſpirit walk by a Goldſmiths Shop without caſting a wiſhful Eye at the heaps upon the counter. Does not a haughty perſon ſhew the temper of his Soul in the ſupercilious roll of his Eye; and how frequently in the height of paſſion does that moving

Picture

'Picture in our head start and stare, gather a red-
'ness and quick flashes of Lightning, and makes all
'its humours sparkle with Fire, as *Virgil* finely de-
'scribes it.

——Ardentis ab ore
Scintillæ absistunt: oculis micat acribus ignis.
Æn. 12. v. 101.

——From his wide Nostrils flies
A fiery Steam, and Sparkles from his Eyes.
DRYDEN.

'AS for the various turns of the Eye-sight, such 'as the voluntary or involuntary, the half or the 'whole Leer, I shall not enter into a very particu- 'lar account of them; but let me observe, that 'oblique vision, when natural, was anciently the 'mark of bewitchery and magical Fascination, and 'to this day 'tis a malignant ill look; but when 'tis 'forced and affected it carries a wanton design, and 'in Playhouses, and other public Places, this ocu- 'lar intimation is often an assignation for bad prac- 'tices: But this irregularity in vision, together with 'such enormities as tipping the wink, the circum- 'spective roll, the side-peep through a thin hood or 'fan, must be put in the glass of Heteropticks, as 'all wrong notions of Religion are ranked under 'the general name of Heterodox. All the perni- 'cious applications of Sight are more immediately 'under the direction of a SPECTATOR; and I hope 'you will arm your readers against the Mischiefs 'which are daily done by killing Eyes, in which 'you will highly oblige your wounded unknown 'friend,

T. B.

MR SPECTATOR,

'YOU professed in several Papers your particular 'endeavours in the province of SPECTATOR, 'to correct the offences committed by Starers, who 'disturb whole assemblies without any regard to 'time,

'time, place or modesty. You complained also, 'that a Starer is not usually a person to be convin- 'ced by the reason of the thing, nor so easily rebu- 'ked, as to amend by admonitions. I thought 'therefore fit to acquaint you with a convenient 'mechanical way, which may easily prevent or cor- 'rect staring, by an Optical contrivance of new 'perspective-glasses, short and commodious like Ope- 'ra glasses, fit for short-sighted people as well as o- 'thers, these glasses making the objects appear, ei- 'ther as they are seen by the naked eye, or more 'distinct, though somewhat less than life, or bigger 'and nearer. A person may, by the help of this 'invention, take a view of another, without the 'impertinence of Staring; at the same time it shall 'not be possible to know whom or what he is look- 'ing at. One may look towards his right or left 'hand, when he is supposed to look forwards: This 'is set forth at large in the printed Proposals for 'the sale of these Glasses, to be had at Mr *Dillon*'s 'in *Long-Acre*, next door to the *White-Hart*. Now, 'Sir, as your *Spectator* has occasioned the Publishing 'of this invention for the benefit of modest Specta- 'tors, the inventor desires your admonitions con- 'cerning the decent use of it; and hopes, by your 'recommendation, that for the future beauty may 'be beheld without the torture and confusion which 'it suffers from the insolence of starers. By this 'means you will relieve the innocent from an insult 'which there is no law to punish, tho' it is a great- 'er offence than many which are within the cogni- 'nizance of justice.

I am, S I R,

Your most humble Servant,

Q ABRAHAM SPY.

Tuesday,

No. 251. *Tuesday, December 18.*

——*Linguæ centum ſunt, oraque centum,*
Ferrea vox—— Virg. Aen. 6. v. 625.

——*A hundred mouths, a hundred Tongues,*
And throats of Braſs inſpir'd with iron Lungs. Dryden.

THERE is nothing which more aſtoniſhes a Foreigner, and frights a Country Squire, than the *Cries of London.* My good Friend Sir ROGER often declares, that he cannot get them out of his head or go to ſleep for them, the firſt week that he is in Town. On the contrary, WILL HONEYCOMB calls them the *Ramage de la Ville,* and prefers them to the ſounds of Larks and Nightingales, with all the Muſic of the fields and woods. I have lately received a Letter from ſome very odd fellow upon this ſubject, which I ſhall leave with my Reader, without ſaying any thing further of it.

SIR,

'I AM a Man out of all buſineſs, and would willingly turn my head to any thing for an honeſt 'livelihood. I have invented ſeveral projects for 'raiſing many Millions of money without burdening 'the ſubject, but I cannot get the Parliament to liſten to me, who look upon me, forſooth, as a 'crack, and a projector; ſo that deſpairing to enrich either myſelf or my Country by this public-'ſpiritedneſs, I would make ſome propoſals to you 'relating to a Deſign which I have very much at 'heart, and which may procure me a handſome ſubſiſtence, if you will be pleaſed to recommend it to 'the Cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter.*

'THE poſt I would aim at, is to be Comptroller-'General

'General of the *London* Cries, which are at present
'under no manner of rules of discipline. I think I
'am pretty well qualified for this place, as being a
'man of very strong lungs, of great insight into all
'the branches of our *British* Trades and Manufac-
'tures, and of a competent skill in Music.

'THE Cries of *London* may be divided into Vo-
'cal and Instrumental. As for the latter they are
'at present under a very great disorder. A Free-
'man of *London* has the privilege of disturbing a
'whole street for an hour together, with the twank
'ling of a brass-kettle or a frying-pan. The Watch-
'man's thump at midnight startles us in our beds,
'as much as the breaking in of a thief. The Sow-
'gelder's horn has indeed something musical in it,
'but this is seldom heard within the liberties. I
'would therefore propose, that no instrument of this
'nature should be made use of, which I have not
'tuned and licensed after having carefully examined
'in what manner it may affect the ears of her Ma-
'jesty's liege subjects.

'VOCAL Cries are of a much larger extent, and
'indeed so full of incongruities and barbarisms, that
'we appear a distracted city to Foreigners, who do
'not comprehend the meaning of such enormous
'outcries. Milk is generally sold at a note above
'*Ella*, and in sounds so exceeding shrill, that it of-
'ten sets our teeth on edge. The Chimney-sweep-
'er is confined to no certain pitch; he sometimes
'utters himself in the deepest bass, and sometimes
'in the sharpest treble; sometimes in the highest,
'and sometimes in the lowest note of the gamut.
'The same observation might be made on the Retail-
'ers of Small-coal, not to mention broken Glasses
'or Brick-dust. In these therefore, and the like
'cases, it should be my care to sweeten and mellow
'the voices of these itinerant Tradesmen, before
'they make their appearance in our streets, as also
'to accommodate their cries to their respective
'Wares;

'Wares; and to take care in particular, that thoſe 'may not make the moſt noiſe who have the leaſt to 'ſell, which is very obſervable in the Venders of 'Card-matches, to whom I cannot but apply that 'old Proverb of *Much Cry but little Wooll.*

'SOME of theſe laſt mentioned Muſicians are ſo 'very loud in the ſale of theſe trifling manufactures, 'that an honeſt ſplenetic Gentleman of my acquain-'tance bargained with one of them never to come 'into the ſtreet where he lived: But what was the 'effect of this contract? why, the whole tribe of 'card-match-makers which frequent that quarter, 'paſſed by his door the very next bay, in hopes of 'being bought off after the ſame manner. It is 'another great imperfection in our *London* Cries, 'that there is no juſt time nor meaſure obſerved in 'them. Our news ſhould indeed be publiſhed in a 'very quick time, becauſe it is a commodity that 'will not keep cold. It ſhould not, however, be 'cried with the ſame precipitation as *Fire*: Yet this 'is generally the caſe: A Bloody Battle alarms the 'Town from one end to another in an inſtant. E-'very motion of the *French* is publiſhed in ſo great 'a hurry, that one would think the enemy were at 'our gates. This likewiſe I would take upon me to 'regulate in ſuch a manner, that there ſhould be 'ſome diſtinction made between the ſpreading of a 'Victory, a March, or an Encampment, a *Dutch*, a '*Portugal*, or a *Spaniſh* Mail. Nor muſt I omit un-'der this head, thoſe exceſſive alarms with which 'ſeveral boiſterous ruſticks infeſt our ſtreets in Tur-'nip-ſeaſon; and which are more inexcuſable, be-'cauſe theſe are wares which are in no danger of 'cooling upon their hands.

'THERE are others who affect a very ſlow time, 'and are, in my opinion, much more tunable than 'the former; the Cooper in particular ſwells his laſt 'note in an hollow voice, that is not without its 'harmony; nor can I forbear being inſpired with a

'moſt

'most agreeable melancholy, when I heard that sad 'and solemn air with which the public are very often asked, if they have any Chairs to mend? Your 'own Memory may suggest to you many other lamentable ditties of the same Nature, in which the 'Music is wonderfully languishing and melodious.

'I Am always pleased with that particular time of the year which is proper for the pickling of 'Dill and Cucumbers; but alas, this Cry, like the 'song of the Nightingale, is not heard above two 'months. It would therefore be worth while to 'consider, whether the same air might not in some 'cases be adapted to other words.

'IT might likewise deserve our utmost serious 'consideration, how far in a well regulated City, 'those Humourists are to be tolerated, who, not 'contented with the traditional cries of their Fore-'fathers, have invented particular songs and tunes 'of their own: Such as was not many years since, 'the pastry-man, commonly known by the name of 'the Colly-Molly-Puff, and such as is at this day 'the vender of powder and wash-balls, who, if I 'am rightly informed, goes under the name of *Pow-'der-Watt.*

'I Must not here omit one particular absurdity 'which runs through this whole vociferous generation, and which renders their Cries very often not 'only incommodious, but altogether useless to the 'public; I mean, that idle accomplishment which 'they all of them aim at, of crying so as not to be 'understood. Whether or no they have learned 'this from several of our affected Singers, I will 'not take upon me to say; but most certain it is, 'that people know the wares they deal in rather by 'their tunes than by their words; insomuch that I 'have sometimes seen a Country boy run out to buy 'Apples of a Bellows-mender, and Ginger-bread 'from a Grinder of Knives and Scissars. Nay so 'strangely infatuated are some very eminent artists

'of this particular grace in a Cry, that none but 'their acquaintance are able to guess at their pro- 'fession; for who else can know, that *Work if I had it*, should be the signification of a Corn cutter?

'FORASMUCH therefore as persons of this rank 'are seldom men of genius or capacity, I think it 'would be very proper, that some Man of Goo[d] 'Sense and sound judgment should preside over the[se] 'public cries, who should permit none to lift up 'their voices in our streets, that have not tuneable 'throats, and are not only able to overcome the 'noise of the Crowd, and the rattling of Coaches, but 'also to vend their respective Merchandices in apt 'phrases, and in the most distinct and agreeable 'sounds. I do therefore humbly recommend myself 'as a Person rightly qualified for this Post; and if 'I meet with fitting encouragement, shall commu- 'nicate some other projects which I have by me, 'that may no less conduce to the emolument of the 'Public.

I am, SIR, &c.

RALPH CROTCHET.

THE

THE

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